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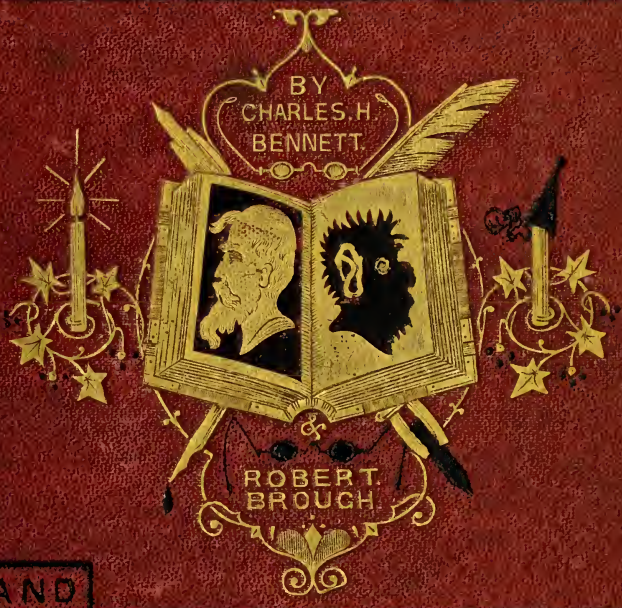

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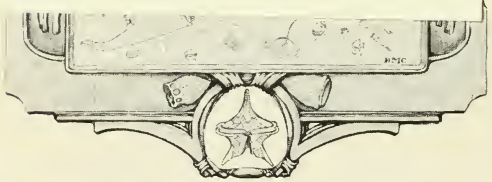

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THE

ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

DEDICATED BY NATURAL SELECTION

TO

CHARLES DARWIN, M.A., F.R.S.

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TO

CHARLES DARWIN, M.A., F.R.S., &c.

AUTHOR OF "THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES," &c. &c. &c.

My Dear Mr. Darwin:

In that remote period when, in the form of a many-coloured Madrepore, you were gaily devouring everything within your reach, while I—an Oyster—was calmly reposing, between my two thick shells, in an imperfectly ventilated sea-bed of the Old Red Sandstone,—what jolly lives we led, to be sure!

How, without one care for the future, or half a thought for the past, you flourished your fifty arms, and gathered into your ever-hungry mouth all those small creatures with five-syllable names whose struggle for existence carried them into the narrow circle of your very active power of natural selection! How charmingly you managed to enjoy a life of ceaseless research, without making a single enemy or raising a single doubt!

While I, safe alike from the dredger of the oyster-catcher and the blunt knife of the young man at "Lynn's," led a peaceful existence of unending laziness and gentle contemplation.

But those days are gone for ever.

Since the morning when you, with improved suckers and developed intellect, started off after the new species of Medusæ, and I, in an ambitious

WITHDRAWN
WITHDRAWN

search for legs and arms, left my bivalves in an obscure corner of the rocks, neatly tied up with sea weed, directed in a running hand to Sir Charles Lyell, what we have had to put up with no mortal can relate!

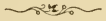
Even now I am forced to work for my living, and support my own family; while you, after sailing round the world, have returned home—to rest?—oh, no, indeed, but to breed pigeons, for the utter confusion of the Bishop of Winchester; to gather facts and draw conclusions, till Huxley defies Owen to disprove one-thousandth part of the pretty theories which your eager disciples (but not yourself) have dared to invent.

Of course, I can feel no gratitude for the restlessness of one who has given me so much trouble and labour; but, as an additional thorn in your side, as well as by "Natural Selection," I dedicate this Book to you, and remain

Your Disobliged and Grumbling Servant,

C. H. BENNETT.

EXPLANATORY.



A WORK of this description—intended merely as a pleasure book to rouse mirth and elicit a smile—requires slight introduction. A merry, jocund face is its own best reference. A production of this kind succeeds or fails by its own powers of amusement, or the absence of such characteristic.

It is fair to state formally, to do equal justice between two first-rate men, what will be found implied symbolically in the introductory chapter, namely, that the work originated with the artist—the writer's share of it being, consequently, accessorial and supplementary. All the articles in the volume are from the same pen, with the exception of two, furnished by an esteemed friend of the author and writer, and whose well-known signature will be found attached to them.

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THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

"LIKE A BULL AT A GATE."

"THE prayeth best who loveth best both man
And beast." Well, let us all love as we can:
Truth, first of all. Now, to the present bard,
To have to love a tapeworm does seem hard;
Or this parochial patriot. Man and beast?
But let us love them separately, at least!
The oracle's irrelevant when we've got,
As here, both man and beast in one bad lot,
Beast-man, man-beast—the brute in the man's place,
With just enough of man to make him base
As well as brutal. Vestry orator!
We know your pig-wit and your bullock-roar,
And most distinctly hate them both and you.
Bellow at honest gates, and butt them, do!
Come, here's a china-shop, won't you walk in?
The more you break, you know, the more the din!
And the kind gods, who gave you that sweet voice,
Reward you, in some Paradise of Noise,
If you should hurt your knuckles on that baize!—
Your poet hates, you see, and yet he prays.

Darwin! observe at what an obvious rate
This creature seems to differentiate:

It *is* a bull, and there, too, is the gate !—
What, on the *other* side ? . . . The furious fool !
Not so aggressive now, he's a pig-bull ;
Then, by-and-by, more obstinate, less big,
He sinks to a mere wallower and pig,
That cocks its Gadarene snout with grunting joy.
Last, he's a cheaply purchasable toy,
Which, being of itself entirely dumb,
Squeaks at the will of anybody's thumb.

Now, these things are a parable. Selfish strength
To simple obstinacy turns, at length,
And, in its last decays, cannot but choose
To be a thing for other folks to use.
That's natural selection. What is force ?
The instrument of a noble will. Divorce
The lower from the higher, it will find
Another master suited to his mind—
Ah ! do not ask his name ; but no Lamarck
Develops *him ;* and his complexion's dark —
That One Big Bully who, accursed, disgraced,
Threatens, calls names, and hits below the waist.

"BEWARE OF THE FOX."

LONG before the Davenport Brothers sailed over the Atlantic in their "structure," to untie Gordian Knots and allow us the favour of taking a sight at their spirit-hand, we went—with a loose guinea in our waistcoat pocket—to assist at the inscrutable performance of Mr. Reineke F. Lanternjaws.

This gentleman was at that time justly esteemed the sharpest Medium unhung; and able in consequence to guess at no end of thoughts, fancies, names, and dates, of the existence of which you yourself were well aware before.

But on the occasion of our visit the spirits were dumb, and notwithstanding that my poor guinea had gone to keep company with twenty more, the cunning of the Medium failed him utterly.

Milton refused to speak in the worst grammar.

The great Napoleon would not utter a single word in the English language; nay, even

Raphael failed to throw us off the slightest spirit-drawing.

Why this dilemma?

Darwin was present.

Yes, the influence of the great Naturalist was upon the wretched Medium. Feeling sore about the guinea with which he had parted, he fixed the impostor with an eagle glance.

Lanternjaws trembled, twisted, and turned and trembled, till he came out all over in a soft reddish-brown fur. Suspicion of an adverse influence made him prick up his ears till they grew so tall

they could not get down again, his eyes slanted, his nose grew long, and his limbs shook themselves out, thinner and thinner.

Still Darwin looked sternly after his guinea.

The back of the Medium's chair became a furry tail, the seat and legs a goose. The Fox was riding the Goose at his own pleasure.

"My guinea!" cried Darwin, as the spirit-hands came in sight. Behold! the Accordion of mystery became the Bellows of emptiness. A Fool's bauble. A Money-bag, from which spectral hands caught Darwin's guinea. A pair of Handcuffs to fasten the hands of deceit. A Cat-o'-nine-tails to scourge the back of imposture.

Did Darwin recover his guinea?

Alas! no.

That is the one miracle that never, never comes to pass. Expose the Medium, uncover the Fox, warn the Goose; aye, manacle the hand or scourge the back, but do not let thoughts of your lost money expose your ignorance of that keen race which, having slain ten million substitutes in honour of Shoddy, and re-elected Abe Lincoln, sends us, as a slight tribute of regard, all the Spirit Mediums that they—glorious people—have exploded and utterly burst up.

"THE ORIGIN OF GAROTTE."

THE ORIGIN OF GAROTTE.

MR. DARWIN says (if he does not he ought to) that the first garotter was a bear; that Bruin is a lurker round corners, given to hugging his victims to death; that he growls; and, finally, when made prisoner, is too cunning to be taught anything but a few tricks. Making no doubt of this, the learned Professor informs us (at least, he might if he liked) that—

Once upon a time there was a great bear, whose name was Bruin, and he was a robber. He would go up to people on a dark night and ask them the time, although he knew it to a minute; or the way, that he did not mean to take; or the riddle of "When is a bear not a bear?"

But whether they told him the hour, or showed him the road, or guessed the riddle, it was all one to Bruin; for he ended by throwing his shaggy arms round their silly necks, squeezing every ounce of life out of their poor bodies, and eating them all up.

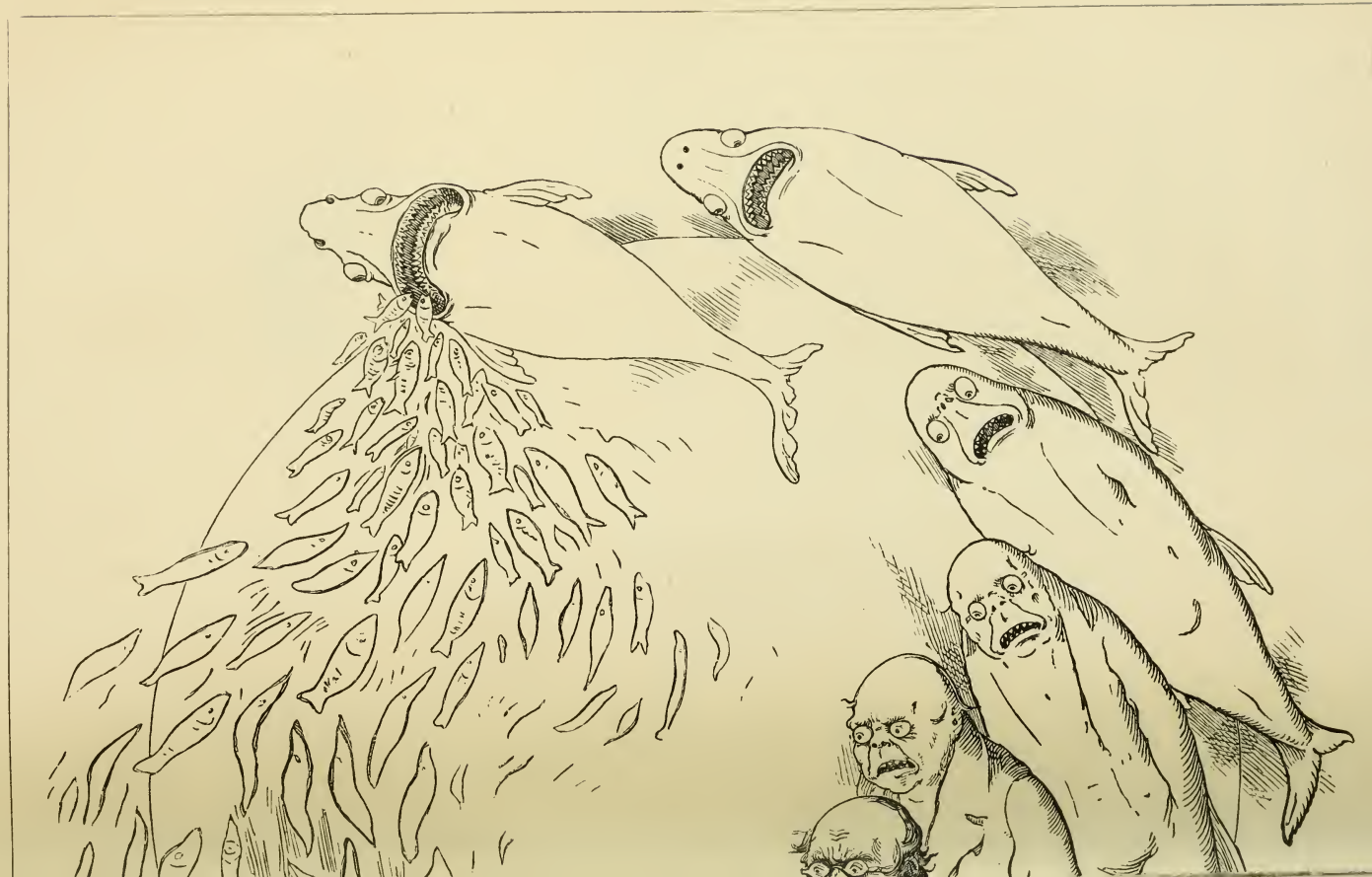
At last people grew tired of being killed and eaten; at all events, those who were yet alive made up their minds to remain so, if they could, with which intent they waited until Bruin had caught a very fat grocer, and was, therefore, likely to be suffering from a pain in the stomach, when they banded together, went out, and caught this old bear. They caught him, and brought him home muzzled; they chained him round the waist, and padlocked him to a strong post, thinking, vainly, that, after all, they might make a good fellow of him

But the most they could do was to teach him to dance a little and growl a good deal.

Now, time has gone on, and things have improved.

> Science is a great invention,
> Likewise gas, and also steam ;

but the bear is still a bear for all that. He wears lace-up boots, it is true, and buys his coat in the New Cut, instead of growing it in the New Forest. He can swear now as well as growl ; but he still lurks round corners, hugging people to death, or cracking them over the head with a bludgeon. He can't eat his prey all up, as of old, for his teeth are bad, but he takes care to steal their watches instead. I suppose we shall hear something about him when the long nights come round again ; but now that the sun is shining so brightly, and there is no night to speak of, we remember with pleasure, as we see it in the picture above, that the watch and guard may prove nothing less than a padlock and chain in disguise, while the bludgeon can change into a convenient post whereto he may be fastened. If we can't make him dance, we may pretend to make him work, and perhaps he may learn a few more tricks by the time that he is let loose again.



"ALL'S FISH THAT COMES."

"ALL'S FISH THAT COMES."

THERE is in the sea a large fish; it is called the Shark. Like all fish that swim, except the Whale (and *he* is not fish at all, nor flesh either, as far as I know, but good, as Shakspeare says, for inward bruises), this "monster of the deep" is very cold-blooded. He is also extremely ferocious, and awfully cunning; slow in speed, but untiring in pursuit; he has to turn and twist about a good deal, in a shuffling underhand sort of way, before he can seize upon his prey, for which he is said to have a keen scent; his eyesight is good, he can always "look two ways for Sunday;" his habits are solitary, and his appearance by no means attractive.

They say there are "more fish in the sea than have ever been caught," and our friend Shark is yet unhooked; at all events, he has never been either caught, "had," "sold," "taken in," "done for," bamboozled, or in any other way proved a fool. He swallows everything he catches, except "gammon."

Dr. Darwin, speaking of his voracity, says, "All's fish that comes" —to his net, he would add; but "net" is only metaphorical—another word for artfulness. Friend Shark has used his opportunities so well that hair has come out, sparsely, on his head. He has bought a pair of metal spectacles to help his keen sight; his fins have developed into a swallow-tail coat; his own tail has split into a pair of indifferent legs; he has gone into the loan-office profession; he is an Auditor, a Treasurer, an Agent, a Chairman, a Director, a Tax

Collector, a Philanthropist, a Political Economist, a Churchwarden, an Overseer, a Social Reformer, a Charity Commissioner, and a general friend of humanity.

He might have been Sheriff, Alderman, and Lord Mayor by this time; but if there is one thing he hates more than another, it is expending his little savings without an adequate return.

I don't mind telling you, also, that he is a first-rate calculator. Under his hand figures turn and twist in a most extraordinary fashion, and in a direction which excites the surprise, if not the admiration, of those who have dealings with him; for it is always towards his own pocket. His favourite rules are subtraction and multiplication. Upon them he is building up an immense fortune, but how it is done nobody knows, beyond the fact that his visitors find the money, perhaps unwillingly, but in any case surely. It is consoling, however, to think that after he has multiplied and subtracted till his fortune is made, he will never be able to enjoy it, or even keep it; for it is very well known that he who has the satisfaction of gathering together money in a doubtful way is denied the pleasure of spending it properly.

"COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO."

"COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!"

WE have had a very fine summer this year. The weather has been insufferably hot; those who have not taken a "Murray" on to the Continent commit themselves to "Bradshaw" and the seaside. So, my much-detested friend Bragg, not caring to be behind his neighbours, and seeing great scope for his powers of imagination on the Sands, hurries off by an early train, and is seen at office no more.

Poor fellow! it is a thousand pities that he did not stay at home. With a little work to sweeten him, and a strong-tempered wife to keep him in order, he is not quite insupportable; he only composes Sagas, Eddas, and Epics, in honour of his great Deeds, and sings them to a rather loud tune of his own making. But then he is an intermittent nuisance, so that his friends put up with him as well as they can. But, behold ye! at the seaside, having left his wife at home, and finding no work to his hand, he forthwith sets up his Drone, and it is continuous. He tells you and I, and every one else, that he can run faster, jump higher, dive deeper, dress finer, shoot better, march longer, drink deeper, and eat more than any one else of his inches. You don't believe him; still he annoys you. You revile him, you find him out, you see that he is only a man under false pretences.

His Nose is a Beak.

His Beard was once a Cox's comb.

His Coat-tails have only just moulted their feathers.

Inside his Boots are Claws. He has Wings, and a large, round impudent Eye. His song, it has but one note, and that is—

"Cock-a-doodle-doo."

"Tail!" roars one; "it should be a cat-o'-nine tails. *I* would give it him."

"Legs!" cries No. 2. "Are they legs? They cross; they are riveted. Scissors!" he shouts, and then adds, vulgarly, "Cut it."

"He is as windy as a pair of Bellows," says No. 3.

"As a Bottle of Soda-water," adds No. 4.

"He is Drunk," whispers No. 5.

"He is as noisy as a Bell, and as empty," they all cry in chorus.

And to them all the unconscious noodle answers—

"COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!"

But Bragg, let me tell you, is often compelled to sing in a very low and miserable key, notwithstanding his great pretensions; and that is usually after an effort in poetry to glorify himself at the expense of some short-tempered object. It would be a comfortable reflection were he forced to abandon the high key altogether, or, for the full term of his natural life, caged with a bird of the same feather, but of stronger lungs than his own, and possessing an overpowering flow of exasperating language.

"SLOW AND SURE."

SLOW AND SURE.

WHAT a fine thing it is for the Blockheads that some men of intelligence have been improvident; it matters nothing that usually the spendthrift is also a fool; enough for the Numskulls that a few people, who ought to have known better, have failed to measure their chances and husband their means. Say the Blockheads in council assembled, "To be witty is to stop short on the road; it is only us stupid folk who keep on to the end—let us be 'slow and sure.'"

Now, look at our old civic friend—he is slow enough, in all conscience: but sure of what? Sure of a Dinner, without appetite—sure of Books, but not able to read—sure of Pictures, without eyes to see withal—sure of Wealth, but having no power of enjoying the same! That is good surety, is it not?

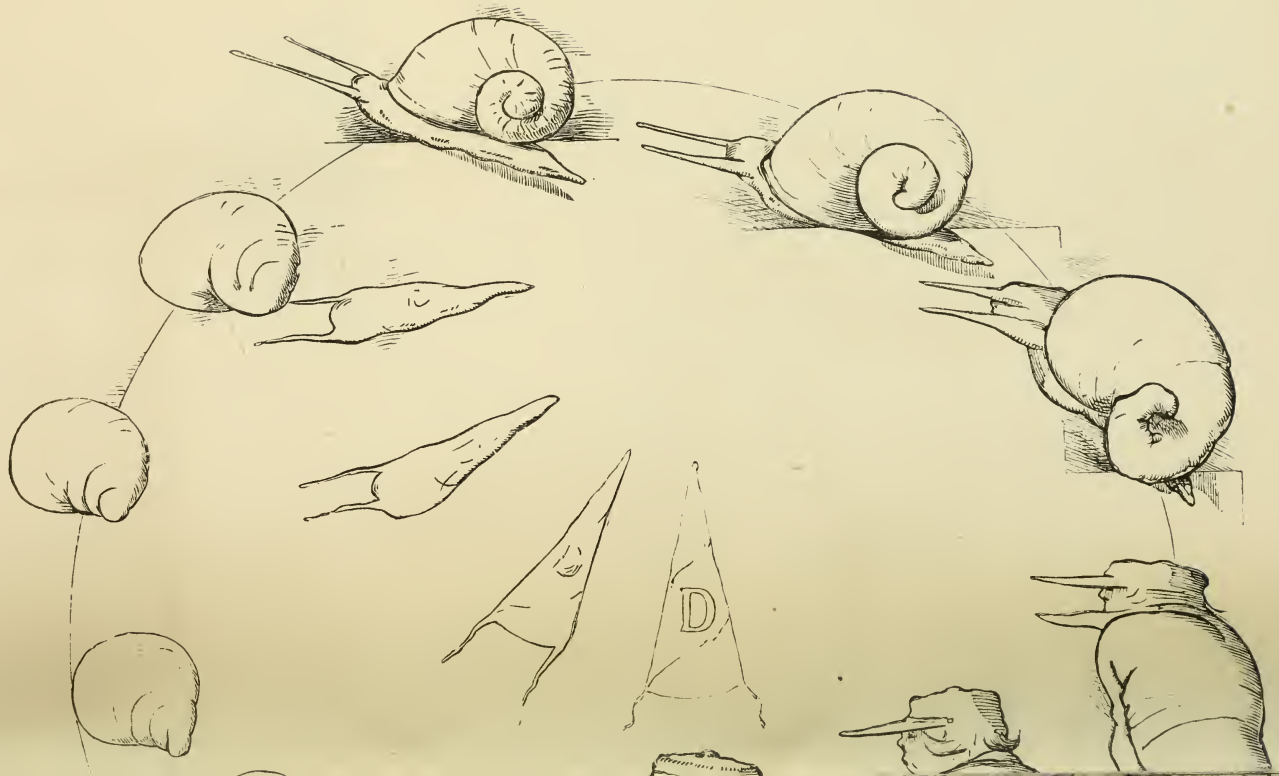
But he is slow and sure—slow to give and sure to take; slow to believe and sure to mistrust; slow to make friends and sure to offend them. He looks a stout old gentleman enough, does he not?—a "warm" old party? But you must not judge him by appearances; for he is the original of that Tortoise who ran a race against the Hare, and won it. Before that eventful time he was a money-bag (he is little else now); but see what his money-bag period came to. Out dropped the money; away it flew like—like what? look at the end or beginning, whichever you call it—like water through a sieve.

What is the use of money to such an old Reptile as our civic friend? He fancies he will gobble Turtle when he himself is the one to be

devoured. His gathering is of no good ; it will make unto itself wings soon enough for all his care.

Slow and sure ? I'd rather a quick tumble and have done with it. That is a bad fable about the Hare and the Tortoise if it only points to a split money-bag and a sieve through which to spend its contents.

And that is really all it does, in the case of old money bags, whatever he may say to the contrary. The fact is (as every one knows very well) that money will not be diverted from its proper channels for any great length of time. Grasping old misers and big fat millionaires may strive and strain to obstruct its passage from them, but in the end it bursts away with the force of a current, leaving nothing but broken barriers behind. The fable however points in quite a different direction ; where money is allowed to flow in a natural course. Here the Tortoise is not an ignorant, selfish, old fellow, plodding on with no other end in view than filling his pockets ; but a patient, industrious creature, conscious of the true value of money, and aiming at increasing its circulation where the need is greatest. When the race is won there is no danger of the prize taking to flight, as it does in the other case, for its proper place is with the winner, and if slowly gained, is surely kept.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"UNWILLINGLY TO SCHOOL."

UNWILLINGLY TO SCHOOL.

THIS is our Picture of the slow boy, unpoetical enough himself, yet known to our great poet as "Creeping like snail unwillingly to school." What a pity that Shakspeare had no opportunity of meeting Darwin! for, be sure if he had, he would at once have discovered that this unpromising youth not only crept *like* snail, but that he was "Snail," or, at least, Snail's lineal descendant; that, developing through dark ages long past, from a Dunce's cap and a sleepy old Pegtop into a mollusc on a garden wall, his fortune had been to grow up, under the auspices of Lord Stanley and the educational minute, into this identical Master Properjohn creeping unwillingly to school. Is it not a pity that all our schooling should ever turn up this as a result? Now, if they could only shove the young creeper on a little farther, so as to make his lessons of some avail to him, educational minutes might be worth the paper they are written on. As it is, were a few hundred thousand of our Master Properjohns made to "throw back" on to the original garden wall, they would do less harm to the espaliers in our gardens than they are likely to do to our little boys and girls who favour the same schools; and if we could, at the same time, throw back the schoolmasters and their patrons into the fine old Donkeys from whence they have sprung, good might result to said sons and daughters in cheap donkeymanship on Ramsgate Sands and elsewhere.

The transformation would also benefit the authorities themselves if

they only knew it, and could be induced to exercise their heels, say for a month in August, on Hampstead Heath, or any other resort of jubilant youth ; but who would undertake to call and speak to them on the subject !

Although these old fellows have undoubtedly sprung from donkeys, there is a good deal of the snail in the pace they travel, and, what is curious, they regard that as one of their best points. Old Jones, for instance, of the Education department, believes in putting on the drag whenever the state mules are breaking into a trot, and he does it too just as if his services were retained expressly for that purpose. We can never be too careful, he observes fifty times a day, as he sits considering whether he may then begin his work with safety, or decide upon deliberating a little longer. Jones, I believe, was one of the boys who went unwillingly to school, and but that he was pitch-forked into a Government office he would have become a heavy burden on somebody. Of course he never knew anything worth speaking about, (those who creep to school never do) and when it came to pass that he had duties to perform, he hid his ignorance under the pretence of exercising unusual care. That is really the snail's secret, for in a general way, the full man is always found ready at the proper moment.

"AS THIRSTY AS A FISH."

"AS THIRSTY AS A FISH."

SOME naturalists finish their labours with the star-fish; but we choose to wind up our series with a fish of another sort, to whom neither stars, coronets, nor, indeed, any other dignity or favour, may be said to accrue, except the dignity of Drought; he is clothed, fettered, bound up, and for ever committed to a constant thirst that no amount of beer can quench.

With his Fin in his pocket, a few old rags on his back, a convenient leaning-post, and the "price of a Pot," he tastes the only pleasure within his grasp, Business, Duty, and Friendship being but three ungainly phantoms, opposed to the means of indulging his favourite vice.

You may call him "Englishman," "British Workman," "Jolly good fellow," "No man's en'my but his own," "Heart in right place," or whatever else you think fit; but, after all, if you will only look back far enough, he is none of these; for all his old battered hat, his "down-at-heel" boots, and patch upon his Scales, he has Gills and Fins, a convex face and staring eyes. He has not a leg to stand upon. He is a Fish. He won't take the Pledge. He can't abstain; he is as drunk as a Viking; and there we must leave him at last.

This is the end.

We should have found it quite impossible to conclude here, had it not been for a terrible, dire, weird, gruesome, and ogglesome thought that in a moment flashed across our too sensitive brain. We thought that perhaps Mr. Darwin (who, by the bye, is *not* responsible

for these twenty Pictorial Theories) has had enough of it. It may even be the fact that he is in mortal fear for himself. He may be afraid that if we went on any further it could only be for the purpose of showing

THE ORIGIN OF MR. DARWIN;

and that might be carrying a joke too far; for goodness knows, in that event, what would become of him—or us.

As it is, we have done quite sufficient to exhaust the patience of any ordinary mortal; and although Mr. Darwin is everybody's superior in that and all other respects, it is quite possible, that even his limits have been reached. We sincerely hope not, for imagine what a loss it would be to the world, were he to waste his valuable time in taking us to task. As a public man he is bound to sink personal considerations in the matter, let the cost be what it may; and from what is known of his high character, we are disposed to think that he will do so; at the same time we would be very glad to learn that he is so absorbed in preparing a new work for the press, that any books which may be sent to him now are likely to remain unopened.

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE.

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE.

INTRODUCTION.

SOME ACCOUNT OF OUR MAGIC LANTERN, AND OF THE EIDOLOGRAPHIC PROCESS.

IT can be a matter of no consequence to anybody how we came by our Magic Lantern. We may have bought it in the regular way at Messrs. Dollond's optical instrument warehouse, or at Messrs. Mead and Powell's toy-shop, the vendor being unconscious of its rare hidden virtues, and charging us no more than the ordinary price for apparently similar articles. Our housemaid may have obtained it, in exchange for a battered Moderator or an invalid Carcel, from an itinerant merchant, not so well versed in the relative values of old lamps and new ones, or, indeed, such a conjuror generally as Aladdin's wicked uncle. We may have picked it up a bargain at a marine-store shed, much as Peter Schlemihl picked up the priceless seven-leagued boots which enabled him to seek solace from his miseries in flight, after, by the thoughtless surrender of his shadow and substance in succession, he had disqualified himself for the advantages of human society, and for the honours of immortality in these pages.

Or we may have come across the Magic Lantern in a luckless hour, as M. de Balzac's unfortunate hero met with the *peau de chagrin*, which (as M. de Balzac would have assured you in his lifetime) all the world ought to know was discovered by Monsieur Raphaël de Valentin in

the secret recesses of a weird curiosity shop, and rashly accepted by him, as a gift from the proprietor, with the foreknowledge of inevitably fatal conditions attached to its possession; and the Magic Lantern may be the ruin and death of us, as the ass's skin talisman was of Monsieur Raphaël de Valentin. This, however, remains to be seen.

Or we may have invented the Magic Lantern ourselves; or somebody else may have invented it, and, having imparted to us the secret, mysteriously disappeared from the face of society, leaving us good reason to assume that he can have no further use for it.

Or the Magic Lantern, like that companion prodigy in optical science, the Stereoscopic Ghost, may have been "kindly suggested by Sir David Brewster."

Further hypothesis is checked by the reflection that the reader may be getting impatient to know what we mean by the Magic Lantern; and that in common civility (not to mention the policy of early conciliation) we are bound to humour his curiosity.

The Magic Lantern, then, is——

After all, a secret is a secret. Mr. Rarey (a good example in such cases) is perfectly willing to tame horses, for the nobility, gentry, and the public generally, with promptness and affability, for a modest figure, and even to initiate a favoured few into the mysteries of his startling craft for more weighty consideration. But Mr. Rarey is not so suicidally weak-minded as to publish his Hectorean charm on his cards of address.

But, at least, Mr. Rarey announces himself as a horse-tamer?

There is something in that, certainly. And in order to enlist the public sympathy for our invention, it may be, at least, advisable to give the reader some idea of what the Magic Lantern is intended to do, even though we may think proper to observe a discretionary reticence as to how it is intended to do it.

Or suppose we were to take the reader boldly into our confidence, and tell him all about the Magic Lantern—trusting to his honour for not letting it go any further than he thinks we would like it to? This would be our most graceful policy. We will adopt it, frankly—with no more than a few indispensable reservations.

It should first be explained that the plural "we," in the foregoing sentences, must not be accepted as the conventional editorial figure, but as a pronoun of duality, signifying partners—*videlicet*, an artist

and an author, joint speculators in the invention whereof the nature and properties are about to be made manifest.

It must also be admitted——Well, yes, it *must;* and this, reader, is the real secret of all the attempted concealment and beating about the bush upon which so much ingenuity has been wasted. The author is sorry to say that he can lay no claim whatever to the merit of having discovered the Magic Lantern. He was naturally anxious to leave the question in a state of doubt, from which he might have extracted benefit. But his colleague (a stern man, and a tremendous stickler for his own rights) has called unexpectedly, and insisted on looking over the present manuscript. With constitutional harshness, he protests against the attempted mystification of the public. The truth must, then, be told. Mr. Charles H. Bennett is the sole inventor and original patentee of the new Magic Lantern. And now, it is to be hoped, all parties are satisfied—except, indeed, the writer, whose feelings, it appears, are not entitled to a moment's consideration in the matter; so never mind *him!*

And the reader——?

Of course! This might have been expected as the result of *vexatious interference.* The Magic Lantern would have been explained long ago, but for the most unprecedentedly irregular—— No matter! sufficient delay has already been caused by the obtrusion of private feeling. Let us get on.

Understand then, reader, that the artist and author aforesaid had been for some time anxious to co-operate in the execution of some scheme for the public amusement, wherein they might profitably invest certain talents and energies, which neither had the slightest difficulty in persuading the other ought to represent a vast amount of capital. Several speculations had presented themselves, but only to be rejected in succession. It was agreed that whichever of the two might first hit upon a promising idea should lose no time in communicating it to the other.

Unaccountably enough, the artist was first in the field. It must be admitted that he was true to his engagements, and hastened to call upon his friend, when the following dialogue ensued:—

Author. Well!

Artist. It's all right. I've got it.

Author. Hurrah! What?

Artist. The scheme. It'll do, depend upon it. Not a doubt about it.

Author. Bravo! [*A pause.*

Author (*resuming*). But what is it?

Artist. It is a Magic Lantern.

Author (*not quite seeing it*). Ah!

Artist. · On an entirely novel principle.

Author (*encouragingly, but not as yet sanguine*). Good!

Artist (*curtly*). Good is scarcely the word. Say splendid.

Author (*with mental reservation*). Splendid it is, then. But——

Artist. Nothing of the kind. There is no but in the matter. (*A pause. The artist is fain to continue unquestioned.*) If it comes out as it promises, it will, in the first place, have the glorious effect of depriving thousands of the means of a livelihood, by shutting up the Photograph. As a drawing-room table amusement, it will force the Stereoscope itself to give up the Ghost. It will also infallibly prove a death blow to the sciences of Physiognomy, Phrenology, and Graphiology. But if you don't feel interested I can go elsewhere, and need not trouble you with the matter any further.

Author (*alarmed*). My dear fellow, could you for a moment imagine——? I see—a new invention——?

Artist (*mollified, and rather fearful of a carefully prepared sentence escaping his memory*). A novel application of luminous rays to portraiture, which, by exhibiting human beings in an entirely new light, will enable the spectator to judge of a sitter's character by the development of his shadow.

Author (*mendaciously*). I understand; but still——

Artist. I am perfectly prepared to answer any objections.

Author. Well, in the first place, people might not like it.

Artist (*with a curl of the lip*). Oh, indeed! Why?

Author. Well, the divulging of unpleasant truths—the impossibility of flattering the sitter, so indispensable to a large portrait connection——?

Artist (*waving his hand oratorically*). All provided for. The patient operated upon will, in obedience to eternal laws, be so situated as to be unable to judge correctly of the form, and consequent critical suggestion, of his own shadow. The numerous spectators will on the other hand, be in a position to recognise the minutest defects in his

character, which will be brought to their view by the process. When the patient shall have quitted his place, and, in his turn, become a spectator with the crowd, he, too—though he will undoubtedly consider his own portrait a failure—will be charmed by the success of the invention as applied to the characters of his neighbours. He will be flattered by the reflection that he alone has proved too much for our powers, and will give orders for framed copies of all the portraits of his acquaintance—paying us liberally for the same, and making us a present of his own as a worthless specimen, which his most intimate friends will in their turn be delighted to purchase.

Author (*deeply interested*). Have you brought the Magic Lantern with you ?

Artist. I have.

The invention was then exhibited, and underwent a lengthy explanation by the introducer. The Magic Lantern was pronounced perfect in theory. All that remained would be to test the working of its powers. The artist proposed that his friend should favour him with an experimental sitting. The request was complied with. In a few seconds the operator closed his lens with a shout of triumph. He declared that the shadow cast by his literary friend while exposed to the action of the mysterious speculum had been so characteristic as to surpass his most sanguine expectations.

The author requested to be favoured with a sight of his own Shadow-portrait. His friend, with much nervousness, begged, as a still greater favour, that this demand might not be pressed. First impressions, he said, were everything. The picture, though highly satisfactory to himself, would require considerable "re-touching" in order to be—in short—the kind of thing the original would like to see it.

It was then proposed that the operator and patient should change places. No valid objection was found to this proposal. The author, having received some hasty instructions as to the manner of working the Magic Lantern, proceeded to attempt a study of his colleague. The result was perfectly satisfactory. The efficacy of the invention was placed beyond all doubt.*

Terms of partnership and other preliminaries were agreed on. An enterprising capitalist was found to start the speculation. Commodious premises were engaged; a Greek Lexicon was borrowed and consulted; and the LONDON EIDOLOGRAPHIC COMPANY—permanently enrolled and christened—commenced operations without delay.

The success of the undertaking has already surpassed the most sanguine expectations. The experimental publication of a few Shadow-portraits led to such an overwhelming accession of public patronage as to do away with the necessity of any issue of lengthened prospectuses. We have already more candidates waiting, in the words of the now extinct race of profile-cutters, to "have their characters blackened," than we quite know what to do with.

Still, we are not disposed to hide our lights—and shadows—under a bushel. Imitating the example of the not yet suppressed race of

* N.B.—The artist has pledged his word to the author that the shadow cast by the latter presented a striking resemblance to the outline of Shakspeare's profile, with the frontal development of Molière, and the classically rounded chin of Byron. The author wishes to repeat publicly what he assured his friend in private, namely, that *his* shadow might have passed muster for a black-paper profile of Hogarth, but for a curious resemblance about the reflective organs of the skull to the best authenticated portraits of Raphael. Faithful copies of both studies have been submitted to the publisher, in proof of the new invention's efficacy, but with the strict understanding that neither is to be made public, from motives which (on the artist's side, at least) must remain inscrutable. It is to be hoped that the publisher will keep good faith.

photographers, we propose to present the public with a periodical series of portraits of the most distinguished living celebrities who may have submitted themselves to the eidolographic process, accompanying each picture with a biographical, critical, or otherwise pertinent essay: the result of which project, it is modestly hoped, will be, that, at the expiration of twelve months, our subscribers will be in possession of a work which will be at once a more varied, if not more extensive, edition of "Men of the Day" than any yet attempted; a compendious portrait gallery of British Worthies of the Nineteenth Century; a collection of Art Treasures unprecedented; and a most unmistakable Book of Beauties.

HICKORY P. NUTT, ESQ.,

OF CONNECTICUT, U.S.

IN a spirited but still unpublished work on the United States of America—written by a friend of ours, who, on a recent visit to that country, not finding himself received by the inhabitants with that degree of enthusiasm to which he considered his various merits entitled him, resorted to the customary vengeance in such cases—there occur (in the first chapter, which we have had an opportunity of hearing read throughout) the following profound and vigorous reflections :—

" It is a matter of the gravest question to us whether the much-vaunted discovery of America will, in the course of ages, prove to have been really beneficial to the human race. Candidly we fear not. Whether it may be, as many learned persons have imagined, that the continent is of comparatively recent geological construction, and not yet fitted for the reception of Man, and his subordinates of the field and forest, who have, with impious precipitancy, torn open the sacred flower in the bud, plucked the colossal fruit while it is yet crude ; or whether the American soil be hopelessly unpropitious to the development of animal life, one thing is certain, namely, that throughout the two continents, from Hudson's Bay to Cape Horn, there exists no species of living creature for which a prototype is to be found in the Old World, but which, when compared with such prototype, will be pronounced to bear the unmistakable stamp of deterioration. It is as though the patriarch Noah had sent forth, from the ark, duplicate

specimens of every living creature, severally to test the merits of the Old World and the New, the comparative result being deplorable on the side of the latter. The elephant in America has dwindled into the contemptible tapir—a mere dusky-complexioned pig, with an apology for a trunk, which looks like a nose that the monkeys have been amusing themselves by pulling. The lion of the desert is to be found in America; but, alas! under what reduced circumstances! The King of the beasts is, here, dethroned; and skulks about, a mere shabby citizen of the forest republic, under the guise and title of a puma! The camel in America has become a llama—the magnificent three-decker of the desert cut down to the dimensions of a cock-boat! The African leopard has fared a little better than the rest, having as yet suffered no degradation below the level of the still partially respectable panther! But how of the horse? What has become of the graceful Spanish jennets; the lithe Barbary coursers; and the colossal Flemish chargers that bore the panoplied weight of Cortes and his brawny followers (varieties, by the way, which can scarcely be said to have been introduced by the patriarch Noah; but the objection is insignificant)? Their descendants are those pigmy quadrupeds, nibbling away at the long prairie grass, in which they look like so many field-mice; and who are called mustangs. But the crowning triumph of the local genius, whose name is Blight, is to be found in his conquest of the human race. It was much to have reduced the Elephant to a tapir; the Camel to a llama; the Lion to a puma; the War Horse to a pony; but the victory of degeneration was incomplete until the maleficent influences had transformed——

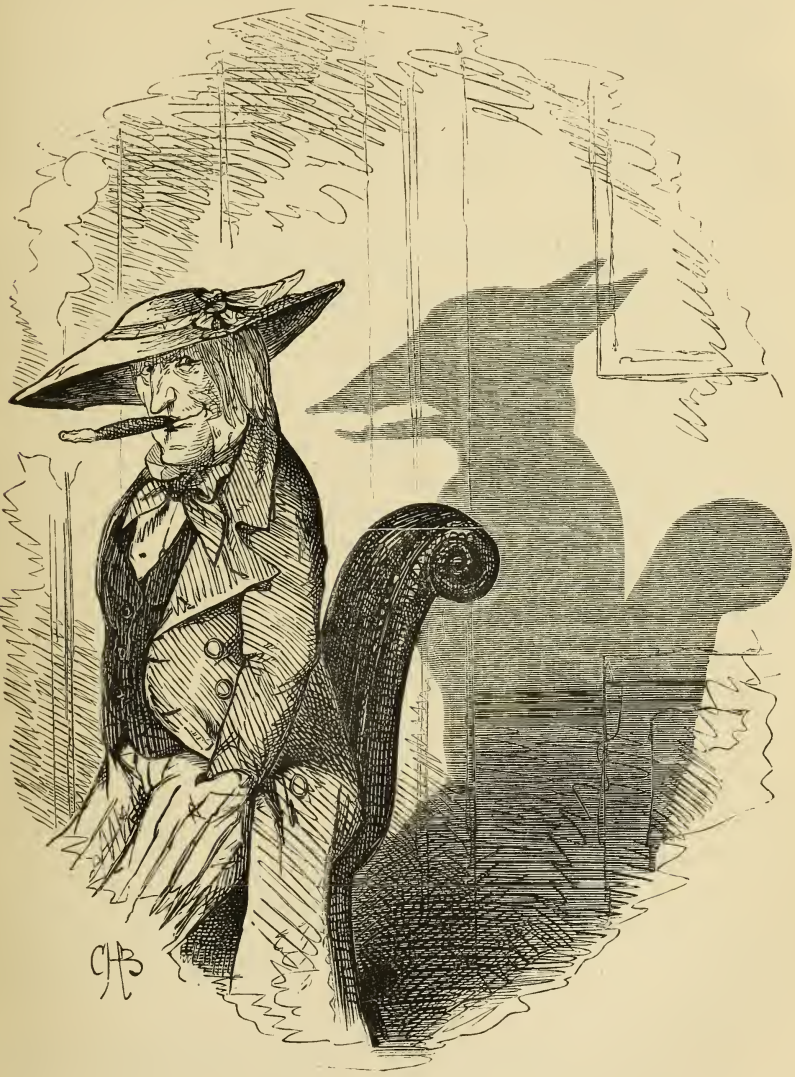
"What! The chivalrous, taciturn Spaniard to a swindling, jabbering, cowardly Mexican?

"Not even yet. Till the Englishman had been transformed to the American citizen; till the English leopard had been exhibited to the world with his once beauteous hide no longer gracefully spotted, but ignominiously pimpled; till the British lion had been caught, and starved, and mutilated, to be turned loose on society with his mane thinned, and his whiskers shaven!"

We have said that our friend's work is unpublished. We may add that it is likely to remain so. We obtained his permission to extract into our common-place book the above remarkable passages, not caring at the time to enlighten him as to our real motives in,

paying him the apparent compliment of its solicitation. No such reserve being any longer necessary, we will impart them to the reader. The fact is, the friend in question has been for some time a serious nuisance to us in more ways than one. We forgive him the infliction of that first chapter, which is something; but, apart from that particular grievance, we have a whole charnel-house of miscellaneous bones to pick with him. Well, we know he is meditating a *second visit to America!* and we take this opportunity of warning him that, unless he behaves himself in one or two respects he wots of, WE INTEND PUBLISHING HIS NAME as the author of the incendiary paragraphs above quoted. And in that case, if within a few hours of his known arrival on American soil he should not find himself bowie-knifed, "revolved," or at any rate satisfactorily cow-hided, we will be quite content to admit that American citizens are not the men we had taken them for. We shall also be very sorry; but this by the way.

Having suspended this Damocles' sword *in terrorem* over the intemperate head of our friend, we have little apprehension of any consequence that may arise from our venturing to differ from him in opinion. Plainly, then, he is an ass—false in his deductions generally; loose in his ethnology as in his moral philosophy, and altogether out in his natural history. We don't care two pins for his pumas and mustangs; but we can tell him, in spite of the countenance of some learned people who ought to know better, that he is quite wrong in his estimate of the North American, or, as we in our ignorant generalisation term him—applying to an entire people a designation proper to only a small section of it—Yankee. That recent variety of the genus homo is no more a degenerate Englishman than the English language is bad German or corrupt French. He is quite a different thing; an entirely new combination of the elemental atoms of our nature; a fresh tap in the human cellar. There is a preponderance of English blood in his veins undoubtedly,—not so great, perhaps, as may be thought, for the parent stream has been largely fed by French and Dutch tributaries. And then it must be considered that the stream, in its course, has been warmed by other than an English sun, and has taken its hue and consistency from other than British soil. It is clearly as preposterous to find fault with a Yankee (we will adhere to the familiar convention) for not displaying the salient points of an Englishman, as to object to a steaming bowl of punch because



FOXY.

it is not proof rum, or cane sugar, or cold spring water, or unripened lemon-peel. Let us quaff the mixture as we find it, and pronounce upon its merits as a combination.

The illustration is opportune. We are reminded that punch, to be judged of in the abstract, must be tested by experiments upon the concrete glassful; and that it is our present business to consider the genus "Yankee" as exemplified in the personality of Mr. Hickory P. Nutt.

Mr. Nutt is a friend of ours. On the whole we like him, and are proud of the honour of his spontaneously conferred acquaintance. The avowal, we are aware, will be accepted by many true Britons as a plea of guilty to the crime of *lèse-patriotisme*. On national grounds we clearly ought not to like Mr. Nutt.

In the course of our travels we have met with the representatives of various outlandish races—Croats, Slovacks, Magyars, Nova Zemblans, Biscayans, Ojibbeways, with here and there a Hottentot, and an Earth-mannikin or two. But anything so utterly un-English as Mr. Hickory P. Nutt, a lineal descendant—rather proud of it too, by the way—of an old Puritan family of Hertfordshire, and speaking, with a few trifling modifications, the language of Milton and Addison, we never had the eccentric fortune to come across. And yet we have managed to like Mr. Nutt, and, in his own familiar idiom, to "get along with him" to our mutual satisfaction.

We think it is the vivacious Prosper Merimée who complains of an insuperable repugnance to reading history excepting anecdotes. That is certainly the easiest way of writing it, and we propose imparting all we have to say as to the life and character of Mr. Hickory P. Nutt on that by no means responsible plan of historic composition, trusting that the reader may be of M. Merimée's way of thinking, that is, supposing we are right in attributing to M. Merimée the complaint referred to.

Our first interview with Mr. Nutt took place some eighteen months ago. It was the result of accident. We were in Paris, and hungry. Mr. Nutt's circumstances would seem to have been parallel, as on entering Madame Busque's eccentric restaurant, intent on cutlets, we discovered him, at half-past twelve in the day, dining sumptuously.

But perhaps you do not know Madame Busque's, reader? Madame Busque's is a remarkable place in its way, and well worthy a philo-

sopher's visit. It is situate in the Rue de la Michodière. It is a compact suite of apartments, consisting of a little dark front shop leading to a less, darker, back parlour, opening upon the least, darkest, and backest kitchen which it is possible for the human imagination to conceive. In the little dark front shop, Madame Busque sells vegetables, milk, cream, butter, cheese, sausages, wine, spirits, liqueurs, and comestibles innumerable. In the lesser, darker, backer parlour, an incredible quantity of gentlemen are daily supplied with succulent *déjeuners* and dinners, cooked to perfection by some inscrutable necromantic process within the restricted liberties of the least, blackest, and backest of kitchens already alluded to. The guests are to a man either Americans or Britons—the former pertaining to all social grades, from the Resident Secretary of Legation to the Boston bagman, inclusive ; the latter, exclusively artistic or literary. The attachment of American citizens to Madame Busque's is easy of explanation. Madame panders to the national weakness in favour of pumpkin pie—a flaccid, bilious pastry, greatly mistrusted by Europeans—of which delicacy she is believed to be the sole purveyor on this side of the Atlantic. Why the English go there is less explicable. The mere excellence and cheapness of the viands provided are not nearly sufficient reasons. The key to the mystery will probably be found in the delightful inconvenience of the premises. The *salle à manger* is constructed to hold four people, almost comfortably. The usual number assembled at the six o'clock dinner is, on an average, five-and-twenty. Tablecloths, moreover, are rigidly tabooed, and there is no gas in the establishment. These are doubtless the attractions which wean a considerable *clientèle* of Englishmen—for the most part well to do, and of tastes rather Sybaritic than otherwise—from the mirrored and gas-lit splendours of the Boulevarts and the Palais Royal. Woe, uttermost woe to Madame Busque should she ever be tempted, by increased receipt of custom, to enlarge or beautify her premises ! Let her once give us a sufficiency of space to sit down in, and her prestige is at an end. Americans and all will desert her. Aye, and not even the "abundant pumpkin" of Mr. Carlyle's Quashee, baked in a pie-dish of Californian gold, and offered, dish and all, as a bait to the first penitent, would lure a single prodigal back again !

It was only half-past twelve in the day, as we have said, and Mr. Hickory P. Nutt, sole occupant till our arrival of the *salle à manger*,

was already dining. Mr. Nutt hailed us cheerily, though we were as yet strangers; and we hope we returned his salutation with due courtesy. But we are afraid it was some time ere we took much notice of Mr. Nutt personally, the materials for his early dinner for the while completely absorbing our attention.

The latter consisted of a huge flat *filet de bœuf, sauté aux pommes de terre*, which Madame Busque might not unfitly have employed as a tablecloth, had she been in favour of such an innovation; some preserved cranberries; a salad; a disc of pumpkin pie, which, in vastness of circumference and apparent toughness of material, might have passed muster for the fourfold bull-hide shield of an Ajax, and which only wanted hands and figures to serve as the face of a modern town-clock; a quantity of bread and butter; and——*credat Britannicus!* a quart bowl of chocolate!

All these were on the table together. Our own humble cutlets being *en retard*, we were fain to watch the process of their ingluti-tion.

We noticed, with consternation, that Mr. Nutt took preserved cranberries with stewed beef; that he would be, for a time, inconstant to stewed beef, and bethink him of the charms of pumpkin pie, returning *toujours à ses premiers amours*, as long as any stewed beef remained for the satisfaction of his inordinate passion; that he performed rapid and daring feats of salad between the acts of his pumpkin pie; that he finished up his gravy-charged potatoes with bits of bread and butter previously saturated with cranberry juice; and that he swigged chocolate to every mouthful! In an incredibly short time Mr. Nutt had cleaned every plate, dish, basin, and cup, as though he had been a Newfoundland dog. Mr. Nutt then picked his teeth (*not* with a fork, reader: we never saw him do that), and with a declaration he "reckoned he shouldn't hurt for the day," elevated his knees, on which he rested his chin, to within a few inches of the ceiling; secured the heels of his boots, firmly, against the edge of his chair-seat; embraced his ankles lovingly; and in this convenient attitude disposed himself for conversation.

By this time the cutlets had arrived. Humiliated by the recent contemplation of prowess beyond us, and feeling that we were under the eye of a master, we commenced playing a timorous knife and fork.

Mr. Nutt was sorry to see that we didn't "peck well," and said so.

We entered a plea of dyspepsia, and could not repress a perhaps secretly ironical compliment as to the superior gastronomical resources of our new acquaintance.

Mr. Nutt reckoned he could explain this easy. He was *dug out thin*, he said, and "held lots."

The explanation delighted us. Where we had previously merely wondered, we now admired. We became friends with Mr. Nutt.

Mr. Nutt was speedily possessed of all essential secrets connected with our name, our birthplace, our age, our profession, and, indeed most things concerning us. Mr. Nutt, on his side, was proportionately communicative. There was no reserve about him. He spoke freely upon all topics. Amongst other matters he was of opinion that France, bating a few inevitable old-world drawbacks, was "considerable of a nation."

We coincided.

"There's things here, sir," said Mr. Nutt, "that you won't find even with us!"

We could readily believe it.

"That Lowver, for instance! *Jee*-rusalem! But thar! It ain't to be thought on!"

We understood that by "that Lowver" Mr. Nutt had meant the French National Museum, known as the Louvre. His invocation of the holy sepulchre and subsequent interjectional remarks were more mysterious. We went on with the cutlets, abiding the chances of an explanation.

Mr. Nutt took out a stalwart, plethoric cigar, resembling a sausage, which he salivated after the manner of boa constrictors, and thrust into his mouth abruptly, as if with the intention of swallowing it whole; but he merely lit and smoked it, resuming, in a tone of abstraction,—

"It would dror them in, *sir—it* would. Thousands *a* day *at as* many dollars *a* head as *you* like" (the emphasis on the little words was curious). "They'd come fur *and* near to see them there *Mew*-rillows and Guy-does,—*they* would, *sir*. From Maine State down to Florida Keys, they'd come—and fair sprinklings of blue-nosed Canadians and yaller Mexicans into the bargain! It would pay for cartin', shippin', landin', buildin', (same size and platform as the Paris *o*-riginal,

sir—not to be told from stone, though run up in three weeks), ware-'ussing, insurin', printin', puffin', cost of imperial *cus-to*-dians, travellin', with the collection,—wear and tear of uniforms *in*-cluded—safe return to the *o*-riginal quarters, and hanging up on the *o*-riginal pegs, and all in the space of one twelvemonth. It could be done, *sir*, and a big margin of dollars at the end for all concerned, nobody and nothing a cent the wuss. But they won't hear of it. Darned a bit!"

We thought we understood Mr. Nutt. He was of opinion the transportation of the entire collection of pictures contained in the gallery of the Louvre for exhibition at New York, in a temporary building to be erected for the purpose, resembling the Louvre in construction, might prove a profitable speculation to its promoters; but that a paternal French government could scarcely be brought to listen even to the preliminary suggestions for such an undertaking. Was it not so?

That was certainly Mr. Nutt's view of the matter. We again coincided with him.

"And yet," said our new friend, not without complacency, "if there's a man living as could do it, I'm him!"

Cheerfully conceding to Mr. Nutt the republican's privilege of doing what he likes with his own, certainly as far as concerned his treatment of the Anglo-American language, we courted further enlightenment.

Mr. Nutt was overt as usual.

"Well, I reckon I knew Lewis *Nay*-poleon in New York about as well as any man thar! I may say considerable, if not *some!* And, I can tell you, *sir*, that if I'd seen the cards in his Imperial Majesty's hand at the time, *I'm blest if I mightn't have engaged him!*"

Engaged the Emperor of the French? Was Mr. Nutt aware what he was saying?

Mr. Nutt reckoned, with seeming confidence in his powers of arithmetic, that he about was. He had known Lewis *Nay*-poleon when to that yet undeveloped potentate "dollars was dollars." A few thousands, more or less, paid into his present Imperial Majesty's hands at that period, Mr. Nutt was of opinion, would have induced him to sign "in merry sport" any contract placing himself at the absolute disposal of the advancing speculator, in the seemingly improbable event of his (Lewis *Nay*-poleon's aforesaid) ever being compelled to return to the United States. Mr. Nutt considered such

an event still within the limits of possibility, but was inclined to think that the prospective imperial refugee, not having been secured in time, might, with his present advantages, be inclined to "ask high." So that it would, perhaps, be as well to abandon the design with the Lowver speculation.

We ventured to ask Mr. Nutt in what manner he would have proposed to turn his imperial investment to profitable account. He could scarcely exhibit an ex-emperor in a cage, at so much a head per spectator?

Mr. Nutt replied,—

"Anyhow he liked! He might have done it lecturing, or acting, or editing, or preaching, or swarrying. He'd have paid anyhow."

And then Mr. Nutt ordered coffee and kirchenwasser as a corrective to his chocolate.

Our intimacy with Mr. Nutt ripened speedily, and we were much charmed by his society and conversation. His immediate business in Europe was to dispose of a miraculous washing machine, which he was anxious to get noticed favourably in the leading articles of the *Times*, in the forthcoming monthly publications of Messrs. Dickens and Thackeray, in the sermons of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, &c., &c., advantages which he suggested we should employ our influence to obtain for him, offering us, it should be stated, honourable compensation for the service. We also ascertained that Mr. Nutt was, in his own country, the owner of a museum, a newspaper proprietor, and a land-owner to a prodigious extent in a rapidly improving "*lo*-cation" out west (to which Mr. Nutt proposed that we should emigrate immediately); and had been, at various periods of his not yet advanced life, mariner, theatrical manager, hotel-keeper, and horse dealer. Mr. Nutt had in his time "Owned coloured people" through the inheritance of a southern relative; but having the poorest opinion of that kind of investment, had summarily disposed of his legacy. If we remember rightly Mr. Nutt's own words were he had "turned the niggers into clocks;" not referring to any supernatural metamorphosis, but implying that he had invested the capital obtained by the sale of his human property in the purchase of a particular kind of timepiece, for which an unusual demand at that time existed.

Mr. Nutt was on the look-out for novelties to take back with him to the States in exchange for the boon conferred upon Europe by the

washing machine—(of which invention, in obedience to the traditions of international satire, we ought to say that Mr. Nutt himself was by no means a constant patron; only that, unfortunately for such precedent, Mr. Nutt happens to be more resplendent in the matter of linen than any one of our acquaintance). He was perfectly indifferent as to their nature, provided he saw his way to "a good margin." In his own gracefully alliterative phrase, he was open to anything from prima donnas to pickle-forks. He had already his eye upon two negotiations, one for the purchase of the mortal remains of the Emperor Charlemagne, now deposited in the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, as an addition to the curiosities already assembled in his museum; the other for the engagement of Mr. Alfred Tennyson as a lecturer. He was sanguine of success in both these undertakings.

Mr. Nutt is a sayer of good things in his own peculiar way. We will give one or two specimens of his Table and Travel-talk.

One day we were riding together in a railway carriage in company with an agreeable *rara avis,* in the shape of a French lady who could speak English. If Mr. Nutt were accidentally placed within speaking distance of Her Majesty Queen Victoria he would infallibly enter into conversation with that illustrious lady, addressing her by the titular distinction of "Marm," and with no want of respect either. Mr. Nutt, like all his countrymen, has a vast opinion of the sex, and is, in an odd angular sort of way, quite a lady's man. He was deep in conversation, and apparently high in favour with the French lady in a few seconds.

The latter observed that she had long felt a great desire to travel in foreign countries. Mr. Nutt suggested, as a matter of course, that she should begin with the United States of America.

The lady said, No; she had no desire to visit that particular country.

Mr. Nutt was sceptical and curious.

The lady explained that her principal inducement to travel would be the pleasure of visiting shrines of antiquity, sites of historic association, and so forth—attractions in which the New World must be necessarily deficient.

"Beg your pardon, marm," said Mr. Nutt; "we could accommodate you with the very article you want."

"Indeed!" said the lady, smiling. "May I ask what there is to be seen in your country of interest to the student of antiquities?"

"Falls of *Ni*-agara, marm," said Mr. Nutt curtly: "old *as* Winkin!"

Another specimen. A mutual acquaintance of ours, a compatriot of Mr. Nutt's, having stated that he had once held a commission in the federal army of the United States, we asked our friend what rank he supposed Mr.——— to have occupied in that august but restricted body.

"I reckon," said Mr. Nutt dryly, "that he must have been a kind of *deputy brevet ensign*."

We were quite satisfied.

Mr. Nutt's besetting weakness is a chronic apprehension of being overreached, or, as he expresses it, "done," by a superior intelligence —a calamity to which it must in fairness be stated he is seldom liable. In a moment of unusual confidence, he admitted to us that there was a dark spot in the memory of his existence, referring to a defeat of this kind which he had experienced, on a most disastrous scale.

We inquired the particulars.

"Well," said Mr. Nutt, "it was when I was connected with religion."

We were startled and alarmed. The use of the past tense seemed to imply that no connection between Mr. Nutt and the interests of religion any longer existed. Mentally hoping that such could not be altogether the case, we begged our friend to continue.

Mr. Nutt explained that he had been induced to invest money in the erection of a place of worship for a new religious denomination. The popularity of a young preacher, and rapid increase of his congregation in a growing community, had tempted him to embark somewhat rashly in the speculation, foolishly neglecting the precaution of a close inquiry into the tenets of the newly embodied sect. Had he possessed himself of these he would have noticed a glaring omission, that would at once have decided him to withhold his co-operation in an undertaking marked with the stamp of failure from the outset. But we will use Mr. Nutt's own words.

"Would you believe it, *sir?* I'd banked the money for that thar chapel, and was irrevocably launched in the negotiation, afore ever I found out that that particular religion *hadn't got never a devil in it.*

Of course the thing didn't answer—how could it? You may take my word for it, *sir*, that *you can't get along without a devil in them matters*."

Such are a few of our experiences of the character and opinions of Mr. Hickory P. Nutt. He is at present residing in London, where he has kindly favoured our artist with a sitting for his portrait by the eidolographic process, an engraving of which study accompanies this paper. As a particular favour Mr. Nutt consented to sit in the free and easy costume worn by him in the sanctity of his Transatlantic home. But the Mr. Nutt of London is a very different-looking person we can assure you. He dresses in what can scarcely be called the height of the fashion, but which is a really dazzling "make-up," in which velvet, watered silk, and massive jewellery are prominent ingredients. Mr. Nutt's temporary residence is a first-class West-end hotel, from the door of which he daily departs in a faultless "turn-out," which is by him faultlessly driven through the various parks and back-slums of London. He mixes in the best and worst society. He has been met with, discoursing eloquently of washing machines, in the drawing-rooms of all but inaccessible countesses, and he may be seen treating unemployed clowns, pantaloons, and halfpenny-a-liners to whitebait and champagne at Greenwich. Altogether, he is appreciated wherever he chooses to go—and he seems to possess the faculty of going wherever he chooses—as a shrewd, original, obtrusive, hospitable, inquisitive, open-hearted, and, upon the whole, popular personage.

It will be observed that the indications of Mr. Nutt's character, as made manifest by the outline of his shadow, are eminently of the fox —foxy.

LINDSAY WOLSEY, ESQ.,

LATE M.P. FOR SCRUNCHLAMBTON.

THE circumstances connected with the accompanying portrait are peculiar. Our establishment was one morning thrown into a state of intense commotion by the announcement that we were to be favoured with a sitting from a no less distinguished personage than Mr. Lindsay Wolsey, M.P. for Scrunchlambton, the well-known millionaire and philanthropist. Our invention being in its infancy, and its success with the public as yet problematical, such an accession of patronage was judged to be in the highest degree important. Vast preparations were accordingly made for the great and good man's adequate reception, and boundless were the hopes of profit to the Eidolographic Company built on the prospective advantages of his connection. In the first place there was the great commercial world! Mr. Wolsey being notoriously a king among the merchant princes of London, director and chairman of heaven knew how many joint-stock banks, as well as of railway, mining, and other companies innumerable. His name on a prospectus was the unquestioned passport to success for any public undertaking. Fancy the advantages to our humble scheme arising from the possession of that name among the list of its supporters! In the second and third places, there were the philanthropic and evangelical worlds; the name of Wolsey being, if possible, more honoured on the platform than upon 'Change. Exeter Hall would be with us to a man, and—what was far more important—to a woman! Missionary societies,

widows' and orphans' fund societies, educational societies, societies for the conversion of all manner of heathens to all manner of proprieties—the heads of all those would flock to the eidolograph for the effigies of their idol; ay, and the heads, like the bell-wethers of Panurge or of Little Bo-peep—to both of whose historic flocks a docile British public has been so often justly compared—would infallibly "bring their tails behind them." Clearly Mr. Wolsey was to fulfil his beneficent destiny towards us, as towards the rest of the world. He would be to us, as to others, commercial prosperity, peace, plenty, enlightenment, house-room, soup, coals, and blankets!

Mr. Wolsey came and sat for his portrait.

Briefly, it was pronounced a failure.

Mr. Wolsey had come attended by a numerous band of admirers who, with ourselves, had anticipated that the Shadow portrait of the (then) honourable gentleman would be suggestive of those lamb-like and angelic qualities which were (at that time) so notoriously his distinguishing attributes.

Judge of the universal anger and disappointment when it was discovered that the eidolograph had made the benefactor of his species, the upholder of the British name, and the Palladium of the domestic virtues, to cast a shadow in the distinct resemblance of a wolf!

We could only stammer out an apology, attributing the blunder to nervousness on the part of the operator, want of proper light, &c. It was useless. Mr. Wolsey and his friends withdrew highly offended, promising, with characteristic benevolence, to keep our failure a secret, and recommending us to destroy, or at all events suppress, the plate.

We resolved to do so. We felt heartily ashamed of ourselves, and, for the time, despaired of our invention. All hopes of emolument to be derived from the Wolsey connection were, of course, at an end.

Fortunately we did not destroy the plate, which recent disclosures have decided us on giving to the world. Not that Mr. Wolsey is any longer an object of public interest—certainly not of public esteem; but because the publication will afford a convincing proof of the unflinching fidelity of the eidolographic process. Mr. Wolsey has forfeited his seat for Scrunchlambton, and is at present picking oakum in one of Her Majesty's model prisons as a common swindler. His

SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

commercial speculations have turned out to be the merest bubbles, and his Christian philanthropy proves to have been the wind by which they were inflated. Several families have been brought to hopeless ruin by misplaced confidence in Mr. Wolsey's stability and integrity. Amongst them may be mentioned those of four separate, blameless Mrs. Lindsay Wolseys, each previously ignorant of the other's existence.

We are sorry to have devoted so much space to the consideration of a worthless character—who has been found out. Motives of self-justification are the only excuse we can offer for such a breach of good manners. Above all, let us not be suspected of the slightest sympathy with, or compassion for, Mr. Lindsay Wolsey. Since the arraignment and condemnation of that bankrupt and criminal we trust we have hated and despised him as much as the purest of our neighbours.

INDUSTRY.

A MORAL SONG.

"Industry *must* prosper. Glorious day for the Beehive."—*Old Farce.*

NOW doth the little busy bee
The sprawling hours knit closer,
By gathering honey constantly
For every opening—grocer.

How skilfully she builds her cell—
(It seems the *busy* bee,
Who rears the home and stores it well,
Is, after all, a "she,"

With full maternal powers contrived
To rear a buzzing brood,
But who, from childhood's dawn, deprived
Of elbow-room and food,

And labour-doom'd, must aye forego
A mother's joy and care—
The fate of luckless females who
Go early out to "chair!")

I've mused upon the busy bee,
I've watch'd her ways of late;
I've mark'd the social theory
That rules the apian state.

Some twenty thousand working bees
  Each straw-built homestead hives ;
They are the smallest kind one sees,
  And lead the shortest lives.

Their numbers vary with the clime,
  They swarm in summer's breath ;
They're apt, towards the winter time,
  To freeze (at work) to death.

Each tiny slave—a sage declares—
  Well fed and housed, had been
Possess'd of all the powers, the airs,
  And honours of a queen.

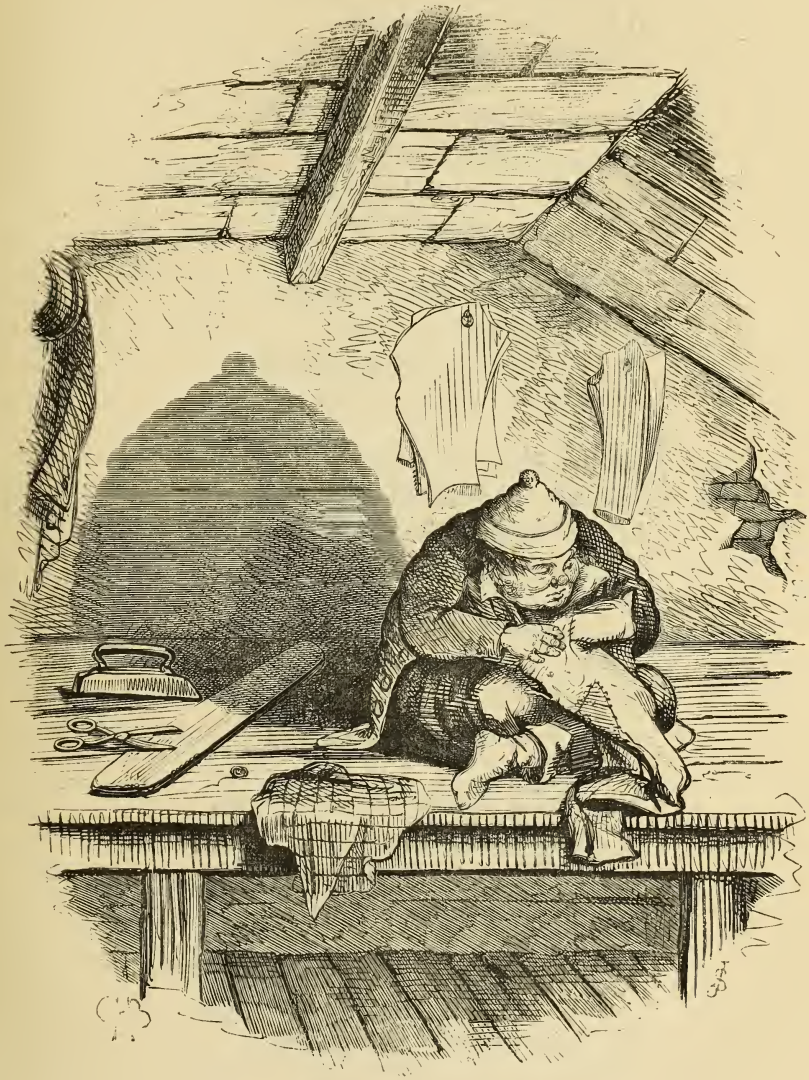
But hives are small, and flowers are few!
  Who wants save what he sees ?
Ambition's wind is temper'd to
  These shorn and stunted bees.

In stifling nurseries consign'd—
  Half fed, untaught—to lurk,
These paupers think the fortune kind
  That sends them out to work ;

To breathe the air, and feel the sun,
  And sniff the opening flowers,
Like merry masons laughing on
  An emperor's rising towers.

Their skins, perspiring yield the wax
  The cloister'd town to build ;
With "pollen" on their legs and backs,
  Their sacks with honey fill'd.

They buzz along—these working bees—
  To build and stock the hives :
They are the smallest kind one sees,
  And lead the shortest lives.



INDUSTRY.

There is another kind of bee,
We christen him the drone;
A heavy-swelling insect he,
To labour never known.

'Tis easy to distinguish him
From the industrial fry;
His limbs are stout, his aspect grim,
He hath a wondrous eye.

Ay, and a voice (the toiling bee,
Who builds the city wall,
And stocks the common treasury,
Hath ne'er a voice at all).

He ever heralds his approach
By a tremendous din:
In building time he calls his coach;
"The workpeople are in!"

And travels till the month of May,
When all is in repair;
The hive laid out, the season gay,
The flowers and sunshine fair!

Then to his town-house comes he up,
To sport him on the green,
To quaff the sparkling honey cup,
And buzz about his queen!

THE QUEEN! Ah! who shall dare invade
That sovereign bee's repose;
Discuss her tribute, gladly paid,
From every conquer'd rose?

Who shall dispute her sacred right
To house in roomy cell,
Where homage, plenty, space and light,
And all the comforts dwell?

The matron of the teeming home,
They pinch that she may thrive!
(Who would not make his mother's room
The snuggest in the hive?)

For her the cheery workers toil,
And hold the labour sport,
Of storing barrack rooms with spoil
To feast her dronish court.

They hide her from the eyes of men,
They die to guard their queen;
In her bright form they joy to ken
The thing themselves had been—

The proved perfection of their race;
The ripen'd charms and powers
Of each—were hives less scant of space,
And earth more rich in flowers!

'Tis much that some score thousand bees
Can yield one perfect queen,
Who would begrudge her wealth and ease,
And happiness serene?

Who rob the toilers of their aim,
The tie that binds them closer?
Ah! luckless rhyme (it *is* a shame)
That brings me back to "grocer!"

The little state is organised,
The constitution plann'd;
The town in narrow streets devised,
And built, and stored, and mann'd.

Warm quarters every princelet house,
By loyal builders skill'd:
The lordly drones at ease carouse;
The treasuries are fill'd.

The worker to her cell retreats
(No spacious home or sunny),
The queen within her parlour eats
Abundant bread and honey.

Let winter come; the task is done!
Of peace sets in the reign;
When, lo! invasion's booming gun
Is heard across the plain.

The grim resistless conqueror comes
Encased in sting-proof mail,
The match is lit, the fortress hums——
But why prolong the tale?

Fell, sulph'rous smoke the homestead chars,
Dead bodies strew the ground;
Spoilt honey sells, in earthen jars,
At tenpence for the pound!

I weep: 'tis for the royal bee,
That insect, hothouse-nursed,
The best of a community,
So glorious in its worst;

And also for her noble drones.
That stalwart courtier train
Of jovial guards and stout dragoons
Cut off for selfish gain;

But mostly for the working bees,
Who plann'd and stock'd the hives:
They are the smallest kind one sees,
And lead the shortest lives.

MEMOIR OF MISS JULIANA HIPSWIDGE.

THE INFANT PRODIGY.

THE morbid philanthropy of the age has, perhaps, never rendered itself more ridiculous than by its frequent crusades against the practices of prematurely forcing or abnormally biassing the human powers in children of tender years, for the gratification of what is foolishly considered an unnatural and reprehensible taste for the prodigious, or, as it is termed, the monstrous. The absurdity of these well-meaning, but irrational, attempts needs no greater proof than their invariable failure. Anything so hopelessly at variance with the simplest rules of political economy must of necessity fall through. The unchanging laws of supply and demand are as applicable to prodigies—human or otherwise—as to cottons, hides, or indigo. If a thing be loudly called for, it (or something like it) will be forthcoming, depend upon it. Take an example. On the first invasion of this country, some fifteen years ago, by the invincible General Tom Thumb, there was a sudden demand for dwarfs, not for the purpose of opposing the General's triumphant progress through a conquered realm—that would have been madness indeed—but, as it were, for running beside his car, and clearing the ground of his superfluous laurels. Well, the supply was more than adequate. British youth, scarcely exceeding the General in stature, and with certificates of birth to show, of dates far antecedent to that of America's "change for Columbus," started up in all directions. Nay, if we remember rightly, a Spanish nobleman, forty years of age, gifted

with a bass voice and formidable moustache, and, if anything, rather shorter than the General, actually disputed territory with the conquering hero, and that, for a time, not unsuccessfully. It would have been the same had the General been a giant, or a merman, or a pig-faced gentleman, and had set the fashion for either of those interesting varieties. He would have met with competitors in equal abundance. Where the wonders come from when they are wanted is the wonder of wonders; but there they are, always to be found on the critical emergency. Take a more recent example. The royal house of Astley, which has, for three or four generations, enjoyed the equestrian supremacy of the metropolis, is suddenly invaded in its very stronghold, and threatened with extinction by the allied forces of Messrs. Somebody and Something from the United States, who have pitched their aggressive tent in Leicester Square, and are for the time carrying all before them. The contest at first appears hopeless for the native princes, the invaders being furnished with an arm unprecedented in this kind of warfare, as terrible as the elephants of Pyrrhus to the Roman archers, or the Lancaster gun to the primitive engineers of Hong Kong, in the shape of a couple of *performing mules*. Performing ponies, donkeys, apes, dogs, bears, giraffes, elephants, camels, the public have been satiated with; but the mule is a novelty, and the fickle populace are for a time faithless to the national cause, and flock round the alien standard. Only for a time though, be it observed, and that a very brief one. Scarcely a week has elapsed ere *two opposition mules*, seemingly as gifted and as highly trained as their Leicester Square rivals, are found astonishing crowded audiences in the Westminster Bridge Road, at the old headquarters of the equestrian order of Great Britain, and the balance of power is partially restored.

The rule is universal and invariable in its application. The public taste is in favour of funny prime ministers rather advanced in life. The funniest and oldest prime minister ever known is hopelessly ejected from office; another funny old gentleman, just a thought more in earnest, perhaps, and a dozen years or so less shaky, is immediately found to take his place. The principle has been even proved in the case of the simple optical illusion which gave rise to the present work. A few experimental specimens of "Shadows" having been modestly offered to, and accepted with flattering eagerness by, the public, it is astonishing to find what a number of gifted artists and enterprising

publishers have succeeded in hitting on, and developing in exactly the same manner, precisely the same idea.

It may be then considered established beyond contest that a demand for the exhibitions of infant precocity existing, it would be idle to attempt their suppression. Somebody—we rather think Tupper—has written that what must be must—a verdict against which there is no appeal.

Let us proceed to the humanity of the question. On that side we are invulnerable, adhering as we do to the Benthamite principle of looking to the greatest happiness for the greatest number. The greatest number, according to a popular author (who always means what he writes), is Number One. This we are far from disputing; but—to step aside from our intended line of argument for a moment—viewing the matter in this light, it is clearly the intended prodigy's own business to pursue or reject the career marked out for him as he may think fit or be able. England being essentially a free country, any young lady or gentleman resident therein who may be destined by his or her parents, or guardians, to follow the lucrative and honourable profession of a dwarf, has clearly the right to protest against a compulsory course of gin-drinking, late suppers, close atmospheres, or other training held to be conducive to the dwarfing of the human species, and to resist the imposition of the same by every constitutional means. We cheerfully concede to any young Roscius in the course of apprenticeship, and with a distaste for the business, the privilege of throwing his Shakspeare at the head of his instructor, and demanding an unlimited supply of tops, marbles, cricket-bats, and leisure. The right of petition against involuntary hard labour at the piano-forte for more than sixteen hours a day is inherent in every youthful Briton or resident alien, of no matter what musical promise. The laws of the country afford the amplest protection for every embryo acrobat, who may feel himself hurt in dignity or person by being used as a football or shuttlecock, or having his limbs perpetually tied in a series of sailor's knots. He needs but to complain (either personally or by his attorney), to the nearest magistrate; or, in the event of unlawful incarceration, apply for his habeas corpus—the Englishman's birthright. But to encourage a spirit of querulous insistence upon these unquestioned privileges would amount to a species of public treason. We must look to the happiness of the "greatest number" in a wider and at the

same time more literal sense than the one just indicated. We will revert to our friend the dwarf for illustration of our present meaning. Had his own short-sighted egotism been consulted, he might have preferred to be "let alone," and suffered to stretch his under-sized limbs to their utmost possible extent by natural means ; or, if allowed a voice in the matter, he might have preferred being subjected to some process of expansion, rather than to one of condensation. He might have chosen the destiny of the prize melon in preference to that of the Dutch cactus. The result of either course would have been that the materials of a world's wonder would have been wasted in the production of a mere uninteresting ordinary little man.

Just consider with what incalculable loss to the majority any such weak-minded concessions to the mere prejudices of an individual would have been attended. In the first place, the child's own parents would have been sufferers. Where would have been the carriage they now ride in, the bank stock they have purchased, and the princely estate in Western America that is being laid out for their reception? Would the countless scientific treatises, pleasant critical articles, biographical memoirs, allusions, and witticisms which the Lilliputian's bulk has given rise to, and which have been of infinite emolument to some of the most gifted men of the day—*many of them struggling fathers of families*—would these ever have been thought of? Look at the legion of artists, photographers, stereoscopic slide painters, wood engravers, and proprietors of weekly publications who have thriven by the sale of the little man's thousand and one portraits! Consider the immense circulation of capital the mere advertisements of his *levées, soirées*, and receptions alone have given rise to! Think of the noble army of money-takers, check-takers, box-keepers, bill-stickers, *et hoc genus omne*, whose commissariat has been supplied by the profits of his exhibition! Above all, reflect upon the gratification afforded to millions of spectators, whom the sight of the phenomenon has sent home in a state of the serenest contentment to their beds, thanking Providence that they are well grown and finely limbed—not in the least degree as that mannikin! Is all this nothing?

"But the dwarf himself?" persists a reluctant, not to say obstinate, reader.

And pray what is such an infinitesimal globule in the vast ocean of

gratified humanity? The dwarf ought to feel satisfied with being kissed and stared at. Few of us enjoy either privilege to any enviable extent. Besides, virtue is its own reward, and the height of virtue is notoriously self-sacrifice for the public good. Let the little humbug be satisfied with *that*, and hold his tongue. There is one comfort, that if he squeaks out nobody will hear his shrill pipe in the general roar of satisfaction.

The same rule applies to all young Roscii, infant Lyræ, Sapphos in long clothes, Paganinis in petticoats, and, indeed, all prodigious precocities whatsoever. They may live hard and die early. They may have suffered kicks and never spent halfpence. What then? Have they not been a blessing to fathers and mothers—a source of interest and speculation to the curious and learned—of solace and relaxation to over-worked millions? Let us have no more of this maudlin stuff, reader, if you please. We shall have you next sympathising with a wretched hare, because, forsooth, the creature finds itself one wintery morning after a short life, and perhaps not such a merry one as Mr. Kingsley's famous poaching ballad might lead us to suppose, rather unexpectedly torn to pieces. We warrant it will never occur to you that so trifling a sacrifice on the part of a mere article of animal food has afforded gratification to five-and-forty expensive and highly-trained beagles, salubrious exercise to a score of noble horses, and an appetite for luncheon to the same number of country gentlemen and their devoted followers.

All of which we cheerfully admit to be a very long preface to a very short memoir.

The name of Juliana Hipswidge has not yet been heard beyond the parochial limits of Saint Gotobed Without, in the city of Westminster; but it deserves to be world-famous. The young person bearing it is the most striking example we have met with of the argument we are seeking to enforce, namely, that it is at once desirable and possible for a child of even the tenderest years, by a premature development of the latent powers of its nature, to be largely conducive to the happiness and welfare of a vast proportion of the adult human species. Miss Hipswidge is, in fact, an infant prodigy in the most flattering sense of the word, and, though at present only in her twelfth year, has already proved herself a benefactress to her race of no mean claims to distinction.

"SLAVEY!"

Miss Hipswidge commenced her honourable career of self-sacrifice and public devotion at the early age of four days, when she was rather unexpectedly called upon to part with her mother, in favour of a newly born cheesemonger, resident in her native parish, whose own maternal parent was not in a physical state to supply him with that kind of sustenance to which young gentlemen of his time of life (and rank in the social scale) are undeniably entitled. Miss Hipswidge was personally a loser by this transaction, inasmuch as her mother, tempted by the unhoped-for advantages of warmth, food, clothing, and a weekly stipend, to "get about" rather earlier than is considered advisable for ladies in her situation, died very shortly after the separation. But, as the cheesemongeress had by this time so far recovered her forces as to be able to undertake the charge of her own offspring, and as the young cheesemonger is at the present moment a vigorous and thriving student at a Clapham boarding-school, with every prospect of succeeding honourably to his father's business, it may be assumed that Miss Hipswidge had fulfilled this early portion of her Curtius-like destiny with perfect satisfaction.

Our heroine, as yet a nameless orphan—she was a child of mystery, her mother having been known to uncurious neighbours merely by the name of "Sarah," (the formal surname which that lady had given on her engagement with the cheesemonger's family being scouted by judicious critics as a wild improbability), and no wedding ring, marriage certificate, or love correspondence being found among her effects as a clue to the paternity of her offspring—was by this untoward event left at the early age of a fortnight to commence the battle of life on her own resources. These, as may be supposed, were limited, but they were not wholly contemptible. Miss Hipswidge (we will use the name for the sake of convenience, though as yet it is in some sense an anachronism) had been left in charge of her deceased mother's landlady, a partial householder in Short's Gardens, Drury Lane, the birthplace, in fact, of our heroine. A weekly pension had been nominally agreed on for her custody and support. No instalment of this kind having been paid up to the mother's decease, Miss Hipswidge's temporary guardian considered herself justified in, as it were, impounding or distraining upon the young Juliana in liquidation of expenses incurred. Miss Hipswidge was accordingly let out to beg,

entering upon her professional duties in that capacity with her customary resignation.

Our heroine, being a puny weakling with large eyes and a pitiful countenance, calculated to excite sympathy, was eagerly sought after by the professional speculators in that kind of investment. In obedience to the eternal laws of supply and demand already respectfully treated of in this paper, Miss Hipswidge's market value rapidly increased from sixpence to ninepence per diem. It will be doubtless a source of gratification to her in that old age to which it would be presumption to assert she is never likely to reach, to reflect that at the early age of one month, up to which term she could not possibly have consumed in her lifetime three shillings' worth of food, or worn eighteen pennyworth of clothing, she was the living representative of a weekly revenue of five shillings and threepence to her immediate guardians, not to mention a large margin of profit accruing to the retail speculators in her attractions. Miss Hipswidge's daily employers were bound by the terms of their contract to supply her with the necessaries of life during her term of service. But as, in the words of one of her most constant ladies-patronesses, when questioned on this matter, "the less they eats the wuss they looks, and the more they pities 'um," there is no reason to fear that Miss Juliana, even at this early and unreasoning period, was so false to her principles of self-devotion as to cause those whom she was destined to serve any inconvenient outlay or attention on her account. That she cried through hunger occasionally is more than probable; but even this would have been advantageous to the "consumer," enhancing the value of the raw material. Depend upon it, Juliana was encouraged to be hungry that she might cry through it.

The sudden death of Juliana's self-chosen guardian—who was trampled to death in a prolonged, but, from the outset, hopeless scuffle with a notorious malefactor by the name of Gin—threw our heroine upon the parish. Was the parish a sufferer by the encumbrance? We ourselves, as rate-paying residents of Judson's Inn, which, as all the world is aware, owes homage to the parochial shrine of St. Gotobed Without, certainly never felt it; and we know that her admission to "the house" was the source of much gratification to certain important persons high in parochial office. The master of the workhouse, a great patron of the penny romances of the period

(numbers two, three, and four delivered gratis to the purchaser of the first number), had the privilege of naming the child Juliana, as he would have named a cat or a spaniel, after one of his penny heroines. He had also an opportunity of conciliating his wife, matron of the establishment, by requesting that lady to decide on a surname for the little unknown. The matron would seem to have nursed some tender reminiscences of the county town of Suffolk, after which borough she decided that the child should be named, causing the designation to be entered in the parish books according to her crude notions of topographical orthography. Hence "Juliana" and "Hipswidge." Thus at the age of seven weeks our heroine, who had herself never yet profited by or played with anything, was the source of much advantage and amusement to a couple of staid middle-aged people, to whom she cost nothing. Such consistency from the outset of a career is, to say the least, rare.

The term of Miss Juliana's residence in "the house" presents an exceptional episode in her history. During this time she was, to a certain extent, looked after by other people. Oddly enough she had a sufficiency to eat. She was clothed at the expense of others. There was some thought even of teaching her to read and write. This was clearly no field for the development of her marvellous resources.

Providence, in the person of Mrs. Dander, keeper of a thriving lodging-house situated within the liberties of St. Gotobed, interposed to snatch Juliana from the prospective perils of a useless and dishonourable career. Mrs. Dander was in want of a servant. Being a practical disciple of that economical school for which we have so often expressed our admiration, that lady was accustomed to seek her supplies in the cheapest market. She accordingly sought her required maid-servant in the workhouse, and was furnished with Juliana.

This was the opening our heroine really wanted. From the first moment of her installation in the *maison Dander*, she was permitted to assert her position. The real weight of the establishment was at once thrown, and uncomplainingly received, on her infant shoulders. Miss Hipswidge accepted the responsibility of providing for the daily wants of Mrs. Dander's family by the performance of those duties, in exchange for which, Mrs. Dander was accustomed to look forward to a sufficient income from her numerous lodgers.

A glance at Juliana's daily avocations in the establishment in which she has been now for some months domesticated will serve to convince the reader of the public utility of this gifted young creature, and of the irreparable loss to a large portion of the community with which the suppression of her rare powers of endurance and application would have been attended.

Juliana sleeps—a little at all events—in the back kitchen. She is awakened at four A.M. Her first duties are to light four fires, to "tidy" three sitting-rooms and a kitchen, and clean on an average twelve pairs of boots and shoes. She has then four breakfasts to prepare and serve. This being accomplished, she has to "clear away" the remains of the several repasts. Then comes the making of six beds, in which Mrs. Dander is kind enough to render her nominal assistance, but only that Juliana may be enabled to husband her forces for the cooking of three dinners (the medical and literary gentlemen occupying the sleeping-rooms on the second floor are good enough to dine out, and Juliana loves them for it). Dinner over, Juliana has again to clear away. Then comes tea. Then more clearing away. Finally supper, at which time the hold of the second floors upon the grateful affection of Juliana is apt to be temporarily weakened; for they bring home friends, sit up to unseemly hours, and require many errands to neighbouring houses of refreshment, necessitating much clambering of wearisome staircases to very short, tired legs. But there is an end to all things, even to Juliana's day's labour, and bedtime in the back kitchen comes round again. Not quite as regularly as the clock, but it does come.

But Juliana's conditions of service are not confined to mere physical exertion. She is morally useful also. Mrs. Dander has a husband who drinks—out of Juliana's earnings—and cuffs and swears at his wife. Mrs. Dander dare not cuff or swear at her husband in return; but she can both cuff and swear at Juliana, and does it; thereby exhausting, as it were, the steam of her pent-up indignation, which might otherwise have a dangerously explosive tendency. Juliana also tells lies to the creditors of the first floor (under a temporary pressure) with discretion beyond her years. She has been trained to deny the literary second floor to anything bearing the semblance of a printer's boy, and to sit up to unholy hours for that gentleman's immediate neighbour. She is the *bouc émissaire* for all complaints of

inattention or breach of contract made by the lodgers, and combines with her own numerous avocations the duties of the cat in the matter of breakages. She is the outlet for much animal violence on the part of two or three olive-branches of the Dander tree, which might otherwise vent itself on the family glass and crockery. She abstracts spirituous liquors from the lodgers' decanters for the surreptitious consumption of Mr. Dander, and has been known, unaided, to haul that gentleman, by some inscrutable power of leverage, up three flights of stairs to bed, when he has not been in a condition to raise himself from his all but normal level of the door mat.

Clearly it would have been a thousand pities to waste Miss Juliana Hipswidge on a merely respectable and irresponsible sphere of society!

We have taken an early opportunity of securing a portrait of this *enfant merveilleuse*, partly from a sense of her intrinsic merits, partly from a scarcely unfounded apprehension that over-assiduity in the pursuit of her devoted calling may, at a no very remote period, remove her from the possibility of such distinction.

It will be noticed that the eidolographic development of Miss Hipswidge is strikingly suggestive of the enslaved African type of humanity. The banjo, castanets, "abundant pumpkin," and other conventional solaces of that persecuted race, are however, wanting to make the resemblance perfect.

MR. JOHN DAWKINS, JUNIOR.

THERE is a good deal to be said against thieving as a practice undoubtedly. Nevertheless, thieves have this legitimate complaint to urge by way of offset to any inconvenience they may be the means of causing to society in the exercise of their vocation—that there is no class of men so capriciously and irregularly treated as they are. A thief can never know his real standing in society. It must always be a matter of uncertainty with him whether the ensuing week will find him a hero, a pet animal, an article of raw produce, a wild beast, or a demon. He cannot tell whether the pursuit of a costly and laborious profession will entitle him to be lauded, or petted, or experimentalised upon, or simply brained, shot, gouged, and jumped on. He starts at a disadvantage. He accepts a duel in the dark, his adversary alone having the choice of weapons. He plays at a mad game of odd and even with society, not having the slightest clue to the probable number of marbles in his opponent's hand. The popular estimate of thiefdom fluctuates more waywardly than the money market. To-day the thief may be a dashing, chivalrous personage, approaching the heroic; to-morrow he may find himself regarded still favourably, but in a humorous and undignifying light. The next day he will very likely be astonished by the discovery that he is put out to nurse, to be weaned from wickedness upon farinaceous food, and educated upon the tenets of the late Dr. Isaac Watts. Then the Big Baby Society may suddenly see fit to snatch its thief doll out of the cradle, and melt its nose off against red-

JACK-DAW.

hot prison bars, tear it limb from limb, rip open and drain its lately precious body of the last drop of vital sawdust. Clearly roguery has its disadvantages as well as its emoluments!

Overlooking the thief's delinquencies, and regarding him, for the sake of argument, exclusively in the ill-used phase of his condition, let us attempt to fix the onus of his treatment upon the right shoulders. This will not be found difficult. The persons to blame in the matter are—Authors.

As a class, we have not behaved well to thieves, to whom we are under the most weighty obligations. We have made a great deal more out of them than they are ever likely to make out of us. We have stocked our pages with the proceeds of their depredations from the earliest antiquity. Homer would have been but poorly off, if that crack High Tobyman, Paris, had not chosen to steal Mrs. Menelaus and a few ship-loads of minor valuables, too often lost sight of in the consideration of the memorable Ilian "lay." Nor would the old gentleman's declining days have been honourably provided for, but for that celebrated "put up scheme" of cracking the Trojan crib through the somewhat transparent "plant" of the wooden horse, in the swag of which one Virgilius, a Mantuan, largely participated. Later in the annals of antique literature, we find one Apuleius deriving his main sustenance from a Robber's Cave in Thessaly, which he left so well stocked as to make it worth the while of Monsieur Le Sage, at a distance of fifteen hundred years, to ransack and appropriate its furniture—proving the sympathy existing between the two Mercurial classes under consideration. British authors have been especially beholden to thieves. Shakspeare, the greatest literary light of any age—that huge "wassel candle" was a luminary that could scarcely ever burn without a thief in its flame. Witness Falstaff, Autolycus, Barnadine, Iachimo, Valentine, Emilia, and a host of great and petty larcenists. Defoe may be said to have lived by robberies as much as Colonel Jack or Captain Robert Singleton, for he subsisted by writing imaginary biographies, and never imagined the life of a single honest man, with the exception of Robinson Crusoe, who, by the way, was a wrecker. Fielding, but for the active co-operation of thieves, could no more have succeeded as an author than as a magistrate. Smollett was largely indebted to the fraternity. The author of "Waverley" might have remained a Scotchman all his life, but for his having struck

upon a chord of Anglican sympathy in the material shape of Robin Hood's bow-string, which at once naturalised him among rogue-loving Southrons.

But we have not reciprocated the boon. We have behaved ill to thieves—that is the long and short of the matter. The literary class has treated the thief not as a benefactor, but as a prey—rather as an ox to be slaughtered and roasted than as a cow to be fattened for milking. We have thought more of immediate beef than of perennial butter. A suicidal policy! To adopt the thief's own vernacular (which, with other of his privileges, we have appropriated to our own use), we have "blown his gaff." We have offered for sale, not merely his flesh and feathers, but his prepared skeleton and the eggs of his offspring, accompanied by a plan of his favourite haunts of pasturage, and even site of domestic building. We shall suffer for it. In a short time the covers will be exhausted. There will not be a single thief-preserve left to sport over in the three kingdoms; and we shall have nothing to pop at but honest people—a most insipid kind of human sparrow, which no amount of bread sauce or serving up upon any kind of toast can render savoury.

To drop our gamesome metaphor, the greatest unkindness the thief has experienced, at the hands of his ought-to-be-ever-obliged literary friend, is the latter's assumption of a right of property in him—the right to dispose of him *à discrétion*, to exhibit him to the world in any fantastical attire that may suggest itself, just as a Frenchman considers himself authorised to shave his poodle wherever he pleases, leaving a tuft, frill, or knob of long hair sticking up at arbitrary intervals. This unwarrantable *exploitation du chien par l'homme* has often excited our indignation in the French capital. But what is a poodle to a thief?

Authors *do* sway public opinion, and the public is largely interested in the question of thieves. Hence the uncertainty of the thief's position, his *status* being at the mercy of the public writer, who assumes the unjustifiable right of property in him complained of.

Let us review, in succession, the various liberties the author has taken with the thief in our own day, and the widely different aspects in which the thief, as a Representative Type, has been from time to time exhibited.

We began life strongly prejudiced against thieves. This was

Smollett's fault, by whom we were first introduced to their acquaintance. Smollett's thieves were certainly not prepossessing. They were vulgar, coarse, disagreeable, and eminently natural ruffians, whom we hated and feared, and would have had exterminated. Considering that we were so young a judge at the time, we were decidedly a hanging one. We were sorry we were not permitted to see Captain Rifle gibbeted on the highest tree for the inconvenience caused by him to Roderick Random, and our still greater favourite Strap. We had no doubt at that time as to dishonesty being the very worst policy. We would not then have been a thief for anything. Nor did the great dramatist of our youth—need we say that Pocock is alluded to?—at all modify our impressions on the subject. We admired Grindoff, it is true, but on grounds exclusively picturesque. We had no sympathy with him. We regarded the pyrotechnical fate of the Miller and his Men as the desirable, legitimate, and inevitable upshot of their iniquitous career. Grindoff would never have tempted us to turn thief. He would as easily have tempted us to embrace the still less attractive profession of miller.

"A change came o'er the spirit of our dream." Somebody lent us "Ivanhoe," and then we speedily found that there were two sides to the question. It was difficult and disagreeable, it is true, to be brought to the admission that Locksley, the great Dickon Cleave-the-Wand, Scathlock, the Miller, the Clerk of Copmanhurst, and all that jovial crew of roystering bowmen and cudgellers, whose greenwood vagaries form the central charm of what is pre-eminently *the* Boys' Own Book, it was hard to have to confess that they were no better than a pack of thieves. But Truth being great will prevail. Having admitted it, we were fain to make the best of it. We began to see weak points in the argument of Smollett, and to pick large holes in the coat of Pocock. We now understood that thieving had its attractions as well as its inconveniences.

Then came Paul Clifford—a resplendent apparition. He was a little above us, it must be admitted; but he dazzled like the sun. We made no foppish pretence of understanding his fine speeches, and we were not convulsed by his humour; but we liked his costume immensely, and admired his prowess. We envied his free and easy deportment among the Pumps in the fashionable watering-place, and thought it would not go amiss to be cock of the walk over such men

as Augustus Tomlinson and Long Ned Pepper. Had we been a grown-up thief at the time we believe we should have felt proud of our vocation, and pursued it enthusiastically, with a view to marrying a judge's niece and founding a prosperous colony in a pleasant climate.

From respect for the thief we grew to excessive familiarity, which proved, as usual, the forerunner of something like contempt. In Mr. Dickens's hands the thief became funny; and we kept our hats on, fearlessly, in his presence. The Dodger, Charley Bates, Tom Chitling, Flash Toby Crackit—the "swellish," the ringleted, but the knock-kneed —these were undeniably pleasant fellows, but entitled to no sort of veneration. Noah Claypole was really a master of the Predatory Art; but the ridiculous attributes of muffin-cap, leather breeches, and bad English, prevented him from cutting a dignified figure. There was a degree of coarse cynicism even about Sikes, which robbed that burglarious homicide of many of his terrors. As to Fagin, the ingenious sophistical blandishments of his conversation made him a positively delightful companion; and we maintain, to this day, that our amusing old friend was hanged upon insufficient evidence. The author of "Oliver Twist" unquestionably did great service in extending the public knowledge of thieving, but he cannot be said to have absolutely popularised the thief.

The illustrated edition of "Rookwood" settled that business. There was not a reading boy in England, but who, when asked by his parents or guardians "what he would like to be," told a deliberate falsehood if his answer was anything but "a highwayman." To ride a coal-black mare, wherewith to jump over donkey-carts and evade turnpike tolls; to cultivate red bushy whiskers; to wear a little round carter's hat; to smoke a short pipe; to rob post-chaises with brusque, humorous politeness to their lady occupants—these were the heads of our ambition at the time.

But these were merely heliacal risings of insignificant morning stars. The sun was not yet out. Locksley, Scathlock, and the rest were merely as Bernardo and Marcellus on the ramparts. Dick Turpin himself was at best a Horatio. But the prelude is over. Let the kettle to the trumpet speak. Flourish, alarums, shouts, &c. Enter Hamlet attended!

JACK SHEPPARD appeared; and the thief was perched upon the

topmost golden cloud of his apotheosis, from which elevation he immediately tumbled into the mud.

We think M. Eugène Sue was mainly to blame in this instance; but it is certain that the thief, from an attractive, became a revolting personage. He turned suddenly dirty and brutal—ragged also—wide-jawed and low-browed, living for the most part in sewers, addicted to foul diet and strong liquors, and wholly destitute of any conversational *agrémens*. Still there was a kind of fatal fascination in his society, and we were fain to accompany him upon his unseemly expeditions. We had to commit a great many brutal murders with him, and there was more body-snatching, in this stage of our experience, than we particularly cared about. We were uncomfortable in his society, in short; but we had got mixed up with him, and it was difficult to break off the connection.

Suddenly he turned out a lamb. Social progress and philanthropic writers took him up in their arms, and, inspecting him by the light of their own peculiar candle, discovered him to be, not absolutely spotless it is true, but unjustifiably spotted by a demon called Society, the spots being easy of removal. How we hated Society at this time for its behaviour to our friend! How we loathed every description of public hireling, a party to his persecution! There was only one man we detested more than the policeman—that was the magistrate. As for judges and juries we could not bear to think of them.

Our friend has since gone through various phases of appreciation. The last time he was particularly conspicuous was just as partridges are in September. It was the season for killing him. Testimonials were given to butlers who had throttled him, and detectives who had tracked him in the pursuit of his calling. There was a rush for revolvers, blunderbusses, bludgeons, steel traps, and spring guns, for his special annoyance, just as there is for stones and potsherds among schoolboys on the appearance of a strange cat in the playground. There was a prevalent desire to hang him upon lamp-posts, and sing exulting choruses sitting on his shoulders.

The authors did it!

It was sport to us undoubtedly, but it was rather hard upon the thief!

These lengthy reflections have been called forth by the treatment to which we, not long ago, saw subjected a young gentleman whom

we choose to designate as John Dawkins, junior. That was not the name he gave at the police court; but, from his cast of countenance and general behaviour, we have strong reasons to believe him an immediate descendant of the original Artful Dodger, who must by this time have returned from transportation, and is doubtless the father of a flourishing and ingenious family.

Mr. Dawkins happened to be out on business one morning; and, by a rather inconvenient coincidence, so did we. Mr. Dawkins attempted to pick our pocket, and we had the misfortune to catch him at it. Why it was a misfortune will be speedily seen.

We caught the artist (rather dexterously we flattered ourselves) by the wrist, and, without looking round for the moment, inquired,—

"Whose hand is this?"

"Don't know, sir," said a perfectly calm voice behind us; "it ain't mine."

We glanced round at the speaker, and beheld young Mr. Dawkins. His portrait, which accompanies this article, will save the necessity of a personal description. We were struck with admiration at the coolness of his behaviour at so critical a juncture of his fortunes. Mr. Dawkins perceived this. We continued to hold him by the wrist and pursued our examination.

"You mean to say that this is not your hand?"

"Mine, sir? Lord bless you! not a bit like it."

"Then whose hand is it?"

"Don't know, sir. Never seed that there particular hand afore, as I knows on."

"Then the best plan will be to take it to the police court till we find an owner for it," we said, highly delighted with our own wit.

"That's a werry good idea," Mr. Dawkins coincided; "or suppose you was to let me go and look for him? I daresay I could find him for a trifle. Save you a deal of trouble, it would, sir."

We released Mr. Dawkins immediately. He had studied his man accurately. He had read in our features that we were just the kind of person to forgive a mere breach of the public morals for the sake of a good joke. We were flattered by this just estimate of our character, and gave Mr. Dawkins his liberty as the just reward of his ready impudence.

Unfortunately an officious policeman had observed the transaction.

We ought not to have been angry with the policeman, whose business it was to arrest Mr. Dawkins, just as it was the latter gentleman's business to steal pocket-handkerchiefs, and our own to cultivate and encourage the humorous faculty. However, the policeman did seriously annoy us by taking our new acquaintance into custody, and binding us over to prosecute. We were annoyed for two reasons. Firstly, we had no time to spare, and had not lost our pocket-handkerchief. Secondly, we had clearly condoned the offence, and there was a breach of faith in bringing Mr. Dawkins to trouble on account of it.

There was a variety of cases made out against our young friend (if he will permit us to call him so) on his appearance before the magistrate, the importance of which quite overshadowed our own trifling ground of complaint. Mr. Dawkins had stolen wisely and too well.

Now, the magistrate was evidently a reading magistrate; and the papers and magazines were, just then, busy about juvenile offenders and reformatories. We attribute, entirely, to the current literary influences, the great mistake, committed by the dignitary on the bench, of treating Mr. Dawkins, insultingly, as a misguided child, instead of, respectfully, as an accomplished artist—an error for which, as will be shown, the worthy magistrate was predestined to suffer.

"My poor little boy," said Mr. ———, in paternal but humiliating tones, "how shocking this is to find a mere child like you—do not be afraid, my little fellow, for you shall come to no harm—exercising such precocious ingenuity upon the pursuit of a nefarious calling They tell me your robberies have been conducted with surprising cleverness."

"You're werry kind, sir," replied the modest Dawkins, sobbing hypocritically; "I'm held a pretty good hand for a young 'un."

"This vanity of crime is really shocking! My poor child, you must have been well instructed in your infamous trade."

"Yes, sir, the werry best of edication; and I'm thought to be a credit to it."

"Good heavens! this is fearful. But calm yourself, my little fellow. Tell me, where were you instructed in your dreadful craft?"

"Vell, sir," Mr. Dawkins continued to sob in heart-rending tones, "do you know the Snubb's Court Pump, leading out of Vitechapel?"

"The Snubb's Court Pump?" The excellent magistrate smiled, good-naturedly. "No, my little fellow, I never heard of that particular hydraulic edifice." (Laughter, in which the worthy constables heartily joined.)

"All the same, sir," the interesting penitent whimpered. "P'raps you may have heerd of sich a place as Haldgate Pump, sir?"

"Why, yes; I think I may venture to say I know Aldgate Pump. Well, my man?"

"Vell—sir, vell"—Mr. Dawkins's sobs here rendered him almost inaudible; but with a sudden leer, and a surprising recovery of the faculties of speech, he burst out with,—

"*Then you may jist go and pump that, you old guffin, for I'm blest if you pump me!*"

Fully committed.

THE NEW ENDYMION.

A STORY.

"But for horse-taming Hector's soul ———."—*Brandreth's Iliad.*

THIS is the verse of hexameter suited to classical subjects,
Verse of Kingsley belov'd when he takes off his bands and his cassock,
Giving his beard a day's growth, and dips his poetical highlow
Into the surging wave of Mythology, ocean eternal;
Wandering there by the beach with his ear to the shell of a past age,
Picking up queer fish and weeds to add to his Glaucus aquarium;
Sea-nymphs, diaphanous, white, rock-fastened like fair Peri-winkles,
Samples of *monstrum horrendum informe cui lumen ademptum*
(Freely translated, which means in a form that has not yet the light seen),
Snake-like, metallic, slow-crawling, the least locomotive of "*ingens*,"
Huge as Leviathan's self, and a whale most uncommonly like to;
Heroes, maritime, daring, like sons of theatrical sea Cookes,
Ready to die in defence of a Susan distressed or a Mary.
Pitch and toss playing at sea, or 'long shore at the game of man-slaughter.
Be it a gain, or, O Susan or Poll! if loss—boy o' the lasses!—
All he hath staked for thee, so take thou the will for the winning!

Verse to Longfellow dear, till that poet of 'cuteness tarnation
Hit on a form of expression a pretty tall sight less fatiguing,

EQUESTRIAN.

Icelandish, octosyllabic, the model of smooth Hiawatha!
Easy to turn when compared with hexameter's moderate toughness,
E'en as the kernel of wood produced by the New England turner
Comes less expensive to hand than the ripened and genuine nutmeg!

This is the verse of hexameter suited to classical subjects.
Not such a bad verse either, and easy to write, if not read in,
Poetry's *kudos* obtaining for folks not at rhyme over clever;
And, the expression to copy of him in the floorless sedan chair,
"Mighty like prose after all, were it not for the dignified name on't."

Having got used to the jingle (supposing you've followed me so far),
List in hexameter's verse to a thoroughly classical story.

Down in the Gloucestershire wolds resided Sir Solomon Plowsher.
Rent to no man he paid, nor more than a land-owner's taxes.
Baronet twelfth of his line, he traced from the patriot Plowsher,
Who had his country served in the reign of King James the Sagacious,
Paying ten thousand pounds for the right to be "Sir" and not "Mister"—
Right, his heirs male may claim, till the end of the world and the judgment,
Sternly refusing to answer their names by the angel called over,
Should he omit the prefix of the aristocratic three letters,
Purchased, and cheap at the price, by the ten thousand pounds that King James got.

Pink was he in the face, that baronet—twelfth of his lineage.
Bluff was he as to boots, and stern in the matter of gaiters.
Great was he upon pigs, and subsoil drains, and guanos,
Minos of sessions, and Jove of agricultural dinners.
Ansdell has painted his portrait mixed up with a pig and a prize ox—
Portrait engraved and sold, the engraver kindly explaining
Which is the baronet's self and which the pig and the prize ox—
Boon to the public immense, and a civil attention to Ansdell!

"Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers!"

(Longfellow wrote the line, but his copyright doesn't hold good here.)
Beauteous Diana Plowsher, the baronet's loved only daughter!
Sole living keepsake of one who had stood in her husband's affections
Almost as high as his turnips, and scarcely below his new steam plough,
Left to herself at an age when she wanted a mother's attention,
Which had her father supplied, but the Durham short-horns and the Southdowns
Really took up so much time that he somehow omitted to give it.
Wild, untended she grew (Diana, I mean, not her mother),
Caring not half a split bean for Miss Frump, her official duenna,
Governess, formerly called, as in mockery—now a companion,
Term as preposterous, since to accompany wayward Diana
Whithersoever she went would have shaken Miss Frump not a little!

Good was she at a gap, that maiden of seventeen summers
(Dian, of course, not Miss Frump), and unrivalled in taking her fences·
Loose was she in her French, and could scarcely translate from Italian.
Crochet nor knitting she knew; but if real fancy work you should seek for,
Ask her to sit at her box, and observe how she'd handle the ribbons!
Bell-like, sweet was her voice, though by some thought to want cultivation.
These were the folks who but heard her attempt (it was out of her habit)
La ci darem, or *Robert, toi que j'aime*—things she hadn't well studied.
Different, though, was the verdict of those her rich mezzo-soprano
Charmed with the wood notes wild of her "Yoicks! and hark forward! tantivy!"
Waltzing was far from her forte, though she hadn't her match at a gallop.
Painting she wasn't much hand at, although, if report we may credit,
Once she assisted, and ably, some artists in drawing—a badger.

Wild, untended she grew, like—give us a simile some one—
Well, like the beauteous vine that grew by the drawing-room window,
Planted to cover the house, in the front, as the visitors see it,
Rich with tendril and leaf, and blossom and dark autumn clusters,

Carefully trimmed and nailed up o'er the front of the mansion aforesaid,
But which, neglected of late (since the gard'ner had taken to drinking),
Somehow had run rather wild, and had chosen to creep round the corner,
Leaving the drawing-room bare, to blossom and thrive o'er the stable!

Horses and dogs she loved, and was loved by the dogs and the horses;
Cows, and poultry, and pigs came in for some crumbs of her favour;
Men she could even endure when they didn't cross scent or shy fences;
Women she frankly confessed she had not yet been able to take to.

Sought her in marriage, some dozens of suitors well titled and wealthy:
First Sir Hippomenes Pippin, who once in a level race beat her.
This had secured her esteem, and affection had doubtless soon followed,
But she discovered the knight had prepared for the match by unfair means,
Throwing some gold pieces down, to secure her fast Galloway hocussed.

Then came Sir Actæon Hobbs, who had pestered her e'en to distraction,
Following whither she went, not even respecting her stable,
Watching her there, at work, with her skirts pinned up and her arms bare,
Mixing a magic bran mash for the cold of a favourite pony.
Him she sent howling away with two drenching horns hurled at his forehead,
Teaching him how to come prying where ladies would like to be lonely.
And 'tis reported next day, Sir Actæon, most clumsy of sportsmen!
Bitterly rued his offence to the queen of the chase in the district,
In that he happened to ride o'er a pair of his favourite beagles,
Who in return at him flew, and maltreated him most unpolitely!

Earls and marquises came, and knights on their bended knees too,

But their knees bended too much, or clung over-tight to the saddle.
Like Atalanta of old, Diana vowed she would wed not
Any who was not her match, or more, in a run across country.
Soon 'twas an understood thing that Diana had no wish to marry,
Rather remaining through life the chaste and the chasing Diana.
(Don't be annoyed at the pun: it's a good one I know, for I've tried it.)

One of the suitors alone had earned a smile from Diana—
Captain Endymion Lamb, the mildest and gentlest of shepherds.
(Rich in mutton was he, on the downs of Hants and of Wiltshire,
And, to detract from the awe of his calling and title Leonic,
Let it be stated, at once, his commission was in the militia.)
Him Diana approved, for he ever was in at the death scene,
Never rode over a dog, and was always polite and respectful,
Never presuming on sport to go on with the usual nonsense.
Smitten he seemed to be, but was never so rude as to say so.
May not Diana have wished he would start a remark on the subject?

Early in March, this year, Sir Solomon went to a dinner,
Stopped at it rather late, and took in his quantum of claret,
Got into sweet conversation with one who'd a horse to dispose of—
Clincher, a fine spanking bay, with pedigree clear as the Howards,
Tutored to carry a lady. The birthday of beauteous Diana
Nearing, suggested a present, so Clincher was purchased to give her.

Clincher had several faults: one was he'd let nobody mount him.
Fearless Diana essayed it, and went for her pains in a box hedge.
Angry she rose, for revenge, determined to die or to conquer;
But Sir Solomon said, "Diana, I cannot allow it."
(Stern was he in resolve, that baronet pink, when he meant it.)
Grooms and breakers essayed to get on that terrible Clincher.
Pass we over the list of the killed, and the maimed, and the wounded.
Spitefully Dian said, "I could marry the man who would tame him!"
Captain Endymion stood by, with his mild, imperturbable visage.
"Pray do you mean that, Miss Plowsher?" "Well, yes," said the wrathful Diana.

"Have you, of late, seen the papers?" "What stuff! I, you know, never read them."
"Then I shall wish you good morning. I have an appointment in London."

Captain Endymion was absent a week, and came back into Glo'ster
Just in time to assist at the Chawturmut steeple-chase meeting.
There he was entered to ride on his own glossy four-year-old Blueskin.
Dian, of course, meant to go; but it happened—so very provoking!—
Jingo, her favourite grey, on the eve of the Chawturmut meeting,
Managed his shoulder to slip—the sole really good horse in the stable,
Clincher, of course, excepted, and Diana had nothing to ride on.
"Drat that horse!" she exclaimed. "Were it possible only to mount him,
What a sensation I'd make in the wondering eyes of Chawturmut!"
"Think you would like to ride him!" asked Captain Endymion, yawning.
"Think! Why, I 'd give my ears!" "Oh! it sha'n't cost you that," said the captain.
"Just let me light a fresh weed, and I'll give a look round at the stable.
P'raps, if I try, I may manage to take the kick out of the beggar."
"Well, the conceit of some people!" said Dian, and turned her fair nose up.
"Does he suppose he can conquer a horse that has even thrown me off?
'Tisn't worth while to accompany him on so fruitless an errand.
I shall await his return, which perchance may take place on a shutter;
Lucky, indeed, will he be to come off with the loss of some shin bark."
Watered her plants Miss Diana (this meeting took place in her garden,
Just as the setting sun, like a traveller shabby departing,
Feeing the servants badly, was tipping the elm trees with copper).
Trimmed she a rosebush here, and there propped a staggering dahlia,
Counted her tulips, and picked the snails from her favourite peach tree.
Some half an hour she spent at this graceful bucolic employment,
Wondering wherefore he tarried, that gallant but foolhardy captain,
Hoping he 'd not be much hurt, though indeed he would richly deserve it.

Fast the setting sun waned, till he'd no copper left for the elm trees ;
Then, like a fugitive bankrupt, under a cloud he levanted.
Still young Endymion came not, and Dian was getting uneasy.
"Really, I trust he has not kicked his brains out. Brains? Well, yes, he *has* some."
Such the soliloquy sage of the kind and reflective Diana.

Suddenly Dobbins the younger (offspring of Dobbins the huntsman),
Stable-born, equine, "varminty"—less like a boy than a badger—
Redolent he of the turf, who seemed as though weaned on a bran-mash,
Gaitered, buttoned, and sleeved, sleek hair close cropped to the cranium,
Centaur-like, having the aspect of one that is clipped and is curried—
Dobbins the younger appeared in a state of tremendous excitement,
And, in a voice like the neigh of a charger, exclaimed, "Oh! come here, ma'am!
Just come and look at the captain—he've actyally bin and tamed Clincher."

Swift as the lightning rush of the leaders round Tattenham corner,
Rushed to the stable Diana—nor wholly could credit her senses,
When, in a loose box stretched, like a terrier of Skye or a spaniel,
Couched on a parlour hearthrug, she saw the terrible Clincher,
Docile, reclining, mild, and the cool and impassive Endymion
Not having turned a hair of his faultless moustache and his whisker,
Coatless, arm-folded, serene, on the haunches of Clincher the vanquished,
Sitting as though in a chair, and smoking a fragrant Havannah.
Speechless, dumbfoundered was Dian, with awful and deep admiration.
Words could not half express the fathomless depth of her feelings.
Maidenly modesty, prudence, Miss Frump, and all that, was forgotten.
Broke from the lips of the raptured Diana, "I really *must* kiss him."

And, what was more to the purpose, Miss Dian rushed forward and DID IT !

Burst from the stable door a couple of boisterous horse laughs.

There Sir Solomon stood, with Sir Actæon Hobbs the rejected.
Blushed Miss Diana deep red, and triumphantly smiled young Endymion.
Dian herself had committed, and now was by jury convicted.
Weak was the maiden's defence ; nor had she good cause to bring forward
Wherefore the sentence of marriage should not be at once pronounced on her.

"On the fifteenth, at St. Bloke's, by the Reverend Montacute Wobble,
Captain Endymion Lamb, of the West Double Glo'ster Militia,
Son of Sir Everard Lamb and the Lady Agnes, his consort,
Both of Asparagus Hall, and late of Mint Court, in this county,"
('Tis the *Standard of Wilts and of Glo'ster* supposed to be speaking,
Whence I extract the lines,) "to Diana, sole daughter and heiress
Of the respected Sir Solomon Plowsher, of Chawturmut Castle."

Dian perused those lines in the *Wilts and Glo'stershire Standard.*
Just below them, she read some tidings about Mr. Rarey.
This was the first hint she had of the means and the moderate outlay
Whereby the captain had won her. Diana's as tame now as Clincher

THE RIGHT HON. LICKFOOT SNAYLE, M.P.

AMONG the many harrowing examples of the tragic principle of "man controlled by circumstances" to be met with in the affecting dramatic history of *the Critic*, there occurs a heart-rending situation, where Mr. Puff, having got his band of conspirators on their knees at the front of the stage for the mutual administration of a solemn vow, suddenly discovers that the conduct of his fable requires the immediate absence of those particular characters from the scene altogether. No provision has been made for this difficulty. The conspirators, clearly, cannot remain on their knees when they have nothing more to say, and the stage is required for the accommodation of other people. But how are they to be got rid of? The dignity of tragedy will not admit of the Earl of Leicester and his heroic *confrères* getting up quietly, after the performance of the recent imposing ceremony, and walking ignominiously off the stage like a mere troop of waiters ordered to "withdraw" at a public dinner. The distracted dramatist sees no possible extrication from his dilemma but in the suggestion that the conspirators should "go off kneeling." The difficulties attendant upon the execution of this trying manœuvre are justly considered to constitute the most affecting scene in the entire tragedy.

And why is it that the soft-hearted minority of the audience sympathise with, and the unfeeling majority laugh at, Mr. Puff's *dramatis personæ* on their being commanded to attempt this unaccustomed evolution? Simply because we know that it is an un-

accustomed one, and feel certain that it will not be satisfactorily accomplished. The dramatic episode of the Spanish Armada ("a story in a story," which, according to a popular author, is "a frightful flaw in art," but the existence of which in many valuable art-jewels has not prevented them from shining through various generations in a perfectly undimmed or uncracked condition), is supposed to be rehearsed in our presence for, if we remember rightly, the first time. We see at a glance that the actors belong to a stiff-legged generation not practised in the "kneeling business," and we know instinctively that they will not be able to reach the P. S. wing in the required posture without much sprawling and discomfiture. But a little reflection should teach us that the practice of two or three more rehearsals would enable them to achieve the required feat, not merely with ease and comfort, but even with the semblance of grace and dignity. Practice is all that is wanted. With a fair sufficiency of this, it is possible to walk quite comfortably on one's knees, not merely for a distance of less than half the width of the Theatre Royal So and So, but right across the great stage of human life. A little preliminary exercise in the *coulisses* before you are "called on" by the great prompter, Necessity, and you need be no heaven-born acrobat to be enabled to make your appearance before the public, quite gracefully, in a state of genuflection, perform various feats of dexterity in the full glare of the footlights without once rising from your knees, and "go off kneeling" on the O. P. side in the enjoyment of much popular applause and consideration. The subject of the present memoir is a living illustration of the principle.

"*L'histoire s'extasie volontiers*," writes Victor Hugo, in one of his numerous complimentary notices of his own life and productions, "*sur Michel Ney, qui, né tonnelier, devint maréchal de France, et sur Murat, qui, né garçon d'écurie, devint roi.*" This is a preliminary to Monsieur Hugo's "ecstasying himself"—quite as willing as history in the case of Ney and Murat—on the much more difficult, and consequently more meritorious, process of self-emancipation, than either for a journeyman cooper to have made himself a Marshal of France or for a stable-boy to have attained to a throne, achieved in the writer's own person, namely, "*être né aristocrate et royaliste, et devenir démocrate.*"

It was certainly a great thing for Ney to have transformed his adze into a field marshal's bâton. Equally meritorious was it that Murat

TOADY.

should have refined his currycomb to a sceptre. It would be unmannerly to dispute M. Hugo's assertion that his own moral struggles through the mists and briars of tradition, to what he considers the highest elevation of intellectual light and unclouded principle, was a self-promotion infinitely more creditable than either. But we must take leave to observe that each of these three supposed self-made celebrities was greatly favoured by natural gifts and the concurrence of circumstances. Ney and Murat possessed military talents which must have insured their rapid promotion in any army engaged in active service (except, indeed, the English). They were, moreover, favoured by the exceptional opportunities of the revolution, and fostered by the paternal genius of Napoleon. M. Hugo himself commenced life with greater advantages for self-perfection than perhaps any man of his age. After ourselves, he would be the last person to deny that Nature had endowed him with every conceivable quality of greatness—the gift of modesty (a point on which we might be found to differ), perhaps excepted. The flight from the slough of Political Error to the heights of Truth and Purity of Opinion was to him merely as the flight of an eagle, from the enjoyment of carrion on the plain, to his legitimate mountain home.

The Right Honourable Lickfoot Snayle has eclipsed the self-ennobling achievements of a Ney, a Murat, and even, with respect be it said, of a Hugo. Commencing his career as a lackey, and educated by public charity, he has elevated himself to the condition of a capitalist, a Member of Parliament, a popular author, and one of Her Majesty's Privy Council. Mr. Snayle has achieved this elevation without the possession of a single talent—we beg pardon, *with* the possession of a single talent. Mr. Snayle is largely possessed of the talent of ADMIRATION, by the exclusive exercise of which he has contrived to prosper.

Lickfoot Snayle was born in the early part of the present century, of poor, but, as the phrase runs, honest parents. Since his elevation to public distinction it has been ascertained—thanks to the convenient machinery of the Herald's office—that he is respectably descended. His descent on the maternal side dates from the establishment of the Poins family—courtiers of great loyalty and consideration as early as the reign of the fifth Henry. A branch of this illustrious family, emigrating to Scotland, intermarried with a section

of the house of Boswell, returning in an impoverished condition to England, when an alliance with the Lickfoots, closely connected with the widely spread races of Jenkyns and Yellowplush, was effected. The Lickfoots, of which line our hero's mother was the direct and sole surviving representative, continued to reside in this country for several generations in humble, but comparatively prosperous circumstances.

We fear there is little to be said in favour of the early Snayles. They appear to have been a race of plodding Britons, usually attached to the soil. Our hero's father was a gardener in the employment of a substantial land-owner. He was universally esteemed a reticent, slow-going sort of man, not likely to rise in life, except in the seemingly improbable event of a friendly hand caring to pick him up, and give him, as the saying is, "a lift." Such unforeseen elevation happened to Mr. Snayle—rather late in life, it is true. Miss Constantia Lickfoot, a mature spinster of forty—a retainer on the estate which numbered Mr. Snayle among its feudal possessions, and who, after a lengthened career of lady's maidenhood, had possessed herself of a sufficiency of her employer's secrets to barter in exchange for a modest retiring pension—was good enough to pick the unobjecting Snayle from off the particular cabbage leaf which happened to be engrossing his attention for the moment, and marry him. The result of this condescension was that Mr. Snayle became a lodge-keeper, and a father.

Our hero was an only son. He was a backward child. It was long ere he could walk alone. Judging by the indications of his tardiness, his mother, who had herself "felt her feet" from the earliest conceivable date of infancy, was at first inclined to pronounce him a "perfect Snayle." This was not intended to be complimentary, the active matron's schemes of advancement in life having been seriously frustrated by the constitutional sluggishness of her partner, and many dissensions having arisen between them in consequence thereof. Her maternal yearnings for signs of promise in her offspring were soon, however, appeased by the discovery that the young Lickfoot, if as yet unable to walk, could *crawl* with marvellous facility. She speedily changed her tune, declaring, with excusable pride, that though the nursling "might not be as well on his legs as some people's children, it was a perfect pleasure to see how he would hold

on to anything, and make his way about anywhere ; and after all," Mrs. Snayle (*née* Lickfoot) was wont to say, "he wasn't liable to tumble about so much and hurt hisself like more venturesome children, *and* the sweetest temper alive, I *do* assure you !"

It was the oak manifest in the acorn !

As soon as Master Lickfoot could run alone he was instructed by his maternal parent to utilise his tardily acquired powers of locomotion by running errands for his superiors. In this service he rapidly acquired distinction. He also displayed a precocious talent for opening the lodge gate in the prettiest conceivable manner to well-dressed visitors, by whom the elaborate gracefulness of his infantine bow, as they passed him on their way to and from "the house," was favourably noticed.

It was decided that he was a sweetly behaved child, and that he should be immediately sent for to play with "the young master."

This was the *pons asinorum* of Lickfoot Snayle's life mathematics. Here was the opportunity he required for the investment of his single talent. Little Snayle's admiration for "young master" was unbounded. He submitted to be kicked and cuffed by the budding patrician with a toleration that amounted to enthusiasm. Other boys brought up from the village, for the performance of similar services, had been known to ruin the prospects of their family by the resentment of such patrician favours in a primitive Anglo-Saxon manner. Young Lickfoot never showed fight, and seldom even cried!

The children were inseparable. Lickfoot was recognised as an indispensable member of the family. He may almost be said to have been "breeched" in livery.

Our hero accompanied *his* hero (for the time being) to Eton, and thence to Oxford, in the capacity of body servant to the now fully blossomed Sir Ripstone Pippin. The Ripstone Pippins are known to owe their growth to the oldest family tree in England, the sap of which is compounded of the purest Normandy cider, imported in the casks of the Conqueror, and strengthened by commixture with the juice of the primitive Saxon Crabs. Our hero never indulged in an aspiration for quitting the condition of servitude. The fulfilment of servile duties was inalienable from his nature and destiny ; but expanding experiences at public school and college taught him that he might continue to and serve, yet hope to "better himself." He saw

numerous superior appointments of private tutor, secretary, coach, crammer, sycophant, &c., going, as it were, begging; and was tempted by the superior emoluments of these several berths. He resolved to abide his time.

Unfortunately the axe of adversity was laid to the root of the Pippin tree, and it fell. The Snayles attached to the noble plant were not immediately crushed by the fall, but they missed the apples, which were ruthlessly carted away to the nearest market. The parental Snayles did not long survive the catastrophe. Snayle, the father, could not attach himself to another garden-wall; and the shell of Snayle, the mother, had been long in a deteriorated condition. Our hero at an early age found himself an orphan, and constrained to crawl away in search of fresh cabbages and orchards new.

He was fully aware of his resources. He had been an enthusiastic admirer of one of his late master's college friends, as, indeed, of most of them, but of this one in particular. Admiration, like virtue in general, brings its own reward. The young gentleman in question, ascertaining that his admiring Snayle was desirous of comfortable provision on the tree of learning, easily prevailed upon certain influential members of his family to procure the lad admission to a proprietary school. It is even asserted that so excessive was young Snayle's admiration of his new patron as to induce the waiving, on the neophyte's account, of certain restringent laws in reference to the age of candidates for admission—Master Snayle being a strapping youth on the verge of manhood at the time.

At the proprietary school, Master Snayle admired everything and everybody. He admired the system; he admired the masters; he admired (at a respectful distance) their wives; he admired the housekeeper, the gardener, the shoe-black—and was loved accordingly.

The consequence of this assiduity was that Lickfoot Snayle obtained an exhibition at one of the universities, which happened to be mainly at the disposal of one of the directors of the educational establishment, whose character, attainments, family, personal appearance, and even wearing apparel, young Snayle had admired to a degree unusual even with him.

At college, our hero admired himself into the good graces of various noble graduates and undergraduates. Many of these offered him the prospects of church advancement, which Mr. Snayle would

gladly have availed himself of; but, in order to attain to which, certain preliminary ceremonies were indispensable, calling for the exercise of something more than our hero's solitary talent. Mr. Snayle—his admiration of the examiners notwithstanding—was repeatedly "plucked," and came to London—provided with the means of temporary existence by the emoluments of a variously useful collegiate career in the service of the numerous noble objects of his admiration.

Mr. Snayle tried literature. He attended the most popular literary public-houses of the metropolis, and admired his way to the acquaintance of the numerous literary celebrities in the habit of frequenting those establishments. He admired certain popular periodicals of the day so much as to induce those of their editors, with whom he had the opportunity of forming an acquaintance, to solicit contributions to their columns from his super-eminently appreciative pen He admired talented authors to such an extent as to induce them to write the articles thus solicited for him, for a modest consideration. He admired popular actors, especially such as happened to be at the time in management, till he succeeded in convincing them that he was the only living man capable of writing pieces for the adequate development of their respective peculiarities; and obtained thereby abundant commissions; and he experienced no difficulty whatever in admiring sufficiently the proper persons to induce them to assist him in executing these commissions.

Literature was, however, but a stepping-stone with Mr. Snayle. He had his eye upon political advancement. He admired a printer so intensely as to induce that tradesman to start a newspaper, founded on principles of admiration of a particular minister's government. The minister was fascinated by the admiration of Mr. Snayle, whom he immediately took out of the printer's hands, and personally adopted.

By dint of sedulously admiring the long-since defeated minister (he was by no means a prime minister, by the way, but, at the same time, was an influential member of a short-lived cabinet), his speeches, his measures, his left-handed wife and illegitimate children, Mr. Snayle has contrived to render himself indispensable to that ex-minister's existence. He frames the ex-minister's bills for him; he corrects the ex-minister's grammar; he officiates as a kind of human

steamboat "fender," to ward off collisions between the ex-minister's two wives—the right hand one and the left hand one—who would be otherwise apt to clash. Above all, Mr. Snayle admires the ex-minister.

Mr. Snayle's admiration has been rewarded by a seat in Parliament, and the accidental "shunting" of his name (on the formation of the short-lived cabinet alluded to) into the lists of Her Majesty's perpetual privy councillors. Mr. Snayle is the nominal editor of a quarterly review, established on principles of general admiration, and his name is to be found on the title pages of various more or less popular works, for the most part admiringly dedicated to influential members of society.

About twelve years ago Mr. Snayle married Constantia, sole daughter and heiress of Sir Crœsus Buzgloak, the distinguished capitalist and banker, whose transportation for life in the year 1847 will be long remembered in legal and financial circles. It would be superfluous to state that our hero won his way to the lady's affections by the exercise of his one unfailing talent. He admired the lady, and may proudly boast that he is the only man alive who ever succeeded in doing so. More than that, he admired her father, who, previously to his legal embarrassments, settled a considerable portion of his gains upon our hero in return for that service. It is but just to state that Mr. Snayle has left off admiring his father-in-law and benefactor, with whom he has even refused to correspond since the departure of the unworthy baronet for Norfolk Island. Nor does he like to hear that bad man's name even mentioned. The best authorities from the penal settlement alluded to have assured us that Sir Crœsus thinks this rather hard. But we can have no sympathy or commiseration with men in the no longer respectable speculator's position; so it doesn't matter.

The shadow cast by Mr. Snayle's figure in the accompanying eidolographic portrait will be found to bear a striking resemblance to a certain prosperous reptile, remarkable at once for its humble origin, and for the possession of a "priceless jewel in its head," in the shape of a particularly wide-awake eye.

CATS!

WE English admire the French and like them. We honour them for their frequent noble self-sacrifices in the cause of universal liberty. We are grateful to them for their priceless services to literature, art, and general progress We imitate their fashions and adopt their melo-dramas. We love to visit their glorious country, and to welcome them in return to ours. We are, above all things, proud of their political alliance. We engaged so heartily in the Eastern war vastly more for the sake of fighting with the French than against the Russians.

The French, in return, have a huge respect for us. This respect existed when they professed most, and, indeed, had the best cause to hate us. Now that old wounds are healed, and old quarrels happily forgotten, the respect has ripened into an esteem that nearly approaches affection. Finding us staunch friends, they begin to think us good fellows. As they get to know us better, they discover, in our character and habits, many inducements to reciprocate the compliment of imitation with which we have so long honoured them. They drink porter (it is pronounced *por-terre*), and wear all-round collars. They train bull-dogs and race-horses. *La boxe* is now among the national institutions of France. Frenchmen are becoming more like Englishmen every day, just as Englishmen are daily becoming more like Frenchmen.

But the fusion will never be complete. We have no fear as to the stability of the alliance itself. Not all the designing monarchs, or all

the swaggering colonels in the world, we are convinced, can ever shake the good understanding existing between two sensible nations who have now, for the first time, practically tested the advantages of pursuing a common interest. But, on the other hand, we are equally sure that, in spite of all advancement of ideas, alliances, international treaties, commercial interests, telegraphs, and facilities of communication whatsoever, it will be found impossible, to the end of time, to establish anything like a perfect sympathy between two peoples holding such diametrically opposite opinions as are those of the French and the English upon the vitally important question of—Cats.

The superficial reader may not see the importance of the question, or how a variance of opinion upon it should prevent the most unqualified unity from existing between two amicably disposed and neighbouring nations. Very likely. The same reader would probably not see much importance in a cigar, taken in the abstract. But assuming him to be a smoker, and travelling in a railway carriage with a perfectly well-behaved gentleman who regrets that he cannot endure the odour of tobacco? Our reader would not smoke at all, of course. He would be too considerate for the feelings of his companion to think of such a thing. He would deprive himself of his usual solace, and endeavour to beguile the time, as well as might be, in courteous conversation with his antinicotian neighbour. They would get along to their journey's end, no doubt, very pleasantly, and would part, for the time, highly delighted with each other's society. But the fellow-travellers having separated, a little reflection would assure our reader that the late conversation had been hollow, and on indifferent topics. He would remember that when either had ventured to hazard an opinion, it was found to be at variance with that of his interlocutor. He would find that, in his heart, he rather disliked his late courteous and well-informed companion, not from a vindictive recollection of having been deprived of his smoke, for he would enjoy *that* all the more on regaining his liberty, and would be even thankful for the appetising delay, but from the fact that the smoking and non-smoking classes are constitutionally antipathetic. Straws indicate the turn of the tide, and a bit of thistledown is as good a weathercock as the gilded vane of a cathedral.

Revenons à nos chats.

In France, the cat is the conventional type of gracefulness, occupying the position in poetical imagery which we are fain to award to the outlandish and unfamiliar gazelle. A French lover will call his mistress "*ma chatte.*" He will compliment her upon her cat-like movements and her cat-like eyes, and the lady will be delighted. Let an English lover make the experiment of calling the idol of his affections a cat. It is probable that he would speedily have ocular and ongular demonstration of the fitness of his comparison in a manner more startling than agreeable!

With us the cat is merely the type of all that is treacherous, selfish, and cruel. We tolerate cats; we feed, encourage, and in many cases pet them; but this is either from purely disinterested benevolence, or, more generally, from utilitarian considerations, the becoming characteristic of a nation of shopkeepers. The cat is a good mouser, and we pay her for her services—as we pay the hangman, and with about the same respect as we feel towards that sometimes useful functionary. As a people we dislike cats. Our instinctive repugnance to the species is apt to vent itself, at the unreasoning period of youth, in potsherds, brickbats, "chivies," and too often in the torture of the walnut-shell boot. In maturer life, it is not without a magnanimous effort that the most humanely disposed Briton can bring himself to call a favourite terrier or "pretty bull" off the scent of a flying Grimalkin. When this effort has been made and attended with success, the glow of conscious rectitude produced by it is insufficient compensation for the pang of remorse resulting from a feeling of having "spoiled sport." The midnight reveller, returning from the festive gathering with his heart warmed, as he fancies, towards all animated nature, cannot resist the impulse to hazard his precious latchkey, or still more cherished cutty pipe, in a "cockshy" at any unfortunate tortoiseshell or tabby who may happen to cross his path!

There are a thousand reasons why Britons, of all people in the world, should dislike cats. In our historic and legendary lore we find the species mixed up with all kinds of unpleasant associations. The favourite incarnation of a witch's familiar spirit was in the form of a black cat. In primitive districts the cat has still a reputation scarcely less horrible than that of the fabulous ghoul or vampire. Old-fashioned nurses, in such places, will still deprive their sleeping

FELINE.

charges of the benefit of fresh air, even in the hottest seasons, by carefully closing door, window, and fireplace, lest a strange cat should get in and "suck the breath" of the somnolent darling. There was a dreadful nursery legend of our infancy, commencing thus alarmingly: "And the white cat sat on the cold, cold corpse, and began to tear and tear ——." We never heard any more. We were always in the dark as to the origin of the horrible business, and have not the slightest recollection of its *dénouement*. Perhaps it had none. Perhaps we systematically closed our senses to it, as people will hold their ears in an artillery ground, or their noses when approaching the Thames. At any rate, we remember it used to frighten us dreadfully; and that when a pretty minx of a Quakeress—our senior cousin—used to begin narrating it for our especial horror and discomfort, we scarcely knew which to hate most, cats or pretty Quaker cousins. It should be stated, however, that the emotion with respect to pretty Quaker cousins was invariably evanescent.

Again, in this salt-water drenched country, nothing can ever become really popular that is an object of dislike to the seafaring classes. And Jack holds cats of every description, whether with nine tails or only one, in about the same esteem as that in which a certain nameless potentate (asserted by Shakspeare to be a gentleman, but on whose behalf nobody else—Uncle Toby and Robert Burns excepted —has ever been known to speak a civil word) is reputed to hold holy water. Influential authors have in this, as in other matters, echoed and perpetuated the popular feeling. The third mewing of a brindled cat is the signal of assembly for that weird *sabbat* wherein Macbeth is hopelessly drawn on to his confusion. Mercutio might have lived to wear a wig, and go to court on crutches, had he not needlessly insulted the already infuriate (but perhaps otherwise placable) Tybalt by calling him "the king of cats," than which the British poet could evidently conceive no greater outrage. Mr. Dickens may be said to have tied several supplementary kettles to the cat's already overcharged tail. He cannot introduce Mr. Carker without hounding his dog Diogenes on to that designing personage with the cry of "S-s-t-t! cats, boy, cats!" while the marine-store keeper's cat in Bleak House is the most demoniac quadruped we ever met with. The proverb that "care killed the cat" could not have originated anywhere but in England, for there is no other known country wherein the cat has

such a hard time of it. Altogether the cat may be said to have made a serious mistake in naturalising herself (for with us the cat is, by long-established precedent, conventionally feminine) in a community so little disposed to appreciate any latent excellences she may possess.

Very different is the position of Grimalkin, who, like another celebrated member of the Rat-catching family,

"Lives t'other side of the water."

There the cat is a dignified personage, respected by all who know him (observe the transition to the masculine gender, if you will be so kind, reader). The French believe in him, and swear by him. They have discovered in him various endearing attributes, to the development of which it may be assumed British soil is lamentably unpropitious. They declare him to be affectionate, talented, and even funny. What Englishman ever saw anything to laugh at in a cat, who had left off being a kitten? But in France the cat usurps the place of Toby in the Punch and Judy show, which popular entertainment is there named in his honour *la comédie du chat.* Ay, and he is the hero of many capital stories. Witness "Puss in Boots," which we will maintain against all comers, to be the best romance of pure adventure (not impaled on the skewer of a moral) ever written. That story could never have been composed, as we have it, by an Englishman. If Charles Perault had been a native of these isles, and the marquisate of Carabas a British peerage, the *Maître Chat* would infallibly have been a canine instead of a feline personage. But a Frenchman's dog is his cat. And, *à propos* of cats and fairy tales, reader you may take our word for it that any legend of that description which may have excited your early imagination, and in which a cat is brought honourably, or even prominently forward, is as certainly a specimen of "fair adaption or imitation" from the French as the last new and original comedy it may have been your fortune to sigh over upon the stage of a London Theatre Royal. The conduct and *dénouement* of the *White Cat* (an animal which had been straying for many years without an owner in this country until recognised by M. Planché as the property of the Countess D'Aulnoy, and by him most honourably and gracefully restored to that lady) are essentially unsatisfactory to

British feelings. We ourselves always had a latent conviction that, after the prince had cut off the White Cat's head and tail, and thrown them into the fire, the lately enchanted princess, restored by this eccentric process to her original form, yet retained many of her feline attributes; that she was unpleasantly light-haired, and had pink eyelids; that she was given to sniffing and sneezing, and afraid to put her delicate paws upon the wholesome moist earth; that she and that good-natured young puppy, her rescuer, must have led rather a cat-and-dog sort of life together; that she would, perhaps, sit on his velvet-draped knee in his place on the throne of his ancestors, and purr there agreeably enough so long as he maintained her in a comfortable position, but that, if he made a single movement calculated to disturb or upset her for a moment, she would stick her claws in him and spit savagely in his face; that she would have been a dangerous sort of princess, generally, for anybody to "rough up the wrong way;" that she may have been remarkably attentive to her toilet, and prim in her general behaviour, but that she was a spiteful cat of a princess if disturbed at her saucer of cream, or her nice silver skewer-load of royal cat's meat; and that the pretty birds and humble mice of the palace would have done well to keep as far as possible out of her reach.

Another illustration of the French love of cats, vainly appealing to the sympathy of a British public, occurs to us. Many years ago, a sweet little French actress, whom the best English dramatic critic of any age * characterised as "the Guinea antelope, the Italian greyhound, the white-bait, the humming-bird of actresses," of whom the same writer predicted that, "when she had passed her little ephemeral existence here, she should become a *real* fairy, and receive the hand of Mr. Robin Goodfellow"—Mademoiselle Jenny Vertpré, in fact—made a tremendous sensation all over cat-loving France by performing in a vaudeville called *La Femme Chatte.* The plot of the piece was as follows. A young gentleman is ass enough to fall out with the world, turn misanthrope, and, being a Frenchman, to devote himself exclusively to the society of a favourite cat, for whom he has an

* Charles Lamb is here alluded to. The criticism quoted in the sequel (from an old volume of the *Examiner*) the writer of the present article believes, from internal evidence, to have emanated from that great man's pen. The impression, however, may not impossibly be erroneous.

inordinate affection. He has a pretty cousin, who is disposed to like him, and who—being a Frenchwoman, and therefore seeing nothing dishonourable in entering the lists of rivalry with a cat—seeks to wean the affections of her relative from the four-footed object of his misplaced attachment. A man with a sufficiency of bad taste to prefer a cat to such a pretty cousin as Mademoiselle Vertpré must have represented (we never saw her, but we speak from numerous reliable hearsays), could have surpassed nobody by being also absurd enough to believe in the doctrine of the metempsychosis. Monsieur Chose—we forget the fool's name, and do not want to remember it—is of this way of thinking. Mademoiselle Jenny takes advantage of the weakness. She determines to hide the cat (not destroy it, mind—a French audience would never stand *that*, but merely to put the animal comfortably and provisionally out of the way), and to pretend that she herself is a human being into whose corporeal system the soul of the missing cat has transmigrated. Miss Jenny's plan is to imitate, to the best of her powers, such of the movements of the cat as may be consistent with her promotion to humanity ; and, by preserving as much as possible the attributes of her supposed former condition, to reconcile her cousin to an affection for a mere human being. The kind of antics the young lady indulges in may be guessed at. Mademoiselle Jenny first appears (our authority is the critic already quoted) "coiled up on a bed, as if basking in a grocer's window." She gets up and walks, apparently for the first time, erect, and vastly astonished at the change in her condition. "What a distance I am from the ground!" she exclaims, in a *naïve*, purring tone. She then looks around, and appears alarmed at the loss of her tail. "*Elle est disparue!*" she mews in heart-rending accents. The French cousin, watching these proceedings, falls into the trap with the readiness peculiar to people in farces. He is delighted with the unexpected pleasure of meeting with a woman who is only one remove from a cat, and adores Jenny on the spot. The cautious Jenny sees the policy of keeping up the cat illusion as long as possible. She allows her cousin (who, it is needless to say, had not seen her since she was a child, and fails to recognise her) to pat her on the head, and take her on his lap, and she purrs and frisks round him in a delightfully kittenish manner. Then there is the fun of her running away from his caresses in pursuit of a mouse, and the other illustration of the ruling passion strong in

everything, when she is unable to control herself at the sight of a cream-jug. The result is, of course, the end of all vaudevilles—marriage, and everybody happy, including, also, of course, the abducted cat; but for which ingredient of poetical justice the piece would have been hissed in any French theatre.

The cat-woman, Jenny, came over to London, hoping to purr herself into the good graces of the English, as she had succeeded in doing with the French, public. Jenny herself, as an individual and delightful personality, was received with all the honours she could have desired. But the piece itself, *La Femme Chatte*, was received—well, as a strange cat usually *is* received in any public place in this country. A feeling of contempt for the cat-loving misanthrope was the principal emotion excited by the exhibition. The idea of a man liking a woman because she disguises herself as a cat! Why didn't the fool set his dog at her? But then he was a Frenchman, and hadn't got a dog—not even the Gallic compromise of a poodle! Miss Jenny speedily appreciated the English preference for women over cats, and lost no time in appearing in the most desired character.

In Paris there are cat fanciers, cat stuffers, cat stealers (reputed also to exist in London, but here with "other and baser motives" for the pursuit of their dishonest calling), cat barbers, and even cat doctors, many of whom are persons of substance and consideration. It must be stated in fairness, that the French cat is, really, a finer and more estimable creature than the English variety. This is no more to be wondered at than that an independent native sovereign of the interior of Africa should be handsomer, stronger, more intelligent, and, in every way, a more dignified nigger than poor Quashee, raised for the market, and educated, in blissful ignorance of such things as Ten Hours' bills and the right of Habeas Corpus, upon Mr. Simon Legree's humane plantation. But the laws of development by cultivation have their limits. You cannot wash the Prince of Congo white, or take his wool out of curl for him. Neither can you feed, coax, or educate the spiteful and treacherous qualities out of the sleekest Angora that ever lapped milk. And the difference between Mimi on one, and Pussy on the other, side of the channel, is not sufficient to justify the French love of the species in the eyes of dog-fancying England. We repeat that the, to us, inexplicable feeling is a subtle proof of deeply-seated national difference of character, and we are convinced has a

good deal to do with those unpleasant preparations at Cherbourg—though, on this point, we will not be certain.

"And pray, Mr. Writer, what is all this supposed to lead to?"

Nothing whatever, madam. We sat down intending to write something to the disparagement of cats, and of all people resembling them, and have been insensibly drawn into speaking slightingly of Frenchmen (of course, in the bitterest earnest), as the approvers and abettors of those objects of our detestation.

No. Let us be candid. We have no real grudge against cats. We have a favourite one sitting on our knee at this very moment, purring loudly, and lifting our elbow up with the leverage of her affectionate nose at every other line we write. It has all been done to annoy the lady whose portrait accompanies this paper, who is an intimate enemy of ours, and who, if she resembled, either in substance or shadow, an antelope or an angel, as much as you see she resembles a cat in both, would induce us to speak just as disrespectfully of antelopes or of angels as we have been doing about cats.

Briefly, it is an established convention in England, that if you wish to annoy a very repellent, selfish, cold-blooded, cruel woman, you are to call her "an old cat." And we wish to annoy Mrs. G—— (the particular foe in question, and, between ourselves, a family connection, or else we should not care about causing her the slightest inconvenience) very much indeed. So we will call her an old cat—minding our eyes while we do so.

On reflection, though, the lady must have had the epithet so often applied to her that she has, doubtless, grown callous by this time to its bare unexplained application. It was our object, at the commencement of this article, to point out to her the most detestable attributes of the animal which she is so universally admitted to resemble, in order that she might be made to understand what a very unpleasant personage her friends consider her. But we soon despaired of success. Mrs. G—— has a comfortable hearthrug to sit on, and a splendid fur coat to keep in order. She has a husband who takes her on his knee and pets her, and who doesn't mind a scratch now and then. She is allowed to claw at a caged dependent when disposed for a little sport, and may maul as many innocent reputations as she likes. Nothing that we could say would for a moment disturb her purring equa-

nimity. We might as well try to write down the next eruption of Mount Vesuvius!

The futility of the Quixotic attempt we confess to have meditated has just received a striking illustration in the behaviour of the favourite cat which was upon our knee a few minutes ago. That interesting creature has just made a dart at the canary-bird cage. The bars were, fortunately, secure, and the bird still lives, though we have serious doubts as to his powers of vitality to get over the fright. The favourite cat has returned to her seat on our nether broadcloth—a portion of which she succeeded in removing when taking the spring just referred to—and evidently contemplates sleep, not in the least degree discomposed by the failure of her recent plan of attack. She has no more thought of apologising to ourselves for the injury done to our nameless garment, than she has of providing for the canary's family in the event of his succumbing to the recent shock given to his system. It can be of no use to scold or lecture her. It would not save the canary, in the event of his natural enemy finding a more favourable opportunity for attacking his citadel; and it would certainly not mend our —— never mind! she is a very nice cat, and shall be made as comfortable as possible.

All things considered, perhaps, it is no such very bad thing to be a cat. One can get on comfortably in life, be perfectly well fed and housed, without the possession of a single good quality, while the jolliest and kindest dogs in the world will be starving in the outer kennel.

Human beings, according to Mark Tapley, resemble the late Mr. Lindley Murray's Verb, "always a being, sometimes a doing, and continually a suffering." Cathood has the advantage over manhood in being exempt from two of these conditions. A cat has only *to be;* she has nothing to do; and, except in cases of accidental persecution, little to suffer. She fetches nothing, she carries nothing. She cannot dig—to beg she is incompetent. She cannot dive, or swim, or watch, or guard; but she can sleep on the sunniest bed in your garden, scratch up your flowers, and devour your pet birds with a very graceful muscular action of the body; and altogether she is a very charming creature—to look at.

But there! we are tilting at windmills again. We cannot alter the feline character, nor make the slightest impression on Mrs. G——.

Still there is some satisfaction in letting that lady know that we *do* think her a spitfire and a scratcher; and that when, within our particular circle of acquaintance, any underhand mischief has been committed, of which the authorship may not be easy of detection, we at once jump to the conclusion that "the cat did it."

TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION.

THE plate that fronts this opening page
I show'd a Caledonian sage,
In hopes to put him in a rage
(As Yankees say, to "rile");
I might have saved my spiteful shot,
Which glanced aside and wounded not.
The picture from the cannie Scot
Earn'd an approving smile.

"That's nae so bad," the braw chiel said,
"Tho' sin' Sir David Wilkie's dead
There's ne'er a hand can skaitch a head
Save Wattie Gordon's ain;
And that's nae plaid o' mortal clan ——
But, then, the allegoric plan
Is ane that, o' a Scottishman,
Wad credit e'en the brain."

I thought in irony he spoke
(Your Scotchman loves a quiet joke);
And, still his anger to provoke

SAVE-ALL.

Desirous, I pursued.
"Methought few Scots would like to show
Their country's type a save-all low."
The Northman answer'd, "What for no?
To own it sic' we're prood.

"A save-all's nae sic' paltry thing,
The last wee scrap of grease and string
That saves, a flickering light to fling
Where a' wad else be dark.
You Southron loons your tallow spend,
Bleezing awa' at ilka end,
Then, blund'ring, have to ask a friend
To help ye wi' a spark.

"Hech, sirs!"——but there! I can't write Scotch,
As Northern critics on the watch,
By many a glaring fault and blotch,
Ere this have doubtless found.
I must invoke translation's aid——
"Well, sir," my Caledonian said,
"As candle-savers not afraid,
Are we to be renown'd.

"In that capacity, I say,
Since the first dawn of hist'ry's ray,
We've kept a light to see our way,
While you've had yours to feel.
Full oft, despite your oily flocks
Of teeming sheep and sweltering ox—
Fat strangers to our heaths and rocks,
The haunts of stag and seal!

"Our nation's humble store of wealth,
By honest thrift, nor fraud, nor stealth,
(E'en as his little stock of health

Yon Highland loon preserves),
We made the most of: to be sure
'Twas but a patrimony poor,
Some few square miles of barren moor,
Some hearts, some brains, and nerves!

"Our torch of Independence we
Kept burning, when the splash'd-up sea,
From Cæsar's prows, relentlessly,
Of *yours* put out the flame.
Still forced to save—at times retrench—
To Roman, Saxon, Dane, or French,
We never sold the right to quench
The light of Scotland's name.

"*You* tried your best to puff it out,
And came with lungs and bellows stout,
Blowing great guns; but, round about
The wick, were human screens.
Though poor in helm and bassinet,
Our country's love was flaw-less yet.
(You see we're such a thrifty set,
And husband so our means!)

"And such a miser is the Scot,
He managed still to guard the spot
That held his mite from all your lot
Of Edwards and of Hals.
Stout burglars they, with picklocks true
(Though we could boast our 'Jemmies' too),
And back'd by many a practised crew
Of plunder-famish'd 'pals.'

"'Twas thus in our humdrumming way,
For ev'ry frequent rainy day
Contriving still a mite to lay

Aside, we grubb'd along,
Till ploughs cut up the heather brown,
And golden crops the moorlands crown,
Affording here and there a town,
A church, or fortress strong.

"And soon our funds, at int'rest placed,
Brought in some classic lore and taste—
Luxuries bought by shunning waste
Of every useful thing!
Till, saving grown its own reward,
We found our closets so well stored,
To help a friend we could afford,
And, England, gave a king.

"The carriage of this costly gift
Put us to many an anxious shift;
We had to use our utmost thrift
From ruin saved to be.
In yielding up 'twas time to pause,
And so we pinched like dragon's claws
To save our little stock of laws
And nationality.

"Then bad times came of want and drouth,
We scarce could live from hand to mouth;
A hot wind, blowing from the south,
Swept, like a weird wife's birch,
Across our land; but (saving aye!)
We'd swords and hearts put by to pay
The price of props and beams to stay
Our little tottering church.

"Then into partnership went we
With England, but (still close, you see!)
Our share of liability

We limited, and still
Existence independent claim ;
So England many a losing game
Has paid for, with the thrifty name
Of Scotland on a bill !

" Yes, we are save-alls ; 'tis our boast.
Of all God's gifts we make the most ;
The barren moor, the ice-bound coast,
We turn to rich account.
So, when a shining human light
Amongst us gleams, we do him right ;
We hold him proudly up to sight,
And swell his fame's amount.

" Our Wilkies, Wilsons, Scotts, and Hoggs,
We pass not by as roadside logs,
Nor hunt to death like flying dogs
With kettles at their tails.
We feed their hearts with wholesome praise,
We crown their brows with cheering bays,
To give them long and pleasant days
Within their native vales.

" That Byron, whom you filch'd from us,
Then toss'd away with senseless fuss,
Think you he had been wasted thus
Had Scotland claim'd him still ?
Had *we* a Hood allowed to sing,
Nor found a single crumb to fling
Till, weak of throat and lame of wing,
He chirp'd his dying trill ?

" Nor lesser lights to waste can we
Afford—in frugal Glasgow, see,
A bright clear flame burn steadily,

Secure from wint'ry gales.
'Tis honest Sandie Smith fenced in
From Want—the worst of fiends that grin—
In peaceful leisure left to spin
His pleasant songs and tales.

"Though poor our soil, and choked with burrs,
We are the best of gardeners,
And ev'ry plant God's grace confers
We nurture from its root.
So men, from lands where Phœbus' powers
Distil earth's sap from gentle showers,
Marvel at Scotland's nodding flowers,
And Scotland's luscious fruit.

"Yet where's the perfect man alive?
The thrifty may not always thrive.
Who from the foolish virgins five
A lesson never learns?
E'en Scotland once, for want of care,
Her brightest light in wint'ry air—
Untrimm'd, unfed—left out; and there,
Perish'd the lamp of Burns!"

A BIRD OF PREY.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SCHLOSS WIRSTHAUS.

"LET him not walk in the sun," for his shadow will assuredly betray him! But of that there is little danger. For he is of the things that love night, and comes down from his eyrie but with the waking of the bats and screech-owls.

Who is he? Whence comes he? What does he? Men shrug their shoulders, spread their palms, and upturn their eyeballs at these questions, which no man cares to answer if he may. His name? There you excite positive laughter. For has he not as many passports in his drawers as crimes on his substitute for a conscience? All that is positive, unequivocal about him is, that he is to be seen thus—skulking about in the twilight, not too near the street lamps or shop windows, furred up to the ears in the hottest summer weather, as though to conceal the utmost possible amount of his villanous countenance, and with a cap drawn over his wicked forehead, but which cannot shut in the lurid glare of his treacherous, cowardly, cruel eye. Why does he never show his hands? In the cold weather, they are thrust deeply into the recesses of his frogged coat pockets; in the summer they nestle up instinctively under his wide sleeves, like conscious beings ashamed of companionship with one whose unwilling instruments they have been in heaven knows how many dark deeds. His feet, too, seem his reluctant slaves. They shamble, as it were, doggedly after him, as though resisting to the utmost the power of the

wicked head they know of old will only force them along the paths of evil.

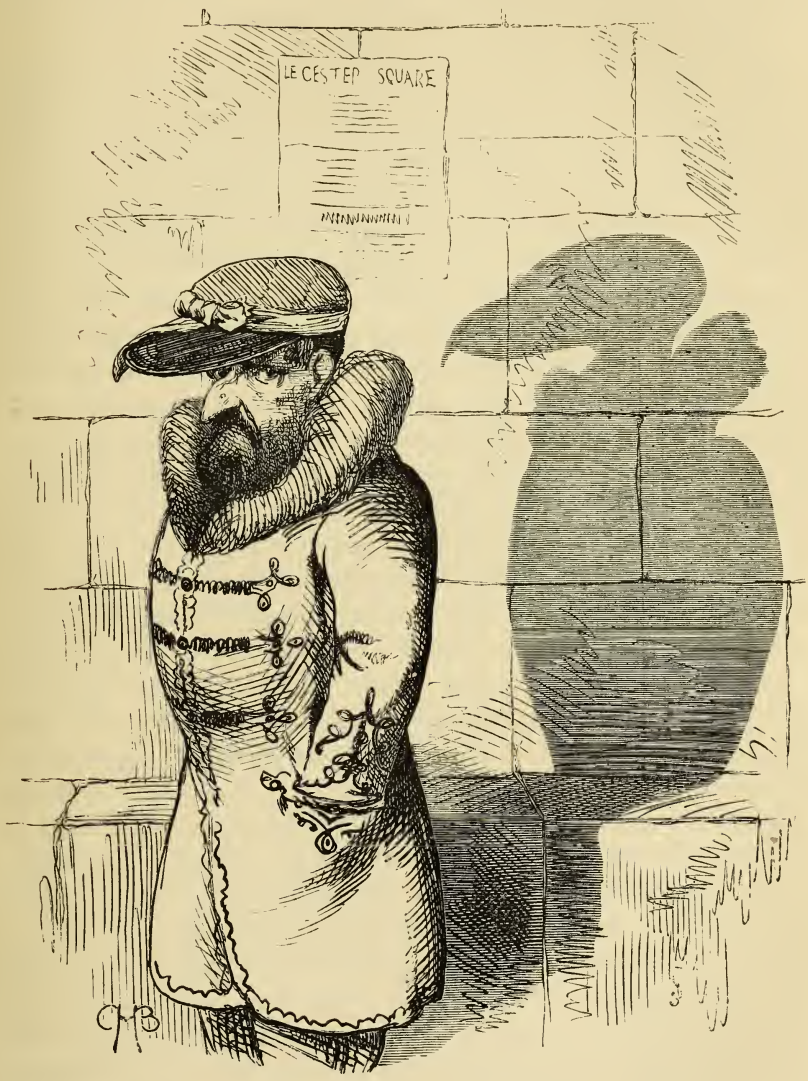
In some countries—his, perhaps, whatever it may be—they burn felons in the hand. Does that discreet sleeve conceal a livid mark that, exposed to scrutiny, would brand its wearer galley slave? Or are there foreign lands where thieves are still punished, as our stern old forest laws treated offending bowmen—by the lopping off of their mischief-working fingers? Has that hidden right hand been maimed to harmlessness? It were a merciful thing to hope for the world's sake!

Have those shambling limbs been cramped in foreign jails, with bar, chain, and padlock, till they have forgotten speed? Or is the crawl assumed to disguise the well-known jerking gait of the *forçat* that would betray him, and that must cling to him through life?* Who knows? And again, who is he?

"Why, he is nothing in the world but one of those nasty, dirty, lazy, disgusting, good-for-nothing foreigners! That is what he is! And a good riddance if they were sent packing about their abominable, disgraceful business. They are all alike; so you need not make such a fuss about this one in particular!"

Your pardon, dear madam, but they are not *all* alike. We mean foreigners. You see there are many hundred millions of people on the face of the earth entitled to that definition, and among such a number there must naturally exist considerable diversity of character. But let us not be so unfair as to put a wilful misconstruction on your words. We understand you perfectly. Your objections apply to foreigners in England—to the alien waifs and strays that have been cast by various storms upon these hospitable shores. Let us narrow the circle still more closely, and assume that you allude to the foreigners of London, who annoy you by their outlandish costumes,

* The convicts of Brest and Toulon perform their allotted task with a heavy round shot chained to one ankle, with which they never part company during their term of penal servitude. This induces a halting gait, which is rarely got rid of through life, and by which the *ex forçat* is usually recognisable, to the great convenience of the over-praised French detective police. Practice and circumspection may conceal the peculiarity for a time, but the muscular habit will generally assert itself sooner or later. Balzac's arch-rogue, Vautrin, when in an all but impenetrable disguise, and with reason to believe all traces of his identity destroyed, is made to betray himself by an inadvertency in this respect.—*Vide La Dernière Incarnation de Vautrin.*



A BIRD OF PREY.

complexions, and grimaces; of whose linen you have seen so little, and of whose morals you have heard so much; and who are nasty, dirty, lazy, good-for-nothing, and all the rest of it.

Even here, dear madam—with all respect be it urged—you are wrong. We do not ask you to make exceptions, but to reverse your rule entirely. Pray think better of the resident foreigners of this metropolis—we mean those of the needier sort, for the rich man is of all countries, and welcome at every door at which he may choose to pull up his carriage horses—than you have been in the habit of doing. There are many black sheep among them doubtless—witness the swarthy, scowling face, and greasy, matted fleece of the man in the picture—but the majority of the flock we unhesitatingly declare to be composed of harmless *brebis égarées*, by no means entitled to the invidious distinction of lost muttons. Do not listen to the foolish stories of their ranks being recruited from the offscourings of the felonious populations of all countries. A foreign criminal—except his offence be merely a political one—would not be half so safe in Leicester Square as in the heart of his own metropolis. You may have heard of such things as extraditionary treaties. These are international conventions founded on principles of mutual interest and civility, such as might exist between two neighbouring graziers, one of whom says to the other, "When you find any of my unruly cattle straying on to your grounds, don't hurt them, but send them quietly home to me, and I'll do the same by you." Such mutual arrangement saves much heartburning and litigation. With the exception, we believe, of Sweden and Norway, there is no state on the continent of Europe, or of North America, where a British felon could openly defy the laws of his own nation with greater impunity than upon the steps of the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square. A similar rule applies to the foreign rascal in this country. Knowing this, when Monsieur Robert Macaire happens to be "wanted" for a successful burglary committed, say in the *banlieue* of Paris, and satisfactorily traced to his ingenuity, that great master of the Predatory Art is not such an ass as to meditate a voyage to England for purposes of concealment. It were an insult to his genius to suspect him of such a weak proceeding. He would know perfectly well that his complete *signalement* would precede him by telegraph, and be in the hands of the Folkestone, Dover, or Newhaven authorities ere he could

have time to be even comfortably sea sick. On his arrival, he would merely have to step ashore into the arms of a gentleman in blue, who, with a paternal anxiety for his welfare, would politely escort him back to his native shores. Or supposing Monsieur Macaire's skill in disguises, and complete mastery of the passport system, might enable him to pass the ordeal of landing triumphantly. Granted that he has arrived in London. What security is there for him there? His foreign accent and ignorance of British manners would betray him at once. Therefore England has no attractions for our *chevalier d'industrie*. He prefers remaining quietly in his native Paris, of which he knows every inch, and where an artist of his experience and resources would be easily able, *and without neglecting his business for a single day*—think of that advantage!—to pass himself off as a water carrier, or a *marchand de coco*, or a marquis, or an archdeacon, and, perhaps, to lure those over-clever ostriches of the French police on to a false scent, till they should run their stupid heads hopelessly into the mud, as in nine cases out of ten is their custom. Depend upon it Robert Macaire in England is a myth. He never came here, and never intends to come here. Mr. William Sikes, having murdered poor Miss Nancy on Saffron Hill, would as soon select Boulogne, Calais, or Dieppe as a harbour of refuge, until such time as his little difficulty should blow over.

Nor is it worth the foreign thief's while to come over here on business. He is sufficiently instructed in the statistics and etiquette of his cosmopolite craft to know that he could stand no possible chance in competition with native talent. It would be as preposterous for an English barrister to take his wig and gown over to Paris, in the hopes of getting briefs at the *cour d'assises*.

No. Take our word for it, dear madam, the poor foreigners of London are a much-maligned race; and Leicester Square—the very mention of whose "purlieus" (a terrible word that) almost takes the wave out of your rippled and glossy hair—is a much-abused neighbourhood. Those little dingy, noisy cabarets and restaurants with which the vicinity abounds, and where the dominoes are rattling on the stained deal tables from morning till night, are not necessarily the *bureaux* of Secret Assassination Committees. Their frogged and bearded frequenters are not perpetually signing unhallowed compacts in their life's blood, and quaffing goblets of brandy and gunpowder

to the elevation of the guillotine and the invocation of the God of Battles. Sugar and water, madam, is the tipple they are making such an intolerable noise over ; and those terribly unmeaning French and German oaths, that make you shudder as they are borne out into the night air, are seldom evoked by anything more serious than an unlucky throw at backgammon, or the loss of half a pint of Bavarian beer at *écarté*. They do a great deal more in cheap jewellery, feather dressing, varnished boots, trombones, piccolos, photographs, dictionaries, grammars, and rudimentary music books than in hand grenades, stilettoes, or infernal machines. There is not one in twenty of them who has, or even affects to have, a political idea in his head. Dirty enough many of them are in all conscience, and as good-for-nothing as you please. But the lack of outward cleanliness may, in some cases, merely mean lack of pence for the washerwoman ; and it is to be feared that the good-for-somethings do not form a very overwhelming majority in any community at home or abroad. Cantankerous, ill-conditioned fellows enough they are, many of these bearded people, reviling the country that gives them shelter at every opportunity, and hurling the superior beauties and institutions of their own deserted fatherlands insolently in your teeth, in defiance of all common sense, good taste, and decency. This is all very bad, certainly. But let us ask, dear madam, for the sake of argument, were you ever "under a cloud," and driven to dependence on the bounty of a well-to-do relative ? Of course you never were anything of the kind : but pray exert your powerful imagination, and fancy yourself in such a position, just to oblige us. Well ! Do you not find the crust hard, the cup bitter, and the chamber loathsome ? Is there not a species of comfort in self-tormenting comparisons between your present hard lot and certain bygone splendours, real or imaginary ? Can you, then, blame poor Jules Ressort-Dacier, the Swiss watchmaker, who came to England under the impression that he was to make his fortune in two years, but whose heart is already broken by the exorbitancy of garret-rent, the price of provisions, and the utter inaccessibility of wine in this metropolis ? Can you blame that melancholy Swiss boy for contrasting the River Thames unfavourably with the Lake of Geneva ; and for fondly picturing to himself his father's pretty, shabby, little dwelling and workshop, overlooking that famous sheet of water, as a palatial residence ? Poor Poggiaturo, again, the *basso profundo*, from the San

Carlo, Naples (where he has appeared as the fourth Druid in *Norma* with distinguished success), who was assured on reliable authority, that he would be able to change his low notes for unheard of sums of English gold, and return home, at the end of a few seasons, to buy him a villa, with a marquisate in King Bomba's independent peerage. Poor Poggi can hardly be expected to have much to say in favour of this inclement realm. For he finds the hebdomadal two pounds sterling—honourably paid to him by Mr. Lumley's treasurer, for his services in the chorus at Her Majesty's Theatre during the season—go absolutely nowhere! It scarcely finds him in patent leathers and the dazzling shirt fronts necessary to the "make-up" he delights in, and an effective semblance of which could be so economically achieved in his own sunny clime. His lodgings are ruinous. His landlady will not allow him half enough blankets. He hibernates, chiefly, with his lank knees thrust against the bars of a miserable little grate, and with his teeth chattering half-way up a smoky chimney—but in vain! He has never been warm since he landed. He must eat, too, coarse, expensive animal food, or he must go starve. There is no light *polenta* here; no cheap nutritious macaroni, to enable him to devote the bulk of his stipend to the decoration, instead of to the sustenance of his person. Worse than all that, his dream of winning thunders of applause from British audiences as *Oroveso* and *Leperello* has never been realised, nor is likely to be. Poggiaturo is miserable in England. It is natural that he should be so. For the English will neither feed his vanity nor his stomach. They do not understand him, and they do not care about him. He feels himself the wrong man in the wrong place, and he cannot get out of it. Is it a wonder that he can see nothing to admire in this free and happy country, and that the advantages of the *Habeas Corpus*, Parliamentary Representation, and the Right of Petition, should be utterly thrown away upon him?

One of the commonest charges brought by the unthinking against the class we are treating of, we can most emphatically refute. The resident foreigners of London, as a rule (if it be possible to generalise upon a body formed of such heterogeneous elements), are certainly *not* lazy. In the lives of those supposed conspirators and assassins will be found many instances of patient thrifty industry, and of cheerful endurance under privation, from which the reckless, large-earning, swift-spending, grumbling English artisan might learn lessons as

profitable as any that the sluggard could glean from a morning call at an ant-hill.

But just step with us a moment, reader—not you, dear madam, but your estimable better half—into the *Schloss Wirsthaus.* It is close by. It is a favourite café of ours ; and no doubt we shall meet some very pleasant fellows assembled there, to whom we are anxious to introduce you. We think you will like them.

Mind your hat—the entry is rather low, and the court itself none of the best lighted. The ground-glass lamp over the Schloss door would be none the worse for a little cleaning. Still it is sufficiently transparent to enable you to read the polyglot inscription it bears, You see it is not only the *Schloss Wirsthaus* but also the *Café du Château.* Moreover, it is the *Osteria del Castello.* There is a dim legend on a sign-board above (invisible by night), advertising the establishment as *Castle's Inn.* This was a daring speculation of the proprietor at the outset of his career, which can scarcely be said to have paid its expenses, as there is no record of a single chance customer being lured by it to the premises from among the native population. However, you can now understand the cosmopolite character of the establishment. Let us enter ; and don't forget to take off your hat to the landlord's fat, handsome wife, whom you will see embroidering at the counter, or, not improbably enjoying a quiet rubber at whist at a side table with some favoured *habitués.* Don't neglect this trifling formality, or you will offend everybody, and cause us to be cut by the very French bootmakers, who frequent the establishment, for having introduced you.

As soon as you have got over your fit of coughing, and can see your way a little through the tobacco smoke, we will present you to such of our friends as we see assembled.

We will begin with Dr. Grossherz, a specimen of the nasty, dirty, disgusting, good-for-nothing, &c., &c., foreigner, whose acquaintance may be the means of dissipating some of your lingering prejudices on the subject of his order.

That handsome, smiling, blue-eyed, middle-aged giant, who seems to fill the little room as he rises courteously to our salutation, is Dr. Grossherz. You are struck by his appearance ; by the mingled dignity and *bonhomie* of his bearing ; by the noble expanse of his forehead ; by the pleasant, humorous twinkle of his large blue eyes ; by the

childlike *naïveté* of the smile that plays about his statuesque, unsensual lips. As he gracefully inclines his head and body towards you, with a wave of the long clay pipe, which for the moment appears a sceptre, we think we hear you exclaim, "That man with the pipe in his hand, and twopennyworth of black coffee before him, has the bow of a marquis!" Nor need you be at all astonished at the discovery. For it so happens that Dr. Grossherz, though not exactly a marquis, is a genuine baron—the titular representative of a line as old as the Hapsburghs. *He* never told us so; but he is a man whom history will not let alone, and his secrets ooze out in spite of him. Of this anon. Dr. Grossherz has far higher claims to respect and distinction than the mere accident of birth. He is a Doctor of Philosophy in a first-class German University; "but that's not much" either. He is a fine classic. He is a master of the German, French, and Italian (almost of the English) tongues. He was a popular dramatist in his own country. He has painted altar-pieces, which we know—from specimens we have seen of his artistic powers—could not have been contemptible performances. We have cried over simple ballads of his composition—words and music. The history of this singular man would, as the common phrase goes, "read like a romance;" but as we are speaking of an actual personage, who has not himself chosen to make the details of his eventful life public (but who may not improbably be meditating such a step), we must hold the subject sacred, beyond such facts connected with it as are already patent to the world. Dr. Grossherz held high command in the army of his native state—not by any means the least considerable of German principalities. In the revolutionary troubles of 1848 he sided with the popular cause. He was arrested and sentenced to death. His escape from prison was effected by rare patience, ingenuity, and devotion on the part of a near female relative; but concealment on this head is unnecessary. The patriot's rescuer was his own sister, who provided him with the means of flight, and accompanied him to England. The brother and sister, once the possessors of large estates, arrived in this country almost penniless and without resources, the lady's health being hopelessly broken by anxiety and privations, the consequence of her matchless devotion to her beloved and deserving brother. The numerous talents of the refugee had been cultivated too loosely, and in too great a spirit of *dilettanteism*, for any one of them to be immediately

available in this over-stocked country. What could the German poet gain by writing in England—with the language of which he was unacquainted at the time—when even an English poet must starve but for private resources or the royal bounty? As a painter Grossherz could have succeeded better than anything else. But he had formed his style upon the great Italian masters, modified by the severe, ascetic, colourless school of German Catholic Art, of which Overbeck is the acknowledged chief. He could paint grand altar-pieces, but not pretty drawing-room pictures. And how could a penniless man hope to live over the probationary time, necessary to the modification of his style, indispensable to pictorial success in this country? Music was out of the question. Grossherz has a soul full of melody; but he is not a trained musician. He can barely "score" a song of his own composition. What did the brave man do? He cheerfully accepted a drudge's position as a colourer of photographs for a weekly stipend which he still occupies. Every photograph he turns out is a finished miniature, laboured and beautiful; and his employers, who little know what a Pegasus they have in harness, doubtless find their account in having secured his services. Were there not a pallid, gentle patient cheerfully descending to the grave on a couch in the little elegant suburban lodging—the Holy of Holies, containing the altar, in the temple of his grateful worship—Grossherz would be happy. Uncomplaining he always is. When his ten hours' daily labour is finished, if the favourable state of his darling patient will warrant his indulgence in an hour's dissipation, he will come to the *Wirsthaus*, and amuse himself and us—over his cup of coffee and single *petit verre* or pint of *Baiersche Bier*, as the case may be, either of which will last him for the evening—with rare stories, and pleasant, sometimes roaring, songs; for his lungs are as sound as his heart, and his voice as sweet as his nature. He has not had a new coat to our certain knowledge for two years. But his appearance is always what you see it—that of a patrician and Christian gentleman. He never was known to borrow a farthing, even for the dear sufferer's sake. He is scrupulously delicate about accepting the most trivial hospitality that entails expense. Ask him to a "smoke-pipe" and cup of coffee at your chambers, and (home duties permitting) he will accept cheerfully, and will pour out before you the exhaustless treasures of his genius and experience. But if he suspects you of costly dinner or supper inten-

tions, ten to one but he will regretfully excuse himself on the score of engagement elsewhere. He never obtrudes his sorrows upon anybody. He is cheerful, brave, resigned ; and when in the society of a few warm-hearted appreciative boys—whom he prefers to men of his own age, being a Charles-Lamb-like personage, upon whose shoulders the *toga virilis* has never sat gracefully—you might think him still in the enjoyment of his ancestral estates, which we are given to understand have been awarded to his younger brother, as a slight acknowledgment from a grateful country of inestimable services rendered to the cause of law and order. So much for one nasty, dirty, lazy, &c., &c., &c., foreigner!

Pray allow us to introduce you to another. Professor Schmerz—the reader. The reader—Professor Schmerz.

You perceive that Professor Schmerz is a very different sort of a person from Dr. Grossherz ; but he is not for that reason, the less estimable. The professor is rather under than above the middle height. His beard is as black and bushy, and his nose as aquiline as those of the evil-disposed man in Mr. Bennett's picture. But there is no slouched cap, hoisted fur collar, or, indeed, disguise of any description about the professor. You can see *his* hands plainly enough—long, bony, nervous ones they are, too, ever gesticulating, pointing, or thumping at something or other. Professor Schmerz has mistaken his vocation. He would have made an excellent windmill ; but, as it is not impossible that he may be under the regulation height for that department of the public service, the professor is, perhaps, not to blame. If Schmerz has a fault—and we could mention about fifty in his possession—it is that he is rather too open. You know all about him directly you make his acquaintance. And the best of it is, the professor thinks himself "the secret'st man of blood," in existence. We believe he still labours under the hallucination that we—even *we*, his bosom friend of seven years' standing—still suspect him to be somebody else, passing himself off for the man he really is, for occult political purposes. Dear professor, disabuse your mind of any such fond delusion. We know the whole business. You are not a Polish prince, nor yet a Russian spy, nor even a French red republican *proscrit*. You are simply Louis Octave Schmerz, a French subject of German extraction, born in the province of *les Vosges*, and educated for the medical profession in the usual way in the Parisian schools of

medicine, where you distinguished yourself, as a man of your capacious intellect could not fail to do in any educational establishment. You are forty-one, you rascal, though you do pretend (one of your transparent mystifications) to be only thirty-five You know perfectly well that, in the year 1838, you obtained—through your own merit, you old villain, and without recommendation or patronage—the post of assistant-surgeon in the army of Algiers. Those dark hints of yours of your being mixed up with republican conspiracies, leading to your persecution by the Orleanist Government, necessitating your escape, by artfully contrived flight, from French service and territory, are all moonshine. You were simply invested with *the order of the sack*, because you could not keep that abominably long tongue of yours still for a moment. You *would* abuse your superiors. You *would* talk republicanism in a royalist camp. Nobody thirsted for your blood, or was even particularly angry with you. But they felt (keep your temper, Schmerz) that you were rather a nuisance than otherwise ; and they were glad to seize the first opportunity—that of your wound in your left arm and subsequent fever—to get rid of you. They paid you honourably for your services, with a sufficient overplus to enable you to travel comfortably to England. You cannot deny this, because you are incapable of telling an absolute falsehood. But, oh ! if you could only manage to conceal such a thing as a single truth, would you not be delighted to do so ? But you can't, Schmerz. It is beyond your powers. And this is what grieves you—that we know every important detail of your life ; and there is not a single one among the number to your discredit. Poor Schmerz ! he would so like to be thought a villain !

Schmerz came to London in tremendous feather, with the avowed intention of blowing the government of Louis Philippe to the winds, and, as a secondary consideration, of establishing himself as a teacher of languages. Now, it is not to be supposed for a moment that Schmerz could at all disturb the equilibrium of the weakest government that ever existed. But he could teach most languages ; and as he came to England furnished with many admirable introductions, he might easily have made a fortune, had he been so disposed. But he was not. Schmerz is a tremendous democrat—carrying, indeed, his notions of universal equality to such a pitch, that there are few people whom he does not regard as his inferiors. In his capacity of leveller

he acquired a habit of abusing, to their faces, noble dukes and earls—his liberal and indulgent employers—if they dared to keep him waiting two minutes in an ante-room, or expected him to give a French or German lesson in the nursery. He had also an unpleasant tendency to tweak the noses of hall-porters and footmen if his aggressive knock at the front door remained many seconds unanswered, and a still more reprehensible one of making offers of marriage to his female pupils. So that his aristocratic connection naturally decreased ; and, indeed, may be said at the present juncture to have become extinct.

But Schmerz does not care. He has a hundred resources for earning a livelihood—*his* livelihood, for he can live, joke, abuse, and try to mystify, upon bread, butter, and cucumbers. As he is in the habit of boasting in his favourite French language (which he writes exquisitely and pronounces villanously), "*il a gardé son indépendance.*" He retains the privilege of calling his social superiors "thoser thieves —thoser miscreants—thoser ruffians"—and is happy. Schmerz, we must admit, *is* lazy. He has no family, having been rejected by all his fashionable pupils in succession, and his sense of importance as an independent democrat forbidding him to seek matrimonial alliance among the inferior classes, whom, of course, he despises heartily ; and he can get plenty of cucumbers, with an occasional *demi-tasse*, by now and then giving a cheap lesson in a tradesman's family (with whom he is sure to quarrel on the strength of a fancied slight to his republican dignity), or by penning a scientific treatise for a popular journal, for Schmerz is a first-rate analytical chemist, and can express himself, on paper, in terse, nervous English. When it is represented to the professor that he could make a handsome income by doing this kind of thing a little oftener, his reply is, "Ach ! not such a fooler !" In truth, the professor, preferring leisure to any other kind of luxury, it would be a weak-minded concession to popular prejudice on his part were he to exert himself more than he does, for the sake of sumptuous dinners, which he has no desire to eat, and for expensive garments, which he would never wear. Besides, by subjection to the ordinary trammels of society he would be depriving himself of his greatest enjoyment, which is the pretence (in which nobody believes) of being a great political personage. He likes to have it thought that he is darkly implicated in every scheme for the revolution of a kingdom, or the assassination of a public despot, that may be brought upon the

public tapis. We humour him in this kind of affectation, knowing him to be incapable of harming a fly. A fly! We have seen him pick a struggling wasp out of a pot of marmalade, and open his garret window to let the insect go sting elsewhere in peace.

You think that young gentleman who has just come in a puppy, do you? Well, he is something in that line, to be sure. Still he is a friend of ours, and you must submit to an introduction.

Monsieur Émile Bogaertz—the reader. The reader—Monsieur Émile Bogaertz.

Candidly, we should like Bogaertz better were he not such an intolerable coxcomb. We object to that double "parting" of his heavily-oiled flaxen hair. The time he has bestowed upon his elaborate moustache and imperial might certainly have been better employed. There is more gold chain about him, too, than we care about, and there is ostentation in the Genoa velvet waistcoat. Nor need he care quite so much about his faultless filbert nails. Still, if you talk to Bogaertz, you will find him intelligent. You will perceive that he knows Racine by heart, and has an educated Frenchman's occult reasons (though Bogaertz is a Belgian subject) for esteeming that depressing bard. You will hardly enter into his enthusiasm for the great Corneille, and will certainly not go to the entire length of his admiration for Voltaire. But try Bogaertz upon Molière, and you will warm to him in a much greater degree. He appreciates the great solitary French humorist, and can quote him anywhere with due emphasis. Nor is Bogaertz at fault upon general topics. He can meet you upon ancient or modern history—upon politics, science, and even without making a fool of himself, upon art—for Bogaertz has a pretty knack with his pencil, and (bating his excusable national weakness for Rubens) has some notion of what a picture ought to be.

"Who is Bogaertz?"

"*Un fils de famille*—a young Flemish count upon his travels, just looking in at the *Schloss Wirsthaus* to see life in London, and report upon the same on his return to his native Brussels?"

By no means. If you were to meet Bogaertz in the daytime, you would be justified in calling *him* a "nasty, dirty foreigner." For you would see him clad in unclean fustian, reeking with oil, and begrimed with soot, with a foot rule or a pair of pinchers sticking out of his jacket pocket, and, possibly, a few cog-wheels or half a quire of boiler-

plates slung over his shoulder. Bogaertz is a working engineer, employed in the locomotive department of the London and South Western Railway, at something a little over two pounds a week. He is reputed to have saved money. We believe the report, for he smokes not, neither does he drink. And that Genoa velvet waistcoat, and those gold chains, and rings, are obviously heirlooms, costing their present possessor nothing.

A splendid vision used to burst upon us from time to time at the *Schloss Wirsthaus;* but that sun, alas! has within the last few days set for ever. *De mortuis, &c.* We may dare speak of him even while the mould is yet fresh upon his grave, for nothing but what is good, genial, and cheering (his removal among us excepted) could be truly said of him. The vision was that of a jovial, florid, grey-headed man, clad in wondrous garments; a coat with strange pointed collars, having silken facings; light blue pantaloons, decorated with a golden-edged military stripe down the sides; and every conceivable eccentricity in the way of head-dress, from the Oriental fez to the tufted Spanish sombrero. He was a mountebank they said. Very likely. What are we all, who in various guises, physical or intellectual, trick ourselves out to amuse the public in some way or other? "Worse than that," cries a distinguished critic, "he was a cook." Would thou wert either mountebank or cook, O distinguished critic! then mightest thou be the means of amusing or of feeding somebody. We doubt thy capacity to do either in the pursuit of thy present barren vocation. Honest, peace-making, no-man-offending Alexis Soyer did both. Go home, critic, and tell the world what he was not, and leave us forlorn *habitués* of the *Schloss Wirsthaus* to remember his ridiculous waist, coats, his pleasant smiles, and his merry jests, and to weep into our coffee-cups that the harmless, lovable, old humbug exists to divert us no more!

We have wandered, we fear, hopelessly away from the evil-looking man with the vulture shadow. Is it worth while trying to get back to him, having once found our way into more respectable society? Candidly, we think not. Let us go home straight from the *Schloss Wirsthaus*, which is an orderly establishment, observing sober, continental hours. Herr Zweigler, the landlord, *propriétaire, kellner, baës, padrone*, or whatever you like to call him—who is a very King of Yvetot in the matter of early couching—had, in fact, taken his chamber candle-

stick upstairs some forty minutes anterior to our arrival. He will wake himself up by lighting a pipe at four A.M., in order to superintend the preparations for the frugal breakfast of Bogaertz (supplied by annual contract), who is due at the Nine Elms hospital for diseased locomotives at six, and who, it is needless to say, performs the transpontine journey on foot. Let us help Dr. Grossherz on with his not very warm paletot, and see him a furlong or so on his way to Kentish Town. Or suppose we accept Schmerz's invitation to late coffee (which he will make for us in a shaving-pot), pipes, bread and butter, and the inevitable cucumber salad, in his well-ventilated four-pair back, leading out of Frith Street, where he will introduce us to his favourite cat, and enlarge upon the prospective advent of the universal republic. Either proceeding will be alike more creditable and beneficial than to follow that prowling rascal westward ho! to his favourite haunts in the Haymarket, there to see him on the watch for human prey, whom he will decoy to unlawful gaming-houses, or to nameless Pandemonia of a still more perilous character. As we would keep clean finger-ends, let us avoid contact with pitch. Let him go his sinful way. If you feel a lingering curiosity as to the nature of his unhallowed pursuits, wait patiently for a week or so. Rest assured that they will all come out ere long at the Marlborough Street police court, in connection with some shabby midnight villany!

CURZON WHEY, ESQ.

MR. CURZON WHEY is a native of Clapham, where he has resided in the permanent custody of his mother, ever since the event entitling him to that distinction, which is about the only kind of distinction Mr. Whey can be said to have achieved, even in Clapham. Curzon Whey cannot properly be called a remarkable personage ; but, as the representative man of a section of the community, more numerous, perhaps, than influential, he is unquestionably entitled to a place in our national collection.

Mr. Curzon Whey is in his twenty-seventh year. He is supposed to be younger, being blond, whiskerless, docile and unsophisticated. But that is his real age. He is, professionally, a subaltern stock-broker. He is exceedingly neat in his person, and is addicted to the wear of spectacles, goloshes, and, during the winter months, of a hare-skin. He is not of a vigorous constitution, but does not appear to suffer from any organic disorder. His chest is, perhaps, weak, and his stomach easily liable to functional derangement, especially from the vicinity of tobacco smoke. He seldom goes out without his mother, his daily routine visit to the city excepted—never without his umbrella. He plays the flute as a matter of course. His affection for the stereoscope amounts almost to a passion. He is suspected of keeping tame rabbits, and is known to admire Mr. Tupper as a poet.

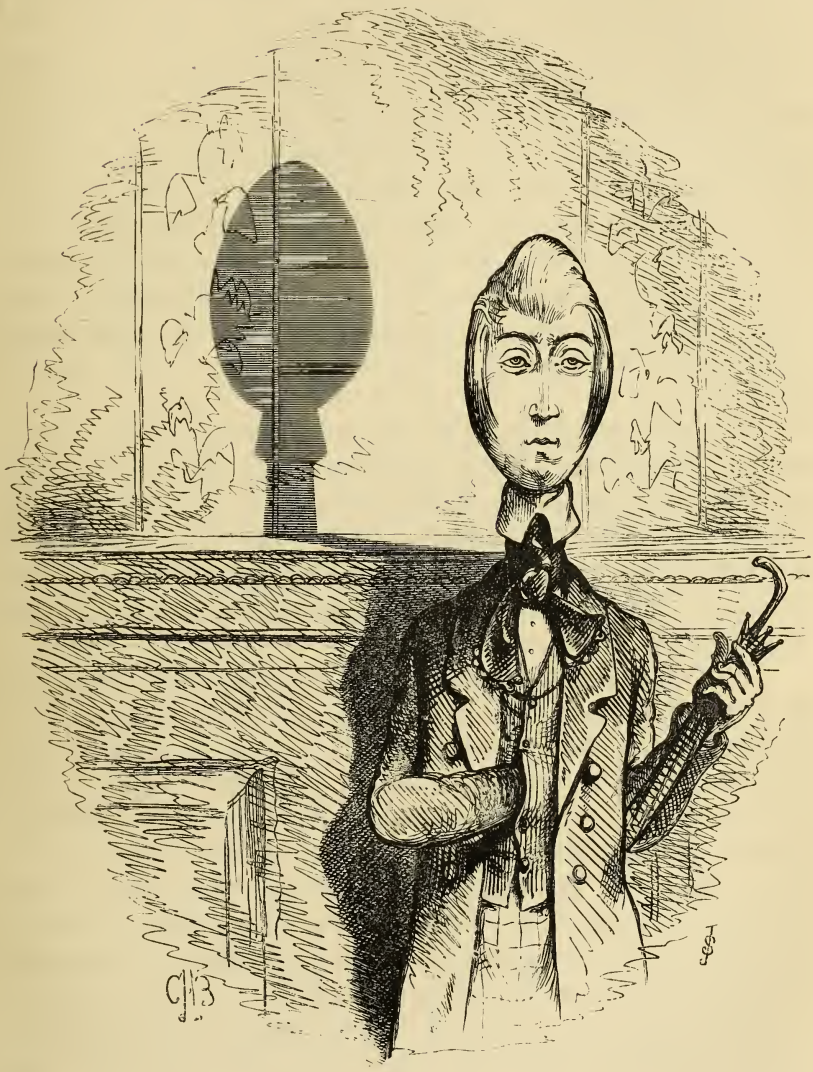
The materials for a complete life of Curzon Whey, did such a work happen to be enthusiastically called for, are easily accessible.

They are to be found in the possession of his mother, who is by no means churlish of imparting them.

It was our fate or advantage to sit next to the dear old lady at a friendly supper party the other evening, when she was good enough to qualify us thoroughly for the responsible office of young Curzon's biographer. Her kindness was all the more overwhelming from the fact that it had been unsolicited. We had at that period no intention of writing the life of Curzon Whey, not considering the time yet ripe, or, indeed, feeling a particular vocation for such an undertaking. But there was no help for it. We were obliged to listen to a circumstantial account of the young gentleman's career, narrated with the minute fidelity of a pre-Raphaelite picture; and, on the principle of the French proverb, which asserts that when wine is drawn it must be drunk, we feel bound to utilise the information thus unwillingly acquired. The burden of Curzon Whey's life having been unceremoniously thrust upon our shoulders, we do not see why we should not relieve ourselves by passing it on to the reader. The reader may not like it. Very possibly. But, then, does he suppose for a moment that *we* did?

It has been from time immemorial the practice to preface historical works by some personal notice of their authors. A word, then, as to Mr. Curzon Whey's maternal Boswell, whose work it is our pretension simply to transcribe and promulgate, and by no means to interpret, embellish, or amplify.

Mrs. Curzon Whey is, we should judge, about sixty-five. She wears a Vandyke brown wig, the central "parting" of which is ornamented by little stiff bristles, resembling a border of mustard and cress that has been cut and sunburnt. On either side of this are smooth festoons of hair, on the pattern of drawing-room window curtains, looped on the temples with combs, and terminating in luxuriant bushes of ringlets. Above this towers a cap, which might with some difficulty be imagined, but which it is simply impossible to describe. Mrs. Whey wears a large lay-down collar with a sort of frilled border, somewhat like what we remember to have covered our own youthful shoulders. This is secured immediately under the chin by a mosaic brooch, representing an Italian landscape, and which is a little smaller than a cheese-plate. Black silk is Mrs. Whey's only wear, with sleeves mounting perpendicularly from the shoulders, so as to touch Mrs.



SPOONEY.

Whey's large gold earrings, and which decrease in fulness towards the mid-arm, tapering at the wrist into absolute tightness. A few months ago the persistence in this fashion would have made Mrs. Whey conspicuous; but the sterner sex have recently decided on keeping her in countenance by the adoption of a similar cut in coat-sleeves, so that an old woman, even among dashing young men, is no longer a conspicuous object of ridicule. The guiding principle of the school of taste represented by Mrs. Whey appears to have been the concentration of beauties upon one given point. The good lady's head, shoulders, bust, and waist, are, as it were, condensed "all of a heap" within a space you might cover by an ordinary handkerchief. These flowers of loveliness bloom in a cluster on the top of a tall, straight trunk of skirt, cultivated apparently on the principle of the standard rose tree.

We have not said anything about Mrs. Whey's face, which is, indeed, not conspicuous in the *ensemble*, being rather overweighted and obscured by the surrounding preponderance of wig, cap, collar, earring, brooch, and leg-of-mutton sleeve. There was a good deal of wrinkle about it, if we remember rightly, and a small matter of white eyebrow. The most prominent features, however, were tortoise-shell spectacles and a remarkably fine wart.

Mrs. Whey, as we were speedily informed, is the relict of a deceased drysalter, whom we are inclined to think she must have married late in life. We have been assured that she comes (or came, for the past tense in this case *must* be employed) of a highly respectable and moderately affluent family, having been from her birth in circumstances of independence. Nevertheless, we were struck by the circumstance that she spoke of the adjacent settlements of Camberwell and Vauxhall as "Cambervell" and "Wauxhall." She also distinctly pronounced within our hearing the compound substantive "ill-conwenience," and more than once made use of the verb active to "worrit"—observations, upon the whole, baffling as to any theory we might have formed with reference to the lady's origin and early education.

So much for the author. Let us now proceed to the consideration of the work.

We will spare the reader the details of young Curzon Whey's birth, baptism, vaccination, teething, and subsequent measles, which

is a great deal more than Mrs. Whey was good enough to spare us. We will pass on to his first really serious engagement on the battle-field of life. Need we say we allude to the terrific and ever-memorable incident of his swallowing the ivory bell-pull handle? He was but two years and eight months old at the time—that child was! and yet by his own intuitive mathematical perceptions did that child divine that that particular bell-pull handle in the blue back parlour might be unscrewed and swallowed. Ay, and by his own unguided will, and with his own unaided muscular strength, did he unscrew and swallow that (we think Mrs. Whey affixed the adverb "there" to the demonstrative pronoun "that," but we will not be certain) blue back parlour ivory bell-pull handle. Alone he did it! Of course it nearly cost him his life. But such triumphs are not to be lightly purchased. We were favoured with the fullest particulars of Master Curzon's payments on account of this victory, the full vital penalty being mercifully mitigated by a watchful Providence. We heard all about the colours he had turned; the medical treatment he had undergone; the nights his anxious parent had sat up with him; the violence of that child when under a sense of unmerited injury; and the singular sweetness of disposition in circumstances of inevitable suffering, up to the final process of his emancipation from the bell-pull difficulty, leading to the crowning mercy that his mother "really didn't lose him."

We were, unfortunately, not destined to lose him either at this early period of his career; neither shall the reader. We had to fight more of young Curzon's battles with him. We had to assist him in repulsing an attack of scarlatina, and to back him in an unequal contest with the champion of the prize ringworm. His Iliad terminated, we were requested to accompany him throughout his Odyssey. We had to see him to school, as far as Birchington Grove House, on the Common, Dr. Tobias Tickell principal. Then we were bound to participate in all the terrible consequences of his daring and reckless spirit. We had to be kept in with him twice, and were absolutely on one occasion constrained to play truant in his society. We were forced to go with him into that arduous course of caligraphic training, which, in the memorable winter of 1843, would infallibly have secured for him the writing-class prize but for that unfortunate weakness of his eyes. This unexpected calamity took us for a time out of the writing class and Birchington House altogether, which was a momentary

relief. But we speedily found we had to undergo ophthalmic treatment at the hands of the celebrated Dr. Skyscraper Goggles. We wince even now at the bare recollection of the painfully tedious operation.

Then came that fearful business of young Curzon Whey's difference with his father as to his future career. Nobody could have foreseen the spirit there was in that boy. Mrs. Whey will remember to her dying day the emphasis and dignity with which he uttered these memorable words: "No, father! I have received a gentleman's education, and I will not descend to the linen-draping profession." At this crisis of Mrs. Whey's fortunes we have her own assurance that you might have knocked her down with a feather. Fortunately, Mr. Whey, senior, took the matter in a desirable light, and shook hands with his son, saying emphatically, "Then you shall be a gentleman, my boy, and I'm proud of you for saying it." Those were his poor dear father's own very words, so that their authenticity may be relied on.

After this we were favoured with the culminating and really terrible book of the Epic. The argument of this was the corruption, dissipation, open rebellion, and final re-subjection of Curzon Whey. In an evil hour he made the acquaintance, outside the six o'clock omnibus, of a dangerous personage, whose incendiary name was Jones. By Jones he had been dragged into the vortex of dissipation. They had been seen together at coffee-shops reading newspapers, indulging in chops, kidneys, and other alarming luxuries. They were out night after night at a notorious literary and scientific institution in the neighbourhood, where lectures, gymnastics, and even a dancing class were countenanced. It was at this time, Mrs. Whey assured us, often as late as half-past eleven or a quarter to twelve before that young man came home. Copies of cheap publications were found in his pockets. He neglected shaving his chin, which became quite fluffy and disgraceful. He criticised the sermons of the Reverend Ilow Blewcher, of the Leather Lane Congregational Chapel. This state of things was naturally calculated to bring his anxious parent to her grave, and was rapidly doing so.

Fortunately Curzon strained the bow of the maternal endurance till the string snapped. He proclaimed himself in love with Jones's sister, made a formal declaration of independence, and hinted at the

rite of matrimony. It was then high time for Mrs. Whey to step in and break off the connection, which she, of course, did easily.

Curzon is now perfectly tame, and there appears not the slightest danger of his breaking out in a fresh place. He shaves regularly twice a week, dines at a fixed tariff at the Bay Tree refreshment counter, and is never known to miss the six o'clock omnibus, which brings him home to a comfortable seven o'clock tea. He has attracted the favourable notice of the Reverend Ilow Blewcher by the respectful constancy of his attendance at the Leather Lane Congregational. Mrs. Whey is proud of the complete subjection into which she has brought her offspring. She exhibits him as Mr. Van Amburgh might exhibit a vanquished lion, or Mr. Rarey a subjected kicker, or (the illustration is far more appropriate) as Mr. Curzon Whey himself might hold up by the ears for public admiration a tame rabbit of his own fattening.

While Mrs. Whey was imparting to us the substance of the foregoing valuable information our attention naturally wandered to the object of her affectionate panegyric, whom we observed cracking bonbons with elderly young ladies, and feebly sniggering over the most hackneyed of supper-table *facetiæ*. We had noticed him previously, in the course of the evening, awkwardly dancing the easiest dances, with evident discomfort, and with the least attractive of partners; starting with horror at the performance of any original act, or at the expression of any unconventional opinion: glancing to his terrible bewigged mother for permission to attempt anything whatsoever; and, in whatever light he might be viewed, casting, upon the colourless wall of the society in which we found him, the shadow of a PERFECT SPOON.

The eidolograph confirms our impression.

CLAUDE MAYNE TAWNEY, ESQ.

OUR eminent photographic rival—if rivalry can be said to exist between artists whose principles are as opposite to each other as light and darkness—Mr. Herbert Watkins, of Regent Street, has hit upon an ingenious device, which we greatly regret not having been the first to think of. The notion is that of a photographic visiting card. Instead of having your name printed on the conventional pasteboard you have your portrait. The advantages arising from this are obvious. There are many delicate missions wherein a visitor would like his name kept a secret from domestics or landladies. So he sends in an anonymous countenance to be recognised by the direct object of his visit.

Now, this idea would be infinitely more applicable to the eidolograph. What an infinity of delicate ground might be got over by its being so applied! Suppose Mr. Lickfoot Snayle's patron to die, as he must some day, leaving his parasite unprovided for, which we do not think Mr. Snayle is likely to allow him to. But supposing, for illustration, Mr. Snayle to be in want of a new patron. How easily and gracefully, and without self-committal, he might make his qualifications known to any other nobleman on the look-out for a good useful toady, by just sending into his lordship's library a slip of cardboard bearing a miniature copy of our shadow portrait of himself. He would be understood at once, and in all probability be engaged immediately. Poor little Juliana Hipswidge! Supposing even her meek spirit to rebel against the tyrannies of the Dander establishment,

A LION.

necessitating her to look out for a new place. Print her a few eidolographic cards, displaying her negro-like attributes, and she would get one directly.

There is poor Mr. Mayne Tawney now! He is a lion, and out of employment. He cannot go and ring people's bells, and ask if they want a lion to attend their evening parties. He would have little hesitation in doing it if he thought it would secure him any good invitations; but a course so opposed to the *convenances* would scarcely lead to so desirable a result. And yet there are "parties" who would jump at Mayne if they knew of his existence, with the fact that at present he is going about vainly seeking whom he may devour. Mrs. Leo Hunter for instance. He would be the very thing for her receptions, for he is a cheap lion. Mrs. Leo Hunter is not so young as she was, and since she came to town has not been doing quite so well as in the glorious old days at Etonswill. But her appetite for lion-flesh is unabated; and if she cannot get it of a first quality, or even in a perfect state of freshness, why she must be content with it as she can get it. Now, it is a pity that these persons cannot be brought together. Some delicate means of introduction, such as the eidolographic visiting cards, is wanted for the purpose. If Mayne were provided with one of these, just gracefully shadowing forth the fact that he *is* a lion, and would slip one of them into Mrs. Hunter's letter-box, with his address pencilled in the corner, he would in all probability receive an invitation by the next post to the lady's first "Wednesday evening."

It is no use telling us that Mayne Tawney is *not* a lion, but only a shabby imitation of one. We maintain that he is one. He is not lion A 1 certainly. But there are lions and lions. Every member of the genus cannot claim royal rank among the particular kind of beasts he belongs to. Dear old Leigh Hunt, in the preface to his collected works, insists upon his writings being called poetry, though he admits (we do not, by the way) that it may very possibly be bad poetry. Just so we insist upon Mayne Tawney's claims to leonic honours, though he is unquestionably a shocking bad lion. Besides, the lion, on four legs or two, has lost a good deal of his former *prestige* lately. He is not the noble animal he used to be. Gérard and Dr. Livingstone have "blown upon him" in the desert, and shown him up as a cowardly, skulking, over-sized cat, formidable only by his size, but less respect-

able in moral or courageous attributes than even that despised area-sneak of the forest, the hyena. Divers *éclaircissements* in the drawing-room have shown the two-legged variety of the species to be, in many cases, not much better than he ought to be. Still a lion is a lion, and Mayne Tawney is one of them—one of that variety alluded to by the immortal Tapley as being "all roar and mane" (Mr. Tawney is conspicuous for both attributes), we admit—but certainly a lion.

Mayne Tawney has written some books. Their names are not generally known, but Mayne would tell you all about them in two minutes. He has also mixed in really good society, which he makes a good deal better in his conversational reminiscences of that phase of his existence. He is under a cloud at present, and not able to keep a single jackal. He has been mixed up with some carrion transactions lately, which have induced purer-feeding lions to turn up their snouts at him. Mayne has, in fact, been "dropped" by the majority of his acquaintances, and has been seriously hurt by the fall. It would be a matter of some labour to pick him out of the mud and set him on all fours again, thoroughly washed and combed. But if we knew anybody in want of a good serviceable lion, who would pay liberally for the acquisition, we can only say we have our eye upon Mayne Tawney, and would cheerfully invest in a little soft soap to make him look all right again.

The appearance of Mayne Tawney in a room is most imposing. He is as ugly as sin; but a lion was never a lovely animal in our eyes. He has a flashing eye and a tremendous *crinière*. He "drapes" and poses himself magnificently. He always appears to be sitting for his portrait to Sir Thomas Lawrence. His prevailing expression of countenance is one of indignant protest—at something or other. He has immense volubility. He talks like a book—that is to say, like one of his own books—his conversation being a neatly dovetailed mosaic of the choicest expressions of the best authors; for Mayne has read immensely, and has a fine memory. But where he has the great "pull" is in his tremendous power of contempt for, and invective against, people conventionally his superiors. You cannot imagine what a mere bundle of lank bottle wires the most gifted writers of every age come out when they have been passed through the high-pressure machinery of Mayne Tawney's criticism. It is edifying to hear him speak of "that ass Dickens," and "that plagiarist snob

Thackeray." Mayne is not surprised to hear *you* call Tennyson a poet; but you will, perhaps, allow *him* to have his private opinion on the subject, and to keep it. Byron he admits to possess attractions for readers up to the age of twelve, and that Moore is eminently adapted for boarding-school reading. No; if you press him about Shakspeare he declines giving an opinion. It is a subject that has caused him a great deal of pain, and one upon which he has decided to keep his mouth henceforth rigorously closed. Dryden? Well, he was a useful kind of Fitzball to the playhouses of his day. Pope ought to have been a watchmaker, and might not unprofitably have employed his talents upon the manufacture of musical snuff-boxes. Addison is a bore *simplex*. No, if it comes to that, he thinks nothing of the lake poets, nor of the consumptive moonings of Keats, nor yet of the heathen-Greek-midsummer-nights'-dreamings (we actually heard Mayne employ this fine compound on one occasion) of Shelley. Whom, then, does he consider a poet? Whom?—WHOM? Did you ever happen to read the works of old Sylvester Nokes, Vicar of Boggleswade, in the reign of Charles I., of which there is but one copy extant in the library of the Earl of Mouldsey? No? Then Mr. Mayne Tawney *has* had the advantage of reading that rare work, and would prefer considering the conversation at an end. He will content himself with remarking that Nokes *was* a poet.

But Mayne has other leonine attributes. He has immense powers of scandal. He knows, or says he does, all about the private lives of the aristocracy, both of rank and intellect. He can tell you where such a duke's plate is pawned, and point out to you the various residences of the six separate wives of such a popular novelist, who is, in reality, a blameless bachelor. He is remarkably clever at demolishing an innocent young actress's reputation, and can sneer and wink large holes in the hitherto flawless fabric of a bosom friend's domestic happiness. He will not only damage a married lady's fair fame—he will rob her even of the last vestige of a character for good taste by the pretty broad insinuation that she has looked upon *him* with eyes of favour. In fact, he can make himself generally entertaining.

And to think that a lion of this calibre should be in want of an engagement! Really Mrs. Hunter ought to know of it. Perhaps this article may be conducive to the end desired.

A NATIVE OF THESE ISLANDS.

THIS contented-looking old customer is of opinion that people talk a great deal of nonsense about the value of soap and water. He is almost sure that what his neighbours call a "good wash" is more likely to reduce the constitution than preserve it; for he remembers feeling on one occasion very much lighter in weight than usual, and ascribes the change to a bath taken under the strong arm of the law. He does not however condemn the habit of washing in the case of a sweep and in that of a coalheaver, as it is the only opportunity they have of recognising their own features; but in a general way he objects, and points to the blue noses of the bathing establishment across the street as so much evidence in his favour. Water he maintains is a bountiful provision of nature, intended for the use of fish, ducks and Newfoundland dogs principally, and in a less degree, beasts of the field with a taste that way; but to say that it is necessary to man, is going a little too far. He has himself never experienced any inconvenience as a stranger to the bath, and so far as appearance goes, he looks wholesome enough, a good deal more so he thinks than any score of hard-washing men he has heard of. But it is chiefly against the use of soap he is disposed to rail, and he does so from a conviction that it is a foreign practice which his ancestors never really recognized. His forefathers, he observes, were strong healthy men of the right sort, none of your finikin washed-out looking fellows with nothing to speak of between them and the cold, but big bold Britons, who had never

so much as seen a piece of soap, at least with one exception, for he adds that his grandfather at one time fell into strange hands, and was obliged to wash and shave himself, and what was still more aggravating, he continued to do so for many years after against the wishes of his family. But the habit ruined his constitution, and finally took him off, aged seventy-four years, or, as his grandson says, "a good ten years afore his time." The survivors had, however, the satisfaction of knowing what the family colour was like, which was something to boast of, considering how few had seen it. With this exception, our friend's progenitors never trifled with anything in the shape of soap. The soil accumulated in the pursuits which they followed was all but washed away during the rainy weather, all but a thin crust, that formed as it grew thicker a natural protection against the vicissitudes of the climate. It is true that in the course of time this crust threatened to obliterate all traces of the human face, but as this result was approached its progress was checked by an application of sand and shell.

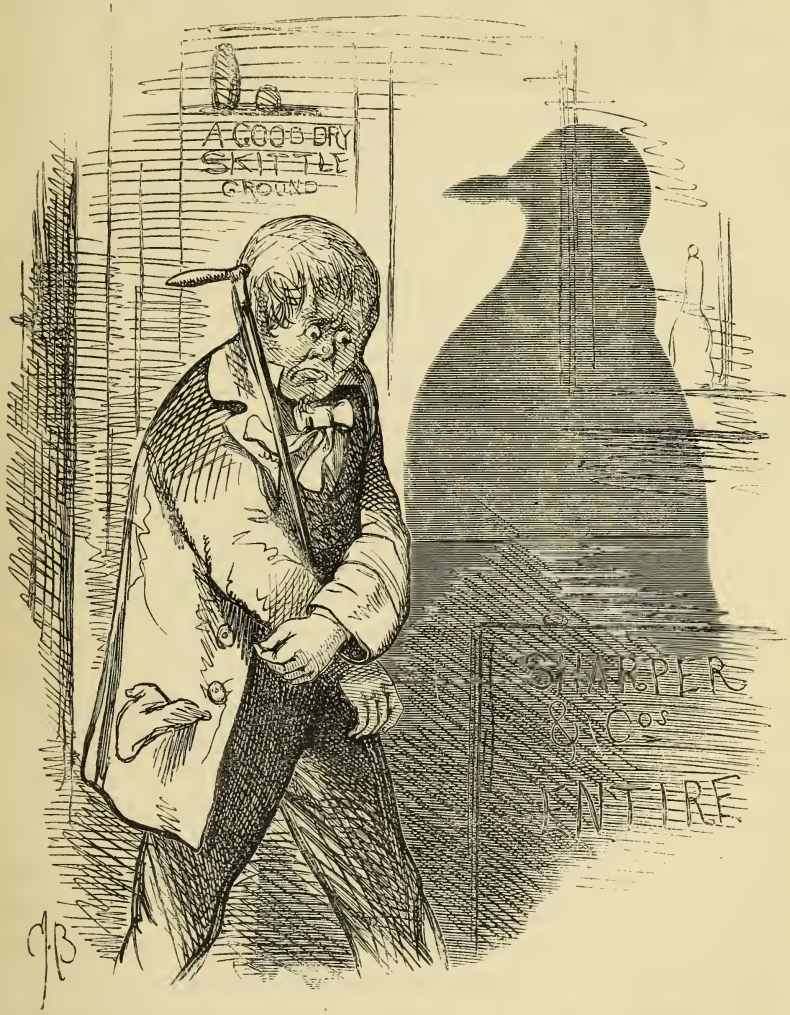
Glorying in the wisdom of his forefathers, Grimy Peter refuses to acknowledge any social laws but those which they observed. They used no toothbrush—why should he? They lived longer and happier without soap than many of their neighbours with it—why then should he waste time and money in shortening his life? Besides, not one of his friends and acquaintances would know him again were he to turn out some morning after a long and laborious "wash," so complete would be the metamorphosis, and in this Peter sees danger: who knows in these days the moment when he might figure in somebody's will for a good round sum? Stranger things than this have happened in the disposal of property—the tinker of Ayrshire to wit. Peter is as likely to receive a legacy as the tinker was, perhaps more so, judging from the eccentric courses of rich old bachelors. Should anything of the sort occur he would be easily identified in his present condition; but in any other no judge would believe that he, the claimant, was Grimy Peter. How bitterly he would regret the day which saw him transformed beyond the range of recognition and regarded by the court as an impostor. We should no longer see him resting contentedly on the pathway musing on the vanities of a well-washed world.

A NATIVE OF THESE ISLANDS.

FOOLISH TOMMY PIGEON.

THIS young man is an old acquaintance, and we may add an old offender, whom we introduce in this abrupt, perhaps harsh, fashion, because nothing good can be said concerning his origin, or the pursuits which he is known to follow. We make this statement now, lest the gentle reader should skip these pages under an erroneous impression—that we were about to impose upon goodnature by relating T. P's worn-out experiences—and thus lose the opportunity of aiding in a noble work of charity. The fact is, that a commission, composed of eminent medical men, and engaged in the investigation of certain extraordinary cases of insanity, has just brought its labours to a close, by issuing, among others, a recommendation that persons belonging to the Pigeon family should be placed in confinement until they were in a position to take care of themselves.

The evidence before the commission was briefly this,—The individual Pigeon, whose blindness and incapacity are unrivalled, conducts his affairs in a disorderly and ruinous manner, through a strange hallucination which appears to have taken possession of his mind. He repudiates the well-founded and general belief, regarding his ignorance and exasperating stupidity; and believes that he is a shrewd, intelligent person, able to cope successfully with subtle designing men. While acting under this impression, he not only effects his own ruin, but that of other Pigeons, by crediting them with qualities which they never possessed, and inducing them to depart



FOOLISH TOMMY PIGEON.

from within the bounds of prudence. The beggared Pigeons then fly back to society, and become so many plagues, worries, and other nuisances.

It is impossible to read the commissioners' report and deny the justice of their recommendation; the only question is, can it be carried out in an impartial spirit? It would be hardly safe to demand the assistance of Government, however willingly it might be given; for it is possible, though, thank goodness, not probable, that some unscrupulous statesman might for political purposes confine, not Pigeons alone, but perfectly sane people. Altogether we are inclined to repose more confidence in private hands than in those of the Home Office. Let the matter then be taken up by the philanthropic in all ranks of society. We believe that large numbers would come forward and enter heart and soul into the scheme, both on public and private grounds, were a few intelligent, fearless men raising their voices at the present moment in its favour. Medical men would with one accord render assistance at the outset, if at no other time; and their names, it is almost needless to say, would be a tower of strength properly advertised. Imagine the effect of a resolution signed by one thousand heads of the profession. The cost would be trifling, say a guinea for every signature supplemented by promises of employment of a remunerative character when the league commenced operations.

It would be as well to ascertain early, to what extent accommodation would be required for the captives; and to do this serviceably, each family throughout the country should be asked to furnish an account of its members, from which there would be no difficulty in separating the Pigeons on the list. By this means the actual number of Pigeons at large in the United Kingdom would be easily ascertained, and accurately too; for so good an opportunity of finally disposing of troublesome relations has never been presented to the public. Depend upon it, family men would lose no time in sending the necessary report, and probably a handsome subscription, as an invitation to confine their friends without going through the form of an examination.

We feel sure that a league would rapidly become popular among all classes of the community, especially when in full operation. We said all classes, forgetting that Mr. Jack Sharp and his satellites are by no means likely to look upon it with favour, unless associated

with its promoters. No doubt Mr. Sharp takes a deep interest in Pigeon life, and would feel very miserable engaged in any other study; but for all that, we advise promoters to extinguish him, so that there may not be a spark left wherewith to inflame the breasts of demoralized Pigeons.

It may be asked how the captives would be dealt with in the event of a league being established, and power to seize, imprison and punish placed in its hands. We are not prepared to say that the treatment would be of the best in a material sense; but in any other excellent. The clothes, jewellery, and money found on the captives would be sold, and the proceeds devoted to such purposes as the authorities considered the most profitable. In a word, the Pigeon would be entirely plucked, and while in that condition lectured on the advantages of money and liberty. This aggravating course would be continued until the Pigeon understood that he was altogether a fool and had behaved as such all his life. On proving this to the satisfaction of the committee, he would be sternly cautioned and discharged. We need not dwell on the benefits which a course of this kind would confer on society; nor, indeed, say anything more than that it is the duty of every person to assist in the proposed work, both in providing asylums for the Pigeons and in facilitating their capture and condemnation. We have an eye upon several foolish birds whose name will be placed on the black list, when the proper moment arrives, and if the subject of the accompanying sketch overlooks this warning, he will find himself among the number.

A FEROCIOUS CUSTOMER.

WHEN the late Mr. Bruiser's shadow-portrait was taken, a copy was sent to an eminent zoologist, with a view to ascertain whether the impressions which we had formed respecting it were correct or otherwise, we also submitted for his guidance a plain statement of the case, so arranged and marked as to place it within the compass of a glance. We, moreover, addressed him in extremely modest terms, especially in pointing out what we felt were just conclusions, lest a more confident tone might be thought offensive. Fancy then the extent of our surprise, not to say indignation, on receiving by return of post a sharp reprimand from our correspondent, for presuming to form and offer an opinion upon a subject which he was perfectly certain we knew nothing at all about. Had we, he said, sent him the portrait only and burned the sheet of nonsense which accompanied it, he would gladly have recognized our services to the world in our own particular walk ; but in consequence of what he could not characterize but as a deliberate and unwarrantable trespass on a path of science which strictly belonged to himself, he felt it necessary to withhold his support.

In reply, we hastened to assure him that so far from wishing to arrogate to ourselves a right to discuss the subject in question, we deplored the growing practice among incompetent persons, like ourselves, of treating scientific matters in a familiar spirit. We regretted that, through an oversight on our part, he had thought us capable of

A FEROCIOUS CUSTOMER.

following this reprehensible practice, and explained that the opinions expressed in our communication were gathered from his own writings after a long course of laborious study. We had appealed to him in exactly the same spirit as that which moves the student to seek his master's counsel in moments of perplexity.

These explanations apparently satisfied the offended man of science, for in due course we received from him an interesting paper on Wild Beasts: their Homes and Habits; but on account of its great length we are unable to do more than extract the following passages.

"The portrait of the man Bruiser," observes the writer, "satisfies me that the ferocious animals which at one time infested our forests were not altogether exterminated, although the hunter's bag was no doubt very heavy in those days. In all probability large numbers escaped during the excitement of the chase, and finding no place of security in their ancient fastnesses dispersed, and after pursuing many strange courses entailing immense sacrifices, finally settled under a peaceful guise near the haunts of men. Experience, we may be sure, had taught them to avoid the woods where hunters congregated prepared for slaughter, and likely enough their own native cunning, preternaturally sharpened by privation, led them to adopt a town life and assume an industrious appearance as their only means of safety. The eye of suspicion would never rest upon them in some busy suburb, if ordinarily prudent in selecting quarters, and able to keep their violent tempers under decent control; and thus while the foe scoured the forest, brand and shaft in hand, they might prey cautiously, but none the less effectually, on the neighbouring flocks and herds. Whether calculations of this kind were made, or that the simple people of the period sheltered them for pity's sake, I am not prepared to say, nor is it perhaps of any great consequence so long as we are acquainted with the main facts.

"It seems reasonable to suppose that the restraints of a town life exercised a beneficial influence on the habits of these animals, at least during the earlier stages, while as yet they were comparatively few in numbers and living a sort of hand-to-mouth existence. So very much was at stake, that even the most reckless could scarcely fail to see the great necessity there was of guarding against anything like an exhibition of ferocity; no doubt this was forgotten on many

occasions and under peculiar circumstances, such as the pressure of hunger, or the spur of a master, but we may presume that where an outrage was committed the perpetrator was promptly repudiated by the more cautious animals. By this and other means each small pack it is probable acquired a fair character for honesty, and if not exactly so serviceable as beasts of burden as might have been desired, it was more regarded as the misfortune than the fault of its members.

"But it does not appear that these excellent relations between man and beast were long maintained after the death of the first generation of settlers, or rather when the latter had secured a permanent footing on the former's estate. From some unexplained cause or another, quarrels arose and fights of the most sanguinary kind ensued, and which, it is believed, eventually resulted in the break up, if not the entire destruction, of the packs. Thus scattered and humiliated, the survivors probably lost all hope of ever again being united with their fellow-creatures, and I am disposed to think, resolved on sinking pride and family considerations generally, by hiding in the bosom of some large city. From that time, however, all traces of their whereabouts disappeared ; and up to an almost recent date, even the best-informed persons believed that they were really extinct. Certainly few men imagined that the descendants of these wild and ferocious beasts, at one time the terror of the land, were to be found in our streets and following in a perhaps more cunning, but not less savage, form, the pursuits of their forefathers. Yet I have only to point to the man Bruiser's portrait to satisfy any reasonable being. True the form of his body is different from that of his ancestors, but what changes is it not within the power of time to work on mere flesh and bone when so much has been done on the whole face of creation ?"

Without committing ourselves to an opinion respecting the value of these passages, we may just point out the curious fact that Bruiser's shadow is identically the same as that of a bulldog. His face, too, is suggestive of ferocity such as only beasts display ; and the whole man strikes us as so inhuman in appearance that we are half inclined to believe Dr. ——. Bruiser is of course no more, but his relations are said to be such awkward customers that henceforth we shall scrupulously avoid the shadow of a bulldog on the wall.

MISS PUFF BLOWZY—THE ARK, TRUNKDALE.

THIS remarkable woman was at one time an infatuated admirer of the eidolographic process: at the present moment she heaps upon it and us contumely.

During a visit to Trunkdale, several years ago, we were solicited to exhibit its quality before a select circle of ladies and gentlemen employed in scouring the morals of their backsliding fellow creatures under the direction of Miss Puff Blowzy. For that purpose we were invited to the Ark, Miss Blowzy's residence and the head-quarters of the association. There, amid no pomp whatever, we operated successfully on two persons at variance with the prominent spirits of the society. We must mention that our sitters were young and adorned simply—they were fair bright creatures outwardly; but inwardly, as the process faithfully illustrated, uncommonly deceitful and wicked. Miss Blowzy was pleased to say that she had never beheld anything so life-like when the portraits were handed round for inspection. This opinion was endorsed by all present excepting the unhappy sitters; they, as might be expected, were filled with much confusion, and before the hour of thanksgiving, retired in silence.

Trunkdale, we understood, was a thickly populated village as black as sin and beer could make it; nevertheless, we accepted an engagement as paid instruments of the association, removable only by a majority of its members. We were not to say proud of that engagement at any moment of its existence, although a good deal might have been said in its favour too. For instance, several of our pro-

MISS PUFF BLOWZY—THE ARK, TRUNKDALE.

prietors loved each other only slightly, and bargained handsomely for faithful portraits of their friends; they could not be too faithful, especially those of their deformed friends. It was satisfactory, however, to find ourselves provided for in the centre of a fertile district for so long a period, as we believed that the mission in which the society had engaged, would not be fulfilled during man's allotted term. Beer and Sin were in possession of the village, we knew also they were on friendly terms with the natives, and further, that no power within reach of the Ark would turn them out. Altogether our reflections on that score were very satisfactory. Yet we endeavoured to do our duty bravely.

The first intimation we had of our existence as Scourers, was an announcement in the *Trunkdale Sun*, to the effect that the dawn of a new era was breaking through the darkness of ages, the cost of which would be defrayed by Miss Blowzy and other patriotic friends. Our process was mentioned afterwards as an "engine," and we were described as "skilled regenerators," whose ears, day and night, were ringing with the cries for succour which ascended at all hours from the village. This announcement fell like a thunderbolt into the enemy's camp. His legions paused with the jug at their lips, the dawn seemed almost on the eve of breaking, so remarkable was the effect which the notice produced.

On that morning, we were somewhat apprehensive of danger, for we heard blasphemous language under our window suggestive of unpleasant courses: nor were we reassured, on being addressed personally, as to the object of our visit. Fortunately, we discovered in time the cause of all the mischief. We were supposed to be philanthropists, gratuitous labourers in the society's vineyard, or followers of some equally obnoxious pursuit. The love of truth impelled us to flatly contradict this report; and in the heat of the moment, allude to the Ark and Miss Blowzy in disrespectful terms. These words, with additions, were repeated to Miss Blowzy in the course of the day, and before she understood the perilous position in which we had been placed. But, astonishing as it is to say, she refused to credit the accusations in our absence, and when we declared that the witnesses were mistaken, she ordered their portraits to be taken and afterwards exposed in the market-place as a caution to all lying persons. This incident was soon forgotten in the subsequent struggles for

supremacy which arose between the society and the hirelings of the enemy.

It is not our purpose to dwell on these events in this paper, partly because the combatants are still alive and have closed our lips, and partly owing to the suspicion which might attach itself to eulogistic statements concerning our own performances. It will suffice to say, that ere a year had expired, a portrait gallery was established in Trunkdale such as few communities possess. By this means, the natives were made acquainted with the startling fact that they individually bore a distinct resemblance to one or other of the lower animals; and painful though it was to recognise and admit the truth, they did so frankly.

It was a gratifying spectacle to see them cluster round each other's portraits, and listen to the candour which characterised their admissions. Their native modesty forbade any allusion to themselves. Their comments were freely bestowed upon their neighbours. Occasionally a narrow, illiberal spirit manifested itself where it was least expected. Some townsman, perhaps, discrediting the evidence of his senses, might cast reflections on our process as one of exaggeration, but we had only to point to nature in himself to convict him of meanness. It was not the fault of the process if his ears were long, so long that visitors compared them with those of a very useful lower animal. As we have remarked frequently in that gallery, the eidolographic process is the handmaid of nature, and can no more lie than its mistress. If certain persons were disappointed, a remedy could be found at the barber's, whose charge for ear-cutting was included in that for shaving. These wholesome truths never failed to create a feeling of confidence in the native mind, which accelerated the march of science and art.

The advantages which the possession of the portrait gallery secured to Trunkdale, were of a pecuniary as well as of a moral character. The natives, it is true, were admitted free, but only when in a proper frame of mind; for it was feared that they might destroy the collection if allowed to enter in a high-spirited mood. But the same privilege was not extended to strangers attracted hither by glowing accounts in the newspapers. Payment was demanded from them by every officer of the establishment as often as the desire dictated, the line of conduct adopted being similar to that which exists in a West End theatre.

Though an expensive exhibition to a stranger, it was worth the

money. We have heard people in all ranks of life say as much when applied to again by the officials. Certainly the attractions were of an entirely original type. The gallery was divided into several sections, each in charge of a married man with a large family of young children, and the whole was under the management of Miss Blowzy. One section was devoted to the portraits of ladies so wonderfully like cats that, but for Miss Blowzy's explanations, no one would have discovered the truth. The walls here were completely covered with portraits. The next section was equally well filled. It contained the likenesses of the principal men in Trunkdale, and here also Miss Blowzy's aid was necessary. "Section D," she always said on these occasions, "contains the village donkeys, whose subjugation was the work of my own hand." Section M reminded the visitor of the industrious mule. Section B of the wild boar, and so on throughout the numerous departments. Each had its speciality and each had its circle of admirers.

But we need not dwell on the contents of the exhibition, they are now too well known to need a word of recommendation from us. Besides, our engagement has long since terminated, and with the new mission of the society we have no sympathy whatever. We shall only therefore say that at the close of the first season Miss Blowzy acceded to the wishes of her townspeople, and sat for her own portrait. But preparatory to this concession, she consulted us as to the probable result. Knowing, as we did, that she possessed many excellent qualities, and when placed in a certain light looked a handsome woman, if not a perfect model of female beauty, we assured her that she had no cause for alarm. We were uncertain, but her shadow seemed to assume the form of a gazelle. Thinking so herself she appointed an early day, and when it came round sat. The first glimpse at the plate showed us how fearfully mistaken we had been. We invented some excuse and got rid of her, hardly knowing what to do. As fate would have it, a valued friend of hers entered the operating room just as she had left. The portrait lay on the table—the visitor saw and recognized it. She asked for a copy, and voluntarily engaged to break the matter to Miss Blowzy. She did so, and to Trunkdale as well. Deeming it wise to put a long distance between the Ark and the process, we hastily left the place and hid ourselves until the April showers fell on the injured woman's anger. On returning again to the

world, we heard that Miss Blowzy never beheld her shadow without displaying a due sense of horror and amazement. On one of these occasions, and from a safe position, we succeeded in securing the accompanying picture, copies of which were purchased by her well-wishers, and circulated freely in the neighbourhood of her triumphs.

Several of these were sent to the Ark, where, as it may be supposed, they were instantly destroyed—at least, such as were allowed to reach Miss Blowzy's own hand ; her servants, it was said, hid the others rather than encounter fresh outbursts of rage, but really for the purpose of amusing themselves at the "elephant's expense"—for this was the way in which their gifted mistress was spoken of. But the copies which her dearest friends had considerately sent off at once that she might see how greatly Art had been perverted and "do something to stop the sale of the shocking things," were duly received, and, with the senders' sympathizing notes, were torn into little bits and burned. Altogether, Miss Blowzy was so deeply offended that for a long time after she closed the door of the Ark against both friend and foe.

MR. GUY FOX, LANTHORN HOUSE, UNDERHAND.

IN the well-known parish of Underhand, where we were reaping a fine harvest in the summer of '7, there is an old schoolmaster who, at one time and indeed for many years, assumed an air of authority over his fellow-creatures which was simply intolerable. Whether as regards personal appearance or intellectual endowments, he yielded the palm to no man alive; and what was still more unpardonable, treated the opposite sex as beneath the level of disparagement. Now this old fellow, as far as his capacity and looks went, was neither more nor less than an old humbug, or, to adopt the language of a fair neighbour, a perked-up piece of buckram, of not the slightest value in the world; while, in other respects, not a soul in the place uttered his name in any other than a tone of reproach.

He figured in our collection of Parish Worthies in compliance with the wishes of a numerous body of his detractors, as a special mark of detestation, and also regret that he had ever been permitted to enjoy the revenues of his appointment. It was felt necessary to protest in some effective way against his assumption of authority, and no course so galling to a person of Mr. Fox's nature seemed open except that which we were privileged to take. In many other ways he had been attacked in times past, but with results more disappointing to his assailants than otherwise, for accustomed as he was to every kind of invective, remonstrance and so forth, he was little likely to feel concerned at any fresh display of animosity, provided that his figure was

MR. GUY FOX, LANTHORN HOUSE, UNDERHAND.

not made the subject of a poem, a cartoon, or other device of an equally obnoxious and probably permanent character. A caricature he abhorred on principle, it was hateful in his sight as the worst form of misrepresentation an ingenious foe could devise. Fortunately for him, the talent of Underhand was not equal to the production of a potent caricature, and so far no steps had been taken to secure the services of an artist, although public opinion was moving in that direction. This he knew very well, and besides that the people who loved him least of all were very miserly in their habits, and whether for a charitable or for any other purpose it was the most difficult matter in the world to induce them to make their promises of aid good, notwithstanding the generous way in which they had been given. Unless, and the probabilities were by no means great, a real artist appeared and offered his services gratis he had not much to fear ; nor was he by any means agitated on reading the doggrel which was liberally posted to his address and affixed to the knocker of the school-door. Underhand was decidedly weak in its poetry, perhaps more so than in its art, although the latter had the least number of followers. Even the high-priest of the parish school of poetry was a signal failure.

Being a mean man, Mr. Fox took advantage of the dilemma, and flaunted his superiority in everybody's teeth. He constituted himself dictator even in municipal affairs ; in domestic matters he pointed out every instance of extravagance that came within his notice, besides supporting the character of supervisor over the parents in the neighbourhood. But the duty which he seemed to perform with the greatest zest was the most aggravating of all. He ferreted out secrets for the purpose of exploding them, and did so with such success, that the income, quarrels, disappointments, and schemes of each family within walking distance from the school were freely discussed in all quarters, from the church vestry down to the parish pump.

This state of things continued until the success of the eidolographic process suggested a remedy. We were appealed to on the subject secretly, the committee spoke in whispers and got through the business as rapidly as possible, nevertheless, it reached Mr. Fox's ears, and among a batch of other matters of a delicate nature was duly exploded. This fact had, however, a more stimulating effect than otherwise, more especially when the old gentleman openly denounced us as impostors. Under the pretence of being crushed we remained quiet for a time ;

just long enough to allay his suspicions and lead to a nodding acquaintance, which as usual he followed up by placing himself on the footing of adviser-general in our establishment. Prompted by curiosity, he made inquiries concerning the nature of the process, and learning that no caricatures were produced, he permitted the artist to operate. The result justified our highest expectations, but for obvious reasons we kept it a secret for twenty-four hours.

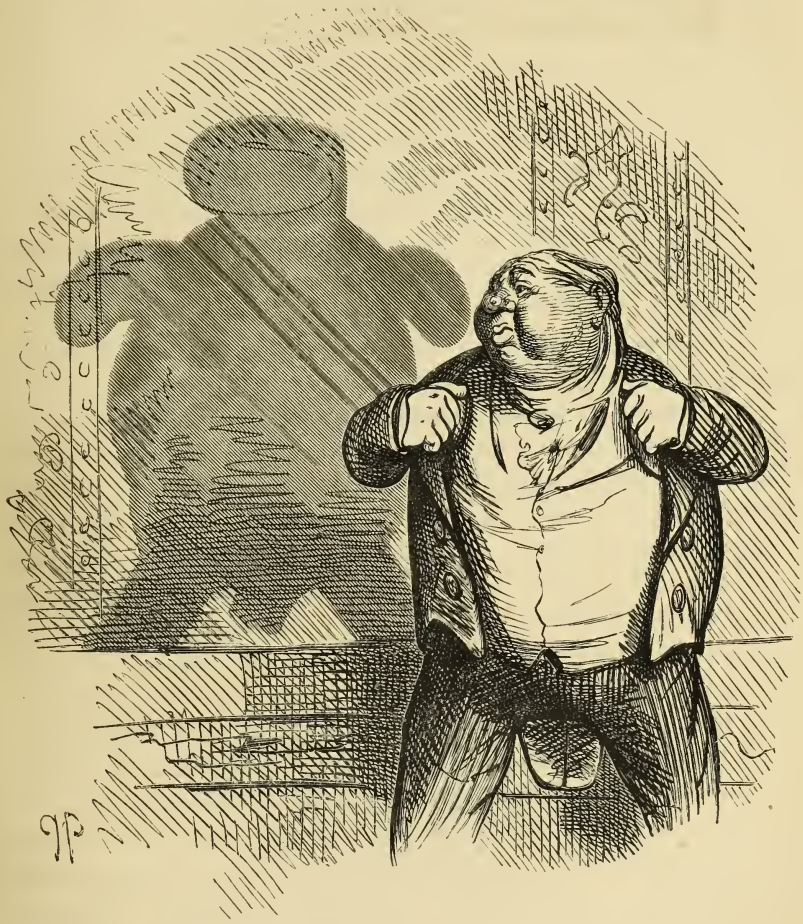
On the following day Mr. Fox beheld copies of his own portrait in every shop window, and stuck beyond his reach on the principal posts and pillars of the place, yet he contrived to conceal his indignation, and stump through his usual round of inspection as if he were the person least interested in the exhibition. During his walk a good deal of bad feeling was displayed by the townspeople, which must have been very provoking to a man of his pretensions; true, he had been very overbearing and mischievous, and on the whole the terror of the parish, but it is doubtful whether even these reflections were sufficiently compensating at such a moment. But let that be as it may, he disappeared unruffled within the doorway of Lanthorn House, much to the disappointment of every one of his friends.

It was reported afterwards that he contemplated bringing against us an action for libel, and with that view had endeavoured to collect subscriptions to meet the necessary expenses; and on a later date we heard that he had met with no encouragement, and in consequence had resolved on leaving the parish to its own misguidance for the future. These reports proving perfectly correct, Underhand rejoiced and became ever after prosperous and happy, as it was a long time ago, in the days before Mr. Guy Fox was born.

GREEN TURTLE, ESQ., SWALLOW HALL, TORTOISE PARK.

THE next portrait on the list, is that of a real old city gentleman, who favoured us with a sitting at the request of a large circle of well-fed friends. When his intentions were made known to us, we prepared to receive him with appropriate honours, as we understood he belonged to the most hospitable branch of the Green Turtles. We were assured that Swallow Hall was an abode of plenty, that it was supplied direct from the moors, the cattle shows, and the ocean, and that Mr. Turtle's agents were under heavy penalties to procure the pick of everything. The pick of everything we understood included old wines from the cellars of ex-emperors and bankrupt peers, and the most delicate of marine monsters all the way from the Cayman Isles. The importance of creating a favourable impression on this gentleman's mind was too obvious to escape our attention. The only question was, had he any mind upon which to act.

We have heard it stated by some great authority—Mr. Darwin probably — that the animal whose flesh we partake of with the highest relish, is a member of the same family from which we originally sprang, and that the desire we possess to eat of its body is neither more nor less than nature's solicitude to unite two wayward branches of the same stock. In other words, a violent longing for, let us say, turtle soup can only be experienced by some object of the nature of a tortoise. Now, as we observed at the time, here is an



GREEN TURTLE, ESQ., SWALLOW HALL, TORTOISE PARK.

old gentleman of great wealth and unquestionable respectability, who displays a distinct preference for food prepared from the body of his amphibious namesake. Indeed, he esteems this aliment so highly, that at whatever cost it must be procured, clearly demonstrating the existence of some powerful instinct against which he is unable to cope. That agent, an ordinary person might perhaps characterise as the crave of gluttony, exercising dominion over Mr. Turtle's moral nature, and in proof thereof point significantly to that gentleman's suggestive appearance ; but knowing, as we do, that Mr. Turtle shuns seclusion while eating, and as a rule rises unaided from the table, and besides never approaches his favourite pottage tearless, we must reject so monstrous a supposition. Our own impression is that he is one of the tortoise family, and only obeys a natural impulse in seeking to make the most of his relations.

On arriving at this conclusion, we then sought for information respecting the habits of the tortoise, so as to discover whether Mr. Turtle, as one of the species, possessed a mind or not. Its pursuits at sea, we were told, were those of the peaceful fisherman and the daring diver ; while on the sands of the shore it might be seen recording passing events in large letters with the great toe nail, bountifully provided for that purpose. The latter was the morning's occupation, and after a quiet crawl among the shell-fish and wrack of the beach. During the day the tortoise paddles out to sea, and, according to the state of the weather, remains above or below the surface. It usually dines below, that is, on fish days, for on others it sups on land, and as circumstances permit on fresh meat and vegetables. No estimate can be formed of what this creature consumes, so enormous is its appetite, and so closely does it pack its food away, no doubt with a view to attract attention. This we were assured was really the case that the tortoise deliberately fattened itself for market, as the proper course to pursue before entering upon a new phase of existence. From this point we were no longer in doubt concerning Mr. Turtle's intellect : it might not be of the highest order, but it was at least of a kind which his connections abroad found useful both on land and sea.

That matter settled, we abandoned ourselves to our respective duties until the old gentleman arrived.

Prepared though we were to recognise in our sitter the points of resemblance common to all his family, we were taken completely

aback as he paddled into the room, sniffing the air and evidently ill at ease in an upright attitude. The slow awkward movement and fishy eye and the heavy monster-like body, short hind limbs, and stumpy fins of the tortoise were there in reality. True, Mr. Turtle wore the dress coat and white waistcoat peculiar to man, but in the broad carapace on his back, for no doubt he wore underneath the beautiful shell of his species, and in the glances he cast round the room in search evidently of marine stores, we could make no mistake. We were only surprised he looked so well away from the tangle and molluscs of his native shores, among which he would have appeared to great advantage. Such were our impressions during the artist's operation. In a few seconds more the portrait was taken, a most successful one we thought, considering Mr. Turtle's restlessness. But alas! when eager to secure his favour we placed the plate in his hand, and pointed to the shadow, he stamped and screamed with rage; and while we stood shocked and amazed, he dashed the plate into the fireplace, and waddled boiling from the room.

THE RAPIDS, SENIOR AND JUNIOR.

A SCHOLASTIC STUDY.

"Look here upon this picture and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers."—*Hamlet.*

THOSE who are familiar with our business cards and circulars will not require to be informed that we are open to private engagements for the exhibition of our Magic Lantern, just like other showmen and conjurors. Noblemen and gentlemen are waited on by the servants of the London Eidolographic Company at their own residences. Families and schools attended upon reasonable terms. You see we are thorough men of business and not proud.

Powerful influence having been employed to obtain for us an introduction to the celebrated Dr. Tobias Tickell, of Clapham (elsewhere alluded to in these pages), that excellent and accomplished man was kind enough to invite us to Birchington Grove House the other day on a professional visit. We accepted the invitation cordially, agreeing, by the way, to allow the doctor a handsome discount on the ostensible sum to be charged for our services, at so much per pupil, in the half-yearly bills (for, after all, business is business), and drove to Grove House with our apparatus in a cab.

The learned principal received us with that dignified urbanity which has ever been his distinguishing characteristic. Nor was his amiable and accomplished lady less graciously disposed towards us. The *corps ministériel*, or ushers, were affable—their condescension only just tempered by a barely perceptible, and certainly justifiable, chill

of reserve. Candour, however, compels us to admit that our reception by the third estate of the realm—in other words, the boys—was less favourable. We rather imagine we were mistaken for the dentist or the dancing master. Perhaps the Eidolographic Camera, or Magic Lantern—which our assistant carried behind us in a green baize bag—was suspected to contain a new system of drill. At any rate there was an unmistakable tendency to mistrust, and, if possible, avoid us; and the entire band of pupils could not be marshalled into our presence without considerable difficulty and some howling.

When the real object of our visit became understood, the public feeling veered round in our favour. This altered impression, however, was even less complimentary than the first; as, instead of the dental or Terpsichorean arts, we now found ourselves erroneously identified with the acrobat or tumbling interests. The inquiry, "Has he got his dress on under that top-coat?" was distinctly circulated in loud whispers. On the removal of our hat, the discovery that our flowing locks were not confined by a spangled fillet created an obvious feeling of disappointment. This was humiliating, but perhaps natural. However, the utmost goodhumour prevailed, and a "lark" of the first magnitude was obviously anticipated.

A platform having been erected for our accommodation in the schoolroom, and silence, with some difficulty, enforced among the assembled audience (thanks, mainly, to the praiseworthy exertions of little Twining, the sneak and informer of the establishment, to detect and bring to justice the principal offenders against the cause of order), we commenced our eidolographic *séance*.

The learned principal of the academy was kind enough to preface our efforts by a neat address to his pupils upon the marvels of science generally, and of the new invention about to be exhibited especially. The doctor wisely abstained from meddling with mechanical technicalities, but was very eloquent upon the various meanings and derivatives of the word *eidolon*, as *simulacrum*, image (whence idol, shade, spectrum, &c.), for which we were extremely obliged to him, as we had originally chosen the word in some hurry and uncertainty, and were relieved to find that we had been sufficiently near the mark. The learned gentleman then set the encouraging example of sitting for his shadow portrait, sternly requesting that there might be no laughing.

Having ascertained that Mrs. Tickell was out of the room, and feeling no apprehension whatever of hostility or betrayal from the ushers, we fearlessly turned our strongest light upon the doctor, and showed him up, eidolographically, in his true character.

This created the impression we had desired. An "O—o—o—o—oh!" of admiring wonder burst from the audience. Alarming sounds, as of suffocation produced by suppressed laughter, ran round the benches; and the heartfelt exclamation of, "O my eye! what a jolly old guy!" was heard to burst forth in two or three places. The doctor was seized with a convenient fit of coughing, and did not hear this.

Ere the doctor had time to ask for a sight of his portrait (which we should, of course, have refused him on some plausible pretext), he was suddenly summoned from the room, by his better half, to wait on an important visitor. We took advantage of his absence to request of the lady a moment's sitting. She was very much engaged, she said, but would not refuse us. The brief sitting over, she declared she could not stop to see its results, and left us abruptly. We were not sorry for this, as we were anxious that the boys should have a good look at this second specimen of our abilities. It was, if anything, a greater success than its predecessor. There was but one opinion upon the subject:—

"It is the old cat herself!"

This was chorused from every bench, stool, desk, and, let us add, mantel-piece in the school-room.

[On a future occasion we may, perhaps, feel disposed to give publicity to the eidolographs of Dr. and Mrs. Tickell, that the reader may estimate the criticism of the "young friends" of the worthy couple in question, at its just value. But we do not pledge ourselves to this. Perhaps, as we have already had our say upon disagreeable old cats, and as we have a much more perfect specimen of the old guy in preparation than Dr. Tickell, we had better dismiss the idea. We will think it over.]

The ushers were next operated on in succession. Shouts of enthusiastic appreciation greeted the representation of the Latin master, whose gaunt erect body and oratorically extended skeleton arm were made to cast an eidolon in the perfect resemblance of a pump.

The boys were delighted at this, but not half so much as were the

French and German masters, the former of which two gentlemen next presented himself.

The light of the Magic Lantern fell upon the form of M. Jules de Favoris just as he was advancing on the temporary platform with his most graceful bow. The eidolon—which was in the outline of a well-known, lively, but cold-blooded little animal of the amphibious kind—was recognised at once, and its fidelity celebrated in the following *vers d'occasion*, which had the advantage of being sung by fifty voices to precisely the same number of tunes :—

"A froggee would a wooing go,
Heigho, says Rowley !
Whether his mother would let him or no,
With a Rowley powley,
Gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley !"

Of this exquisite *morceau*, as soon as the riot of the *ensemble* had in a measure subsided, Towers the cock of the school (whose whiskers had already arrived, who knew everything, and was not even afraid of "Old Toby" himself), was kind enough to favour us with an appropriate translation, delivered as a solo :—

"Un grenouille l'amour veut faire,
Ohé, dit Rolé !
Sans la permission de sa mére.
Roulard,
De lard,
Aux épinards,
Ohé, dit Antoine Rolé !"

This public demonstration was, of course, highly gratifying to the artist. To the boys, it was delight, and to the Latin and German masters rapture. Monsieur Favoris himself was not so well pleased. He gnashed his teeth, stamped, rushed off the platform, and was seen no more.

Herr Kraut next stepped on to the platform. The Herr was a lean man with a roundish face, from the summit of which a quantity of stiff hair stood up like the bristles of a *ramoneur* machine. His eidolographic measure was taken in a very few seconds.

More shouts of enthusiasm ! Herr Kraut's shadow portrait was the greatest success yet. It was eminently national in its suggestion. Like its predecessor, it was hailed with musical honours. Its character

may be guessed at from a perusal of the copy of verses sung on the occasion—if anything a "more exquisite song than the other." These were as follow :—

"Dere's der big von for de lady,
And der leetle von for de baby ;
Den puy, my goot-er lady,
Den puy, puy a proom."

CHORUS.

"Puy a proom,
Puy a proom."

[*Spoken by* JOE CODLINS, *the wag of the school.* "Von goot vooden proom, vid a nice thick top."]

CHORUS RESUMED.

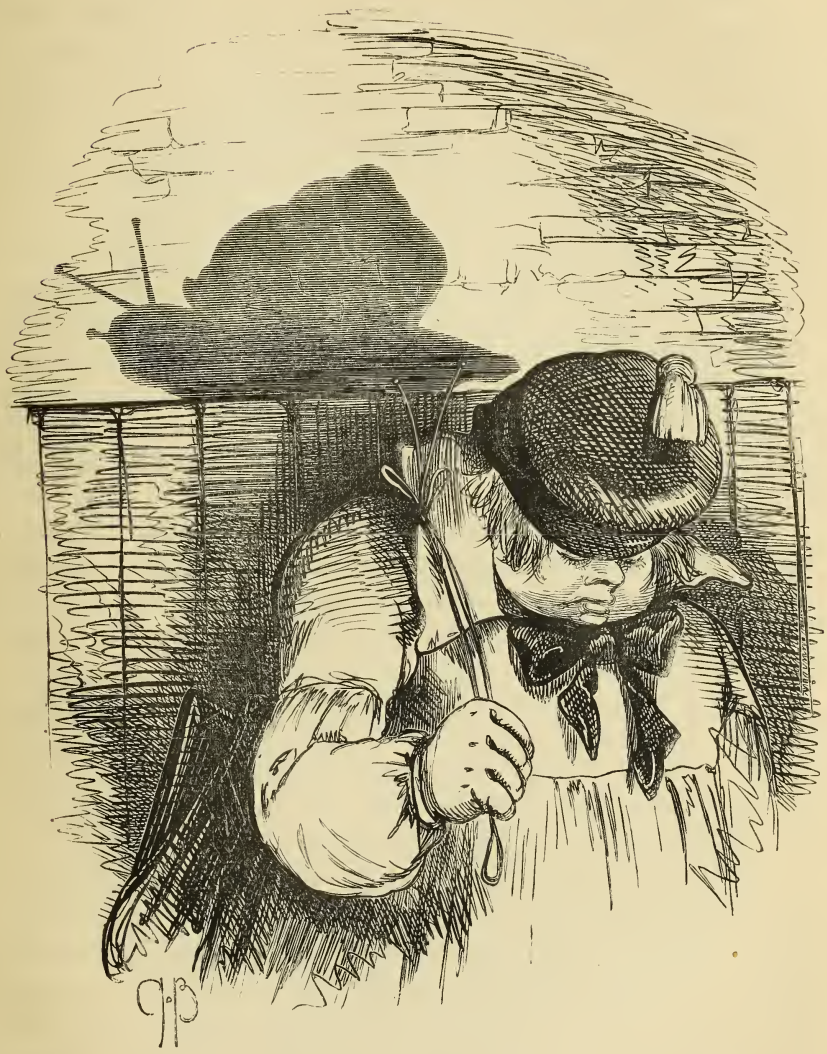
"Den puy, my goot-er lady,
Den puy, puy a proom !"

We began to think that Dr. Tobias Tickell's establishment was not one of the best regulated in the world—at all events during the doctor's absence. This, however, was not our business.

The pupils next presented themselves in order—Towers, of course, taking rightful precedence. This great personage stepped gallantly on to the platform, with his hands tucked under the skirts of his *toga virilis*, and immediately cast a shadow in perfect resemblance of Chanticleer crowing on his own——premises. The subsequent experiments were equally successful. There was not a single failure in the series. Little Troughton, the glutton of the community, came out as a perfect pig. Joe Codlins, the funny boy—whose parents, being elderly people and behind the age, still make him adhere to the antediluvian frill and "button overs," and who always carries his tops, marbles, refreshments, and handkerchief in the pocket of his inexpressibles, to the chronic "bulging" of the hips of those garments : who, moreover, is somewhat bandy, and has an obstinate cockatoo's feather of hair growing from his forehead, which not even the terrors of the shower bath can subdue into smoothness—well, Joe made a very good clown indeed, and was flattered to be told so. Little Twining, the sneak and tale-bearer already mentioned, was seen attended by a simulacrum in the exact outline of a ferret.

But unquestionably our greatest triumph was a pair of family portraits, representing the brothers Rapid.

Rapid Major came out clearly as a snail ; Rapid Minor as a puppy.



"CREEPING LIKE SNAIL."

This double success was not recognised without hesitation. The treatment of Rapid Major as a snail was hailed with shouts of approving laughter, in which Rapid Major, a moon-faced, beef-witted, good-natured boy, tardily but heartily joined. But there was some doubt as to whether Rapid Minor—who, though physically small, was, at a glance, a power and an authority—would take his own interpretation as favourably; and his numerous satellites and toadies held their features in abeyance whether to smile or frown. Mr. Rapid was kind enough to settle the question by his own authority, and gave his followers permission to laugh. He declared the thing "not bad." We are inclined to think he considered the epithet "puppy" rather complimentary than otherwise, as being convertible with the term "swell." At any rate, he must have heard it frequently applied to certain adult objects of his emulation, with whom he would be only too gladly confounded.

The two Rapids being eminently representative boys, we have selected their portraits for publication from the mass in our portfolio obtained on the occasion. These, according to our unfailing custom, we will accompany with some observations upon the lives and characters of the originals.

Hamlet's father and uncle; Tom Jones and Blifil; Charles and Joseph Surface; Cain and Abel themselves, were not more unlike than the brothers Rapid. The difference between them may be understood from a simple classification. Rapid the Elder is a boy of the old school; Rapid the Younger is a boy of the new school.

Let us give precedence to respectable seniority. Adam Rapid, "*Old* Rapid," as his own schoolfellows call him, is a very conventional and backward boy indeed. He sticks to all the mustiest traditions of boyhood. He is, perhaps, fourteen years of age, but has not the slightest idea of dress, decorum, or gentlemanly deportment. He cannot put up with your new-fangled cigars and meerschaums. Give him a good old-fashioned lollipop, sir—that's what *he* likes! Boys in his time were not ashamed to wear pinafores, and he adheres to the familiar *toga puerilis* of his infancy, not merely without complaint, but even with affection. Nor can he understand this business of oiling the hair and washing the hands so frequently. His hatred for scholastic studies is as virulent as that of an old coachman for railroads. The new educational movement is revolting to his conservative prejudices.

PUPPY!

He will not learn, except under compulsion ; and, when thrashed, exercises the old British right of protest by blubbering. He likes play immensely ; but it must be of the old-fashioned sort, good boisterous games, abounding in physical exercise, and with a spice of elephantine mischief. He chooses his associates from among the smallest boys in the school, who for the most part bully and fleece him. He is constantly in trouble, and eternally the victim of fine or imprisonment. He is not brave ; but, if we were called upon to pronounce what he is more frightened of than anything else, we should unhesitatingly fix upon—new clothes ! A new suit is to him as the gift of the white elephant to the doomed Siamese minister. It is sure to bring him into difficulties. He cannot wear it an hour without breaking both knees of the trousers, tearing the jacket up the back, or sitting where coal-tar has been spilt. He would rather put his head into the pillory than into a new hat. Caps are trouble enough. It is no light responsibility to restrain *them* from their natural propensity to fall over bridges, and get tossed into high trees for the purpose of sticking there. But a hat, that is at the mercy of every passing cricket ball, and that cannot possibly exist an hour unsat upon—this is, indeed, an incumbrance to avoid ! Boots, too, are unmanageable articles—especially in the bathing season. They have such an awkward habit of slipping over canal locks, (with stockings tucked into them for safety), and perishing in deep waters ! As for clean linen, he looks upon it as a fiendish invention of the enemy of boykind. A spotless collar or pinafore he considers a mere ink trap—a thing to be thrashed for soiling ! He would not put on a pair of skates for the world, but he likes sliding. Though by no means a reading boy, he is possessed of a library more select than numerous, consisting exclusively of good old standard works. The "Seven Champions of Christendom," "Valentine and Orson," and an abridged edition of "Robinson Crusoe" are among his favourite classics. He believes still in pantomimes and Astley's, and can enjoy a good old-fashioned melodrama—provided there be plenty of robbers (he prefers them to ghosts) in it—with considerable unction. He is not at home in the fashionable world. He goes to parties on account of the refreshments; but the agonies and responsibilities of the toilet, added to the terrors of female society, make it scarcely worth the sacrifice. We believe he would prefer an unlimited tasting order on a good solid pastry-

cook's counter to the most splendid *soirée* that taste and hospitality could devise. Altogether, he is a slow boy, and deplorably behind his age.

A very different sort of a person is Augustus, or Young Rapid, we can assure you. *He* is a young gentleman quite up to the time of day. He is a year and some months younger, and many sizes smaller, than Old Rapid; but the pair afford a splendid example of the triumph of mind over matter. Young Rapid keeps Old Rapid in the most perfect subjection, not tyrannically, cruelly, or wantonly—he never bullies the old boy, and is even so kind as to extend to him his protection—but haughtily, distantly, as a man subjects his inferior. To say that the brothers are never seen playing together would be superfluous; for it must not be imagined, for a moment that Young Rapid would ever condescend to lower his dignity by playing at all. The Tenth never despised dancing as much as the new school of boys despise playing. A gentlemanly game of billiards, indeed, with some other "young fellows," or any diversion coming under the head of manly sports, is all very well; but play, in the old boy's sense of the word, is tabooed by the school altogether. Tops, marbles, kites, suckers, squirts, crossbows, and all similar matters, are looked upon by Young Rapid much as a Bond Street exquisite in a Noah's ark coat and pegtop trousers would contemplate pigtails, Hessian boots, and hair powder. In the place of such antiquities, young Mr. Rapid possesses a very handsome silver-mounted meerschaum pipe, which he has already nearly coloured (a fact which may have contributed to the interesting pallor of his countenance, as well as to the slow development of his growth), a morocco cigar case, and a choice collection of cutty pipes. If you want to offend Young Rapid mortally, offer him some sweetstuff. On the other hand, if you were to present him with a case of razors he would see nothing ridiculous in the gift. Two or three years back he rebelled against pinafores, and the last short jacket that was made for him he sternly refused to wear. He oils his hair elaborately, and is *point device* in his manly attire. He has serious thoughts of a latch key. He is not unusually bright or diligent in his studies, though not destitute of abilities; but his intense conviction of his own consequence is so contagious as to make even Dr. Tickell respect him. At home, he is a person of immense importance. He is idolized by a fond mother, who takes him at his own exalted valuation.

With his father—we beg Young Rapid's pardon, the governor—he does not get on nearly so well. These two have terrible encounters on subjects connected with pocket money and discipline. In these Young Rapid comports himself with much insolent dignity, generally exasperating his parent to a threat of corporal punishment, to which the outraged son will reply something in the following manner :—

"A blow! Strike me, sir! It only wants that to drive me from your roof for ever."

Then Mrs. Rapid goes into hysterics, and Young Rapid conquers, attributing the victory to his own unaided merits.

Young Rapid has already had two or three romantic love affairs on his hands. He is, however, rather a patron than a slave of the fair sex. He calls little girls "the women." It is hardly just to say that he apes the behaviour of a *blasé* man of the world on all occasions. To all intents and purposes he *is* a *blasé* man of the world. He has been allowed to have so much of his own way, and to indulge in such an immense variety of things not good for him, that he is a miniature Sir Charles Coldstream. If you meet Young Rapid "in society" (his fond mother delights in taking him to places where he has no business hours after he ought to be in bed), it is only his diminutive size and shrill voice that will induce you to think him ill-placed and ridiculous. His costume and behaviour will be exactly like those of ordinary grown-up young men. He is as cool, as self-possessed, and as polite as they are. He can dance as well, and talk just the same average of fluent nonsense. He will offer his opinion on any question with perfect confidence, and not commit himself by the utterance of any glaring absurdity. He will attempt flirtations with grown-up girls, by whom, if scorned, their young ladyships may rely upon receiving a pretty smart, sarcastic Roland in exchange for their contemptuous Olivers. He will hold himself aloof from old-fashioned or tiresome dances. Altogether he does quite gravely, and with perfect good faith, exactly the same things as Mr. Leech's little boys in the "Rising Generation" do funnily.

But some may ask, Do such ridiculous little boys exist except in Mr. Leech's imagination? Is it not all a joke—parallel to that of Kenny Meadows and Edward de Beaumont, who have, time out of mind, been in the habit of drawing delightful fantastic pictures of little chubby, half-dressed infants performing the most grave and tragic

incidents of adult life? Not altogether. It may have been a joke in the first instance; but we have long had a crow to pluck with Mr. Leech for his persistence in it, whereby he has made it rather a serious matter. He has made his little dandies and boarding-school *petites maîtresses* such charming little people that they have become models for imitation. Little boys and girls see *Punch* regularly (*Punch* forsooth! Young Rapid knows the *Dame aux Camellias*, through a cheap translation, by heart), and trust them for seeing the advantage of behaving with all the airs of grown men and women, for the trifling penalty of a little gentle laughter at their expense. The French say *le ridicule tue.* This is not true as regards ridiculous people. *Les marquis ridicules* and the *précieuses* were the most stanch supporters of Molière's theatre, and flocked in shoals to see themselves satirised on the stage every night, each proud to distinguish his own portrait, and taking care to exaggerate his salient points on the following day, in order that the public might identify him as the person intended. Just so, little boys and girls are only too glad to be laughed at for talking and dressing like men and women of fashion, for smoking, flirting, sitting up to late suppers, and so forth, provided they can get indulgent parents to encourage them in those agreeable practices. They are like too many grown-up people, who are glad to seek the recognition and association of their superiors at any cost—cheerfully pocketing a gentle affront, like the man who was proud that a king had spoken to him, even though it was to order him out of the way. Young Rapid is a living example.

Thirty or forty years ago Béranger sang,—

"Il n'y a plus d'enfants dans le monde;"

and certainly, if all youngsters were like Rapid Minor, there would be strong reason to believe that the "Tyrant Custom" had recently become a despot of Herodian propensities, and had exterminated all the innocents. But there are still plenty of real children left, besides dear Old Rapid. Dr. Tickell's establishment abounds in them, of all sorts and sizes. On some future occasion we may be tempted to return to the group, of which we saw sufficient to lead us to indorse Théophile Gautier's opinion—that children are not immaculate cherubs, as their mothers would represent them; nor yet incarnate imps, as

Malthusian bachelors would have you believe them ; but beings of mixed character, who only want a little occasional washing and a good deal of sustained larruping to be made very interesting little creatures.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE

COTHURNUS MANDEVILLE,

THE EMINENT TRAGEDIAN.

DID you ever know a tragedian, reader? We do not mean merely a gentleman who can act well in tragedy. A man may be (though few men are) able to do that without being entitled to the definition. We could point out, at any rate, two accomplished artists on the stage, either of whom can play *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, or *Shylock* as well as this generation has been accustomed to see those characters embodied. But they are both comedians also—humorists, and men of general intelligence. We mean the tragedian *pur sang*, who is that and nothing else—the man who never descends from his stilts, and who regards the most trivial and amusing incidents of life from a lofty pinnacle of pompous self-elevation through the telescope of his own inordinate conceit. Such is the tragic mind, reader. Have you ever known an individual endowed with it? If so, you have known an ass.

Poor Cothurnus Mandeville, for some years anterior to his decease an ex-celebrity, and whose melancholy end must still be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers, was a person of this description. He was an eminent tragedian—and, ye gods! what a fool! Not that he was utterly deficient in intelligence. He was really a very fair actor in his line. He could declaim the serious passages of Shakspeare gracefully, and with something like passion; and we really believe he was visited with occasional glimpses as to their true

meaning. Carlyle himself would have admitted that Cothurnus possessed one half of a very tolerable mind; but the other half—that which endows man with a sense of the ridiculous—was utterly wanting in him. Therefore, when he became a person of importance, lacking a corrective self-insight that should have told him when he was making a fool of himself, he assumed the most preposterous airs, and played such fantastic tricks as must have made the angels weep—supposing them to have taken the slightest interest in so contemptible a personage.

Cothurnus Mandeville was a steady, plodding youth, with a magnificent person and a rich powerful voice, the son of well-to-do middle-class parents, who had given him a decent education. He had early resolved to adopt the stage as a profession, and not unwisely; for it was in the time of the patent theatres, and while the British public was yet a stanch playgoer. At that period "the boards" offered to a young man endowed with Mandeville's advantages the certainty of a creditable, gentlemanlike position, with the possibility of fame and fortune. It is a widely different thing now. The theatrical profession has become a reckless lottery, in which a few monster prizes are drawn to an infinity of blanks. A young man of spirit and acquirements who would now deliberately meditate the adoption of a theatrical career would deservedly incur the contempt and censure of his friends, so many less precarious channels for talent and enterprise having been opened in our time. In our poor friend's day the stage was almost the only resource for an unpatronised youth of artistic tendencies, yet deficient in the tastes or abilities necessary to a career of letters, and who might feel a dislike for commercial pursuits. And it was a career that seldom failed the well-qualified aspirant. Cothurnus set steadily to work to learn his adopted business. He graduated in the various provincial theatres; for in those days "heaven-born" actors were not believed in. Hamlets and Mercutios were not then allowed to spring up, Minerva-like, armed at all points, from the merchant's desk or the shopman's counter. As the merits of the Histrionic Art were then appreciated, so were also its difficulties. It was understood to be an art requiring and deserving as studious an apprenticeship as any other. Cothurnus learnt the technicalities of his business thoroughly. He was at this time a plodding, tea-drinking, home-writing youth. His brother actors looked upon him

as a bit of a milksop, perhaps; but he was thoroughly harmless, and not ungenerous. So he made no enemies. And when the long-looked-for London manager came at last, and offered him a metropolitan engagement at one of the "great houses," his provincial comrades bade him farewell with many expressions of good-will, in which there really may have been a grain of sincerity.

The drama had already passed its zenith. It was far from being on its last legs, but it had begun to halt in its gait a little. The public appetite was beginning to get just the least thing in the world languid. It had become already habituated to the use of stimulants. The star system had been inaugurated, and the reign of puffing had set in. Great events, sudden *coups de main*, "unprecedented successes," were now necessary to awaken the slumbering interest of British audiences. Mandeville's new manager, at the time of our friend's engagement, was sadly in want of a star. He had tried in succession elephants, jugglers, "real water," and cavalry spectacles, but had reaped little by such experiments beyond harvests of abuse in the newspapers for his desecration of one of the great national temples of Thespis. His treasury was in a most languishing condition. The production of another "gorgeous spectacle, with new scenery, dresses, and decorations," would have ruined him. It is at such crises as these that the prodigal manager bethinks himself of a return to the roof of the long-suffering, paternal Shakspeare. The public would then, as they will even now, and as they will continue to do as long as the English language is spoken, flock eagerly to see the Shakspearian drama, on the solitary condition of its being well acted. If Mr. —— could only discover a new Shakspearian actor whom he could venture to palm upon the public as a "star," his exhausted treasury would be replenished in return for a most insignificant outlay. He found the *desideratum* in our hero, whose youth, handsome person, aristocratic bearing, melodious voice, and thorough knowledge of "stage business," impressed him favourably. He decided on making an "event" of Cothurnus.

Poor Cothurnus, who had engaged himself for a single season on very modest terms, and whose wildest dreams of metropolitan success had scarcely led him to hope for more than a *début* in the *Benvolios* and *Horatios*, with a remote prospect of elevation to the *Macduffs* and *Richmonds*, was driven to the verge of delirium by the information

that he was to make his first appearance on the boards of a London theatre as *Hamlet!* Mr. —— was wise in his generation. He knew that all the recognised actors of the *haute école* at that time on the stage were middle-aged men, with whose peculiarities of style over-familiarity on the part of the public had produced something of the proverbial result. He felt that a really *Young Hamlet*, who could also look something like the conventional idea of a prince, would be at any rate a novelty, and he was determined to spare no pains to make it an attractive one. The secret of "working the oracle" by preliminary trumpet flourishings in the public journals was already known to an initiated few. Cothurnus was astonished, intoxicated, to find his advent heralded as that of the very black swan or phœnix of tragedians. Glowing biographies of him, for the most part creditable to the imaginative faculties of their authors, were freely circulated. Anecdotes of his early life were either hunted up or invented. His portrait (painted by an eminent artist, and handsomely lithographed at Mr. ——'s expense) was to be seen in every print-shop window. Bulletins of his progress and demeanour at rehearsals, and of his health during incidental ailments, were issued, as though he had been a crowned head or the commander of an army on active service. Cothurnus found himself a celebrity before he had ever faced a London audience. The result was he took it all as his due. He believed himself the great creature it was Mr. ——'s interest to have him represented. It turned his poor silly brain, and he became thenceforth the hopelessly conceited idiot he lived and died.

Cothurnus appeared as Hamlet, and literally took the town by storm. This did not surprise him in the least. He was one of those easily self-satisfied persons, whom a very little adulation will elevate in their own estimation to the level of demigods. Besides, he really could play Hamlet—as people are accustomed to see it played—as well as, if not better than, any of his contemporaries. It is true that, at that time, he had about as much knowledge of the character—he improved in it greatly before his death—as an intelligent cow might be expected to acquire in a few easy lessons. But, with all respect be it urged, his insight into the subject was about on a par with that of the majority of his audience. So long as the public see a handsome young man with a commanding presence in a hybrid black velvet suit, composed of Henry-the-Eighth sleeves, a Vandyke lace

GOOSE.

collar, and a short skirt of no period whatever, the whole surmounted by the Danish order of the elephant (an order established many centuries later than the supposed date of the play)—who can declaim blank verse like a self-possessed gentleman—who can give due prominence and emphasis to the familiar "points," and who is a skilful fencer—show them all this, and the British public are satisfied they have Shakspeare's *Hamlet* before them. Or perhaps it is that they acknowledge a substitute that is preferable to the reality; and in that case—for we believe in the wisdom of majorities—they may be right.

For a representation of *Hamlet*—as it was felt and written by the poet—would be an exhibition intolerable. We should see a miserable thread-paper of a man—mere fibres of nerve and intellect trailing in the dust for want of the prop of resolution—a poor naked heart exposed to the blast of every "eager and nipping air" that might assail it, unprotected by even the thinnest integument of callousness or *insouciance*. We should go mad with *Hamlet* if we witnessed him, in the flesh, undergoing the terrible self-tormentings, the awful Cassandra-forebodings natural to a poetic foresight of evil, the very consciousness of which is too harrowing to allow of plans being formed, in coolness, for its frustration, such as the poet has imagined for him. It is much pleasanter to contemplate the progress of a thrilling but mysterious story—to see a lordly, stalwart youth, strong of limb and of lung, fighting gallantly against a destiny, the purport of which he does not seem to comprehend any more than we do, and at last dying bravely in harness, defiant of his unseen but invincible foe to the end.

Cothurnus made the audience quite comfortable on Hamlet's account. He was very polite to the ghost, but not too frightened at the apparition of that unquiet spectre. He bullied the king famously and proved that his heart was in the right place by softening down, the rather trying scenes with his mother to a pitch of praiseworthy filial tenderness. His "chaff" of Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern was most withering, and brought forward an element of comedy in which the play is usually supposed to be deficient, and which was admitted to be a great relief. It never seemed to occur to anybody that such a *Hamlet* as Cothurnus represented, so healthily vigorous and self-reliant, was just the man to depose his uncle and stepfather

by a *coup d'état*, to lock up his mother in a convent till she had learnt to behave herself, to marry Ophelia if it so suited him, and then to divorce her in the event of a more advantageous alliance presenting itself, and to treat the apparition of his father's ghost—much as Mr. Scrooge did that of his defunct partner Marley—as the mere dyspeptic result of "a fragment of underdone potato." The *Hamlet* of Cothurnus was pronounced the real thing, and all playgoing London went to see it for many score nights in succession, to the great emolument and delight of Mr.——, the manager.

It was not fair to make out poor Cothurnus such a great man as they did. His poor feeble intellectual system could not stand such doses of flattery as they administered to him. Occult meanings were given to his "new readings." Angry paper wars were waged between able critics as to his interpretation of various passages. The now all but extinct race of playgoing fogies came forward with recollections, to his detriment, of the merits of all the Garricks, Kembles, and Keans who had ever corked their upper lips. These strictures were triumphantly answered by the younger and more influential race of critics, whose partisanship led Cothurnus to believe himself the equal of the greatest of his predecessors. Perhaps he was. We have always mistrusted bygone theatrical reputations. It is difficult to get at the truth on a departed actor's merits, which, to be sure, is a matter of no more consequence than the colour of last night's rockets or the flavour of last year's peaches. But it is curious to observe, in cases where evidence s obtainable, the wide difference of opinion that has usually existed between the multitude and the judicious critics upon this kind of subject, in illustration whereof—as the reader *has* suffered himself to be taken by the button, and dragged within the shadow of the Stage Door, and is consequently a prisoner in the very stronghold and head quarters of idle Gossip—we will not apologise for detaining him to listen to a few observations. The public, in its lavish rewards—both in praise and pudding—of its favourite actors, is undoubtedly right in the main, whatever cavillers may say to the contrary. It is an honest public—one that appreciates keenly and rewards heartily that by which it is amused. But it is a maternal sort of public—very much in the habit of representing its own geese as swans. And it sometimes takes a very good judge of poultry to see through the deception. But your true ornithologist is never

deceived in the long run. That very great stage-bird, David Garrick, whom the unthinking majority of people still accept, upon hearsay, as a sort of twin Swan with the matchless one of Avon, and whose notes the greatest of all donkeys, in or out of the common, Boswell, thought of such exquisite sweetness as to turn quite melancholy at the thought that no system analogous to that of musical notation could, be invented for their preservation to posterity—well, Goose Davy, for all his fine white feathers and carefully-painted legs, could not impose upon a knowing old fowler like Samuel Johnson. The doctor knew his quondam pupil to be nothing better than a clever Goose, and obstinately refused to applaud little Davy's glib cackling as melodious woodnotes. Again, the undeniably great actors—men to whom the judicious few have agreed with the merely impulsive many to accord the highest degree of approval—often appear to have been praised by the latter class for the wrong kind of merit. Quin must have been a glorious actor, for men of all grades delighted in his drolleries, as in those of the Listons, Reeves, Buckstones, and Keeleys of our own time; but his name is pre-eminently associated with Falstaff—a character for which the jovial, beef-witted old glutton could not have possessed a single qualification, except that of being fat enough to play it without much external stuffing. When the towering name of John Kemble is mentioned who associates it with any idea of the loftiest, but certainly not the liveliest, kind of tragedy? Tradition, kindly assisted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, has handed down to us the image of this gentleman as the very incarnation of correct, but lugubrious cleverness. The impression is that he was nothing more nor less than a highly accomplished—bore! an actor with that kind of classic reputation which it is high treason to assail, but over whose performances even his professed admirers must have secretly yawned—a man too intelligent to be ridiculous, but too cold, formal, and stilted to be interesting. Certainly few people would think of connecting together the apparently antipodal ideas of John Kemble and *Fun!* What, then, will the uninitiated majority say to the discovery that this heavy-browed, marble-featured statue of a man could be "a fellow of infinite mirth," and was, in the heyday of his fame, esteemed by one of the keenest intellects of his time lightly and disparagingly in that walk of the drama on which his reputation is based —to wit, high tragedy—but highly, enthusiastically, rapturously, as a

sprightly, dashing comedian? Lamb, in his essay on the "Artificial Comedy of the last Century," pronounces John Kemble, in tragedy, to have been frequently "sluggish" and "torpid," and, indeed, appears to have thought little of him in that branch of his profession. But he assures us that, in such characters as Valentine, in *Love for Love*, and especially (who will believe it?) in *Charles* Surface, John Kemble stood unequalled! "Not one of his sparkling sentences," writes Lamb, "was lost. I remember minutely how he delivered each in succession, and cannot by any effort imagine how any of them could have been altered for the better. No man could deliver brilliant dialogue, the dialogue of Congreve or of Wycherly—because none understood it—half so well as John Kemble. * * * His Macbeth has been known to nod. But he always seemed to me to be particularly alive to pointed and witty dialogue." Can this be the Addisonian Cato?—this the Hamlet of Sir Thomas Lawrence, the undertaker-like personage in the Shillibeer plumes, standing at the brink of the grave with Yorick's skull in his hand, and looking the last man in the world who could possibly have seen the fun of it? Do we not rather think we are reading of an Elliston, a Charles Mathews, or a Wallack? As a kind of reverse to this picture—but still in illustration of the way in which theatrical reputations get clouded or distorted—it is startling to discover that Colley Cibber—a name which a powerful literary enmity has made almost convertible with everything that is ridiculous and incompetent—was regarded by the mass of his contemporaries as the most highly intellectual, accomplished, and versatile comedian of his day.

And now, reader—without yet letting go your button, or allowing you to step over the stage-door threshold into the outer sunshine—we will change the subject and return to our long-lost mutton—Cothurnus Mandeville.

After *Hamlet* Cothurnus appeared in *Romeo*, then in *Othello*, then *Richard;* in short, all the characters of the *répertoire*, technically known as the "leading business," and in all with equal success. Every new assumption created a fresh *furore*. His position as a public favourite was thoroughly established. His market value was fixed, in the language of the Theatrical Exchange, at no less than "fifty pounds a week and a clear ben. of any manager's money." A "ben.," reader, is a benefit.

But this liberal estimate was as nothing compared with the new

tragedian's own appraisement of his exalted worth. There was, perhaps, no such ridiculous person in the world—and that is saying a great deal—as Cothurnus Mandeville during the early days of his popularity. He gave himself insufferable airs. He started a carriage and pair, which he drove against lamp-posts and over market women, and which he ultimately got pitched out of on his fortunately thick head. He dressed like the "swell" in a pantomime—such a blazing caricature was he of modish elegance in the matters of silk facings, gold, and jewellery. He engaged a staff of footmen, a valet and a secretary—heaven knows what the latter could have been for! He stipulated, in the terms of his second engagement, for an unlimited supply of wax lights and rose water in his dressing-room. His insufferable arrogance beat everything. He cut his old acquaintances mercilessly. He would not look at a letter that was not handed to him on a salver. His strut in the public streets—when he condescended to walk—was most laughable. He would smite his forehead, roll his eyes, appear abstracted when addressed, and plead the excuse of "brain-work"—as if the poor wretch had any brains to work with! He was about the first eminent tragedian who wore moustaches (they all wear them now, with scarcely an exception), and was thereby the means of Riley Thornback's attractive comedy, *The King's Pigtail*, being withdrawn from the Hatton Garden Theatre, where Cothurnus was, for the time, engaged. The particulars of that memorable difficulty—for which we are indebted to Thornback's own voluminous and indignant correspondence with every one of the newspapers on the subject—are these.

The King's Pigtail, being founded on an incident in the reign of Louis XV. (reported to have previously attracted the attention of Monsieur Scribe; but the history of the stage abounds in these odd coincidences), was, of necessity, what is technically called a "powder piece." Cothurnus being cast for the principal character, the *Duc de Richelieu*, was expected by the exacting bard not merely to wear a bag wig, but, moreover, to shave off his moustache. Cothurnus refused to comply with these humiliating conditions, and gave up the part, further insisting, by way of atonement for the insult to which he had been subjected in the bare proposition of such an indignity, upon the return of Mr. Thornback's manuscript. The manager, who, for the time being, was the tragedian's slave, having paid for the piece in

advance, which he also rightly believed would prove attractive, found himself in a dilemma. From this he was fortunately extricated, in part, by an explosion of the author's constitutional infirmity. Thornback got in a passion, according to his custom in most cases ; called Cothurnus a "slimy hybrid, between a polar bear and a mongrel turnspit"—which Cothurnus wasn't—and the manager "a purblind, toad-eating idiot"—which the manager was ; returned the money he had received, and carried away his manuscript to the rival establishment at Cork Street, where it ran for a hundred and fifty nights, as it deserved to run (for Thornback seems unaccountably able to keep his temper when writing, and every page of his composition is like a bed of tender flowers sparkling with diamonds of the early summer morning, though, to be sure, he does borrow his seeds from a neighbouring French gardener occasionally, just like the rest of us).

Our hero's position, however, was not one to be affected by the wrath of even a Riley Thornback. He was comfortably placed on a bed of roses, in a garden where no scorpion was permitted to enter. Still the ants managed to get in and annoy him occasionally. It is but just to state that Cothurnus Mandeville was, during the height of his prosperity, the best hated man in the profession. There was good reason for this : he was so well paid and so insolent ! It was natural that the poor insects in his path, whom he crushed with such perfect indifference when they happened to come beneath his heel, should rise and sting him at every possible opportunity. The stories of tricks played upon him by irreverent green-room wags, for the purpose of lowering his dignity, would fill an amusing volume. One of them only we have space to narrate.

There was a low comedian in the Theatre Royal —— ——, who had incurred the displeasure of the great creature by disrespectful behaviour at rehearsal. The low comedian—who had been a great man in the establishment up to this time—was told that his name had been taken out of the bills, and his services would not be further required. The low comedian vowed his revenge, and, as will be seen, had it.

One of the privileges enjoyed by the discharged actor had been a private dressing-room, which, though less majestic in its proportions and appointments than that allotted to the great tragedian, had the advantage of being at a less distance from the stage. Cothurnus, who

was getting just the least thing in the world unwieldy (he ate such capital dinners), signified his wish to take possession of this convenient apartment. This was, of course, sufficient, the low comedian having been dismissed from the managerial mind as a thing of the past, and his tenant right to the chamber entirely lost sight of. Cothurnus took possession of his new quarters—where he "dressed" for Shylock—retiring for repose during different intervals of the early performance of the drama. When he was "called on" for the trial scene he found he was locked in his dressing-room!

The rage of Mandeville knew no bounds. He raved, stamped, swore horribly. The key had been taken out—no one knew whither—and the door obstinately refused to yield to external pressure. A good half-hour had to elapse ere the caged lion could be liberated. In the meantime the performance had been suspended, and the audience had grown impatient. A scared prompter, unaccustomed to public speaking, made matters worse by coming forward and stating that Mr. Mandeville could not be got out of his dressing-room—an announcement at which the audience roared, and upon which they put various constructions, after the manner of humorous and unfeeling Britons in such cases. "Is he drunk?" "Has he got too big for the doorway?" "Send for Pickford's wan!" were among the popular expressions which drove the terrified prompter back to his box without power of further explanation. Cothurnus came on at last, dishevelled and undignified. He tried to make a speech, but his anger impeded his utterance. He was too much flustered to go through his part creditably. *He was laughed at in public.* He had lost *caste.* And he meditated a terrible vengeance upon the author of his shame—if he should only be so fortunate as to detect that malefactor.

In the morning the whole strength of the company was marshalled on the stage at Mr. Mandeville's orders. That outraged deity addressed the assembled actors, with an insolent politeness peculiar to himself, upon the outrage to which he—even HE—Cothurnus Mandeville, had been subjected. Some presumptuous miscreant had dared to lock him in his dressing-room during the performance of one of his great Shakspearian parts. He had called the ladies and gentlemen together for the express purpose of offering a reward of twenty pounds to any one who would lead to the detection of the offender.

Cothurnus laid a crisp, crackling Bank of England note on the prompter's table, and sat awaiting the result like a discontented god.

The discharged low comedian came forward, with his hands in his pockets, whistling. This demeanour offended the great man.

"How dare you approach me in that manner—wretch?" inquired Mandeville, fiercely (Cothurnus really spoke in this manner to and of the people beneath him).

"I'll answer you with a punch on the head unless you apologise for that expression," said the low comedian, taking his hands *out* of his pockets and clenching them. They were rather large, bony hands, those of the low comedian.

"Remove this—ah, creature——" The tragedian was rather pale as he spoke, but he endeavoured to preserve the terrors of his aspect.

"I should like to see anybody try it. Now look here, you thundering beast——"

"I cannot speak to you—man!"

"Oh! but you can, though; and you'll begin with an apology for addressing a gentleman in that manner, or else——"

Cothurnus gulped the leek. He murmured some broken sentences about "hasty," "exasperated by the unpardonable liberty," &c. In fine, he apologised—as ungraciously as he could—but he apologised.

The low comedian cocked his hat on one side and replaced his hands in his pockets, saying,—

"So that's all right. I've only condescended to speak to you on business. You offer a reward of twenty pounds to anybody who will tell you who locked you in the dressing-room last night."

"The money is there on the table."

"No further conditions attached to the earning of it?"

"None. *I* will see to the after-part of the business." The lip of Cothurnus curled threateningly as he spoke.

"Merely the name of the offender?"

"With a sufficiency of particulars to assist in his identification and capture—merely that."

"Oh! then if I point him out to you, now on the stage, the money is mine?"

"It is, sir."

"Upon your honour?"

"The word of Cothurnus Mandeville has already been passed, sir. It is sufficient."

"Oh! very good. Then I shall take up the note. I hope it's a good one. *I* locked you in."

The low comedian pocketed the note and whistled.

Cothurnus darted from his seat white with rage.

"Wretch, pig, miscreant!" was all he could gasp.

"Oh! you want that punch on the head, do you? If you don't alter your mind, you'll get it."

He was a stalwart low comedian this, and was reputed to have been repeatedly in training as an amateur of the P.R.

"This shall cost you many twenty pounds, sir," was hissed through the clenched white teeth of Cothurnus.

"All right, old fellow, bring your action. I've no effects, and I go up at Portugal Street on Tuesday week."

"Think not to escape me, sir; I will hunt you through every court of justice in the kingdom."

"Oh! as to that, I don't mind saving you some trouble and expense, beast as you are. That dressing-room is my apartment by the terms of my engagement, not yet expired. You had no right there. I happened to be passing last night, and as there is a valuable trunk of mine there—take care you don't touch it—I turned the key, and put it in my pocket. You see the printed notice there:—'Several robberies having been committed in the theatre, members of the company are requested to be careful of their own property, the management not being responsible.' I'm sure I didn't know you were in my room, where you had clearly no business, as we are not on visiting terms. I mean to give a stunning feed out of this twenty-pound note. If you were not such an unmitigated bear, I'd ask you to join us. As it is I won't. Come along, lads, we'll take the rail to Greenwich."

This is but a single specimen of the sort of annoyance to which Cothurnus was subjected on every possible occasion. But he could have afforded to laugh at them all, had he been a laughing man, the counterbalancing advantages of his position were so vast. But, apart from these petty grievances, was Cothurnus happy?

Alas, no! There was a huge ugly skeleton in the fine house at Brompton that always seemed about to burst from its cupboard. Our

tragic Damocles never sat down to his sumptuous dinner without the consciousness of a weighty two-handed sword being suspended above his head, the point barely an inch or two above his organ of self-esteem. He was the greatest tragedian of his time. He associated with the highest of the land (for there were "theatrical men" among the princes and dukes of that day). Beautiful actresses—and it was even said countesses—were at his feet. Managers, authors even, toadied him. He had every advantage that a feather-brained coxcomb could desire except—except—well, the truth must out—that

HIS REAL NAME WAS JABEZ BUGGINS!

He knew that they must find it out sooner or later ; and they did much sooner than flattering hope had led him to anticipate. Slogger, of the *Weekly Flail*, the great theatrical paper of the day, was the first to make the horrid discovery. It is notorious that Slogger, though an amusing writer, was a man of no feeling whatever. He saw nothing but fun in promulgating the discovery that a man who called himself Cothurnus Mandeville, and whose title for the airs he gave himself might have been Phœbus Apollo, or Jupiter Ammon, was in reality plain Jabez Buggins. Slogger had no sooner made the valuable discovery than he proceeded to utilise it in his own humorous, unsparing manner. In his theatrical criticisms he dropped all recognition of the name of Mandeville, and made a point of always noticing our tragedian by his family title. He would speak with respectful gravity of the "gifted Buggins," the "dashing Buggins," "handsome Buggins," and so forth, always pretending to feel the highest admiration and esteem for the poor wretch whom he was slowly killing. He would say, "Buggins was hardly up to his own refined and elegant standard" in such a part ; or, "Our favourite Buggins, whose name alone is a sufficient guarantee for an exposition of all the conceivable graces of rank and intellect, more than surpassed himself as the volatile but high-minded Sir Frederick." The town was convulsed with the joke. It was rare sport to Slogger and to the readers of his entertaining criticisms. But it proved in a very short run to be death to the poor fellow who had been Cothurnus Mandeville.

Directly it became known that Mandeville was Buggins he left off acting even decently. The boys in the gallery, of course, fathered the

joke with their usual alacrity in such cases. No sooner did our unfortunate hero make his appearance on the stage than he was hailed with shouts of "Brayvo, Buggins!" or, "How's Mrs. B. and the little Bugginses?" Cothurnus couldn't stand it. If he had been man enough to take the bull by the horns, and had, at the first challenge, stepped forward to the footlights, saying boldly, "Yes, ladies and gentlemen, my family name *does* happen to be Buggins: have you any objection to it? Do you consider me any the worse actor for it?"—in that case he would have been master of the situation, and more idolised by pluck-worshipping Britons than ever. But he was a poor, vain coxcomb—a mere Jabez Buggins, who had unwarrantably pretended to be a Cothurnus Mandeville! He lost his head. He forgot his parts. He took to desperate drinking. But no false stimulus could nerve him to bear the public stigma of "Buggins," which assailed him the more frequently as his personal demerits grew more conspicuous. Finally, he could bear it no longer, and gave up his last engagement (still a moderately lucrative one, though his market value had fearfully deteriorated), and preferred to accept a prompter's engagement at three pounds a week, merely because people had discovered that his name was Buggins, and would tell him so!

Poor ex-Cothurnus did not live to draw many instalments of his poor salary. His destiny pursued him. The subordinates whom he had scorned in his prosperity were not the people to spare him in his *décadence*. He was more than ever Buggins, with the disadvantage of being a poor, badgered, unreliable, gin-drinking prompter, instead of a leading tragedian with cowering valets, secretaries, and managers, worth, by his own intrinsic merits, "fifty pounds a week and a clear ben." He got deeper and deeper into the scrape, till at last he saw no way out of it but by shooting himself, which he did one fine morning in the Green Park, with a pistol he had borrowed from the stage property-room, very decently and courageously.

Perhaps it was the best thing he could have done under the circumstances.

A RECEIPT FOR THE PRESERVATION OF BEAUTY.

SO you dread, Geraldine,
At your age of fifteen,
Growing old, though of charms ne'er so thrifty,
As you 'd much rather die
Than appear such a guy
As your aunt Mary Ann does at fifty.

'Tis a singular dread
You 've got into your head,
Yet I really can't blame its intrusion ;
For the poor human plant,
In the case of your aunt,
Looks but ill at its autumn's conclusion.

And 'twere scarcely worth while
Through your springtide to smile,
And to blossom and laugh through your summer,
To stand wither'd and bare
In the bleak wintry air,
With no shelter or fruit for chance-comer—

Like your aunt Mary Ann,
So unsightly to man,
And of woman the bugbear and terror.

No; to live to threescore
With such prospect in store
Were assuredly much of an error.

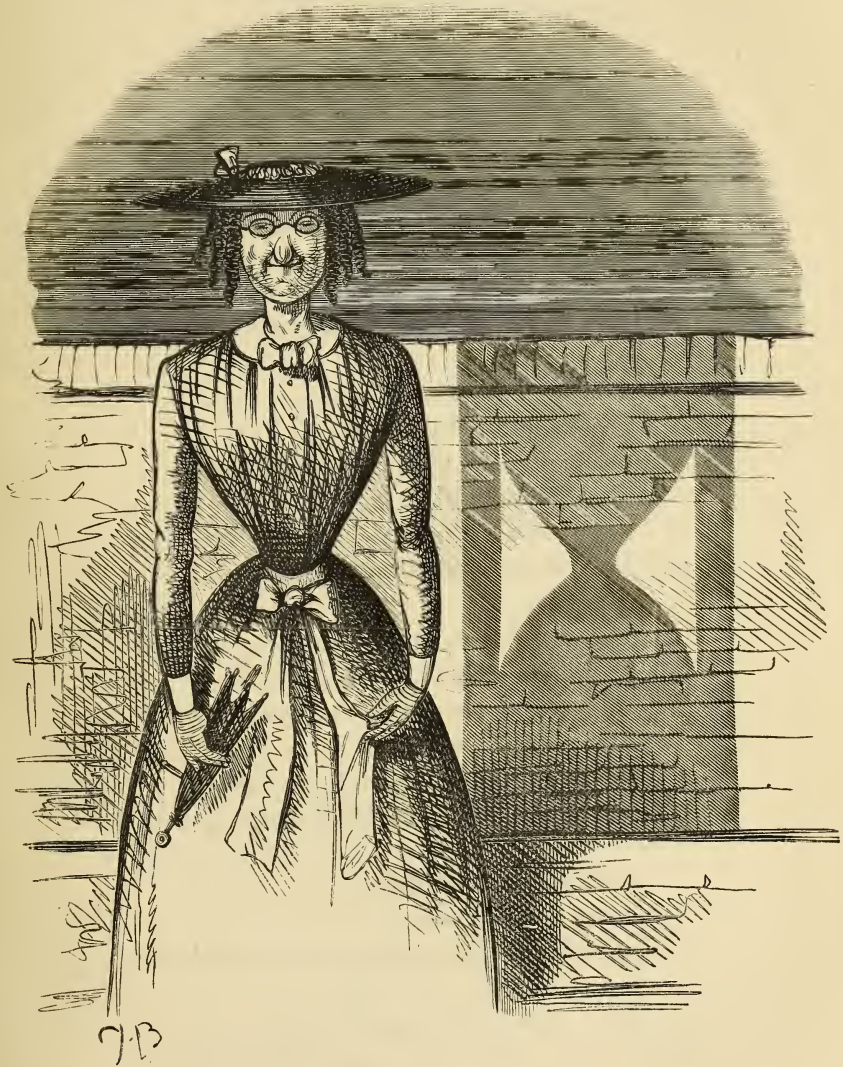
She is red in the nose,
She has corns on her toes
('Tis a grievance she makes no disguise of),
She is feeble of sight,
Her thin locks are half white,
And her ankles are bolsters the size of!

Her black teeth are but few,
Insufficient to chew,
As she'd have them, her favourite dinner;
Her elbows are rough
(By the way, she takes snuff),
And her waist than a wasp's appears thinner.

A deep wrinkle that goes
Down each side of her nose
Marks her lips like the mouth of a griffin;
Her expression is that
Of an elderly cat
Who through life a bad smell has been sniffing.

And the worst of it all
Is that terribly small
And forbidding development frontal,
With furrows deep cut,
Like a heavy cart's rut,
Perpendicular *and* horizontal.

No! I quite understand
That if that were the strand
Towards which your young bark is now steering,
It were better go down
Ere the roofs of the town
O'er the afternoon wave are appearing.



TEMPUS FUGIT.

Yet I can't bear to think
You should founder and sink
Ere you 've reach'd the full term of your voyage.
Let us think of a plan
(Never mind Mary Ann)
How you yet may adorn and enjoy age.

Let us see—to begin,
'Tisn't nice to be thin,
As old ladies will grow (Mary Ann is).
Suppose you commence,
With your practical sense,
An example to great aunts and grannies.

Spite of waltz or quadrille,
Go to bed when you feel
That 'tis really high time you should do so ;
Then rise with the lark
For a walk in the park,
All alone like Miss Robinson Crusoe.

Then the flow'rs and the birds,
More than letters or words,
Will discourse to your fresh understanding,
And prepare for a meal,
Which will cause you to feel
All your round, pretty muscles expanding.

And, my dear Geraldine,
Never wear crinoline :
To the power of God's gifts you should trust whole.
If your new boots are tight
Send them back the same night,
And do, pray, throw your stays in the dusthole.

Shall I tell you the why
And the wherefore ? A lie,
Whether spoken or acted, is humbling ;

And the knowledge we 're base
Sets its brand on the face
Of a spirit mistrustful and grumbling.

It makes the brow dip,
And compresses the lip,
Of huge wrinkles the early foundation ;
While it closes the eye,
With a look furtive, sly
(Mary Ann is a live illustration).

An expansive, tall brow
You would like ? Let 's see how
Such a charm you can best be acquiring.
Suppose you peruse
The best books you can choose,
And keep reading them on without tiring.

But as you grow wise,
If you value your eyes
And your lips, shun a " blue's " ostentation.
Pride makes a harsh brow,
And the mouth, you 'll allow,
Gives a curl of severe elevation.

Large eyes you would like,
The spectator to strike,
And their pow'r in your age, as of yore, ward ?
Still be thoughtful and kind,
And the big brain behind
Will be active in pushing them forward.

For you know, when a friend
We 've to help or defend
Against suffering, wrong, or detraction,
Even small eyes expand,
Flash, and look very grand :
Of your large ones, encourage the action.

If that beautiful nose
You would keep in repose,
Of the meanest, all scorn and contempt shun,
Child, woman, or man,
Or (observe Mary Ann)
It will redden and soar past redemption.

Then your rich glowing hair,
Which is worthy of care,
If you 'd have it look well in your old age,
The pure brain beneath
Keep but bright in its sheath,
And your silver shall rival your gold age.

You would not like to stoop?
Never let conscience droop,
Though Temptation her sophistry weave it;
Grow a huge honest heart,
That, when Death aims his dart,
Will expand a broad chest to receive it.

Be a good little girl,
Of maids, matrons, the pearl,
Though in robes of brocade or coarse wimples,
And a dear soul in bliss,
Your grandchildren shall kiss
On a lovely old dead woman's dimples.

DR. WINKLEWORTH'S SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT OF

CAPTAIN BOUNCER'S COMPLAINT.

A CURIOSITY OF MEDICAL EXPERIENCE.

AVANT-PROPOS. We are reluctantly compelled, in the present instance, to break through a rule which we have hitherto endeavoured to observe, in the not unfrequent event of a distinguished public character condescending to enrich our eidolographic collection with the boon of his countenance. In such cases the published shadow-portrait has been invariably (or nearly so) accompanied by some authentic biographical particulars of the original. In the case of the celebrated Captain Bouncer insuperable obstacles have been found to the accomplishment of any such design. Not that we have to accuse the captain himself of the slightest backwardness in furnishing us with the amplest materials for a history of his life and adventures on the most extended scale. On the contrary, it is but justice to the gallant officer to state that he had no sooner received a hint that we were anxious to know something about him than he came —not to say thrust himself—forward, with his usual alacrity in such cases, offering to supply us with the minutest particulars of his exciting career, elucidated by his own opinions on the thrilling subject. Motives of delicacy forbid the publication of our reasons for declining to avail ourselves of this magnanimous offer. Let it suffice that these have been thoroughly explained to, and appreciated by, the captain himself. It is from no fault of omission on his part that we do not feel ourselves in a position to state—with that confidence

of authority which we like to accompany all our statements—when Captain Bouncer was born, of what parents, and from what line descended; whether the family name be really Bouncer or not; when the captain obtained his company, and in what regiment, in what service. Nay, we will fearlessly confess our ignorance as to the particular county in which the distinguished officer's vast estates—which we have been cordially invited to shoot over, but which we have not yet had an opportunity of visiting—may happen to lie. So little time have we for reading, that we have not yet come across, either in the pages of Napier, of Alison, or of William Russell, the particulars of those, doubtless, memorable sieges and field engagements (for the most part Central-European, Peninsular, and Transatlantiç, though the Crimean and East Indian elements are also believed—yes, for there are people who *do* believe the captain—to have entered into the composition of the Bouncerian epic), in the course of which our gallant friend earned all those ribbons, clasps, crosses, and patents of foreign nobility which he has not yet had time to show us, but which we shall doubtless have a sight of when we visit him at his residence —an event that can hardly come off till we have ascertained where the Bouncer property is situated. We have not even yet a complete list of the captain's successful duels—his triumphant love affairs—even of his victorious steeple chases!

It will be understood, from these confessions, that we feel ourselves quite incompetent to treat of so colossal a subject as the life of Bouncer as a whole. We must content ourselves with exhibiting merely a specimen brick of the stupendous edifice. All that we really do know of Captain Bouncer—on any better authority than his own—is that he was the hero of the story we are about to tell. It is a very slender scrap of so appetising a subject to set before a hungry public we are aware. But we cannot say fairer than that, if any reader is anxious to hear more wonderful stories about Captain Bouncer, we shall be very happy to introduce him to the gentleman himself, who will be found of a most accommodating spirit in the respect desired.

I.

"Then am I really to understand, doctor, that you refuse to take my poor boy as a patient?"

QUACK.

"Pray say decline, madam, and that reluctantly, as you seem so greatly to desire it. But it is in our young friend's own interest, and consequently your own, that I do so. I could do him no good."

"For heaven's sake do not say that! Surely you do not consider his malady a hopeless case?"

"Far from it, my dear madam; so much so that I am convinced my esteemed friend and neighbour, Dr. Wettenblancketz, of Pumpernickel House, at the bottom of the hill, would set him up in a fortnight."

"But I was recommended to your establishment in preference."

"For which I am deeply indebted to our mutual friend Showerby. Wettenblancketz is the man, notwithstanding, for your money—money which it goes sorely against the grain to refuse, I assure you."

"Really, that is very disinterested of you, doctor. Quite at variance, I am sure, with the vulgar opinion as to the hostilities and jealousies of the medical profession."

"Oh! we are not always throwing pestles and mortars at one another's heads. Besides, we of the hydropathic branch have, perhaps, more frequent opportunities of sending our consciences to the wash than our allopathic brethren. And yet you had better not trust us. Water's not a bad element to quack in—eh?"

Dr. Winkleworth rubbed his hands and laughed heartily at his favourite joke. His visitor, being a lady of faultless breeding, was polite enough to laugh at it too. This duty accomplished, she proceeded,

"But may I ask your motives for refusing what—you will pardon me for saying—would prove a lucrative patient?"

"Strong ones, madam, you may depend, to induce me to reject the advantages of such a connection." Here the doctor rose, and made his celebrated and really elegant bow. "The fact is, madam, in the spring by which my establishment is supplied there is the least tinge of the chalybeate."

"Indeed! I was not aware——"

"The slightest—scarcely perceptible; but it exists. Now, in a case like your son's, I consider the element of iron—basis of the chalybeate principle—not to say fatal, but injurious. It is a theory of mine—a monomania, some of my brethren pleasantly call it. I

stick to it notwithstanding. Wettenblancketz laughs at it. I can't help that. *He* would undertake the case if his pumps were pouring with tenpenny nails."

"But in that case I should not like to trust my son to his treatment, if you really think that the—article you just mentioned——"

"The chalybeate."

"Precisely, I am aware——"

"Make yourself quite easy. The basis of *his* spring is sodaic. The Soda-Water Doctor I call him sometimes. Ha! ha!"—this was the doctor's second best joke—"not a bad kind of treatment for some complaints—eh, madam? Now, what your son wants is, emphatically, soda!"

"You think so?"

"I will stake my professional reputation on it."

"Then in that case——"

"Wettenblancketz is the man. After our young friend has been under his treatment a fortnight I shall fully expect to see him to dinner with a tremendous appetite."

"I am sure, after this unusual frankness, I can have no alternative but to take your advice. Unfortunately the accounts I have heard of your friend—— ?"

"Wettenblancketz."

"Precisely—of his establishment, are less favourable than those of your own. Mr. Showerby assures me that no single patient has ever been known to die under your hands."

"I have been singularly fortunate—favoured by Providence, I should say—hitherto."

"Whereas deaths among Doctor ——, your foreign friend's patients have been of frequent occurrence."

"Statistics are deceptive. Besides, Wettenblancketz is an enthusiast, and is fond of experimentalising even upon desperate cases."

"Surely my darling's is not——"

"Even alarming, if met in time and with the sodaic basis. With iron, I wouldn't answer for him a month, and there 's a good deal of it in the drinking water of this neighbourhood. I wouldn't leave him in the hotel another night if I were you."

"Not another hour. My dear sir, a thousand thanks for this disinterested behaviour."

"Not at all, madam. Any friend of my old patient, Showerby ——"

"Though I should have liked to leave my poor boy in your charge. Everything appears so charming, the grounds, the arrangements, the society. Whereas I fear at Doctor ——, your German friend's ——"

"You will find the most delightful sodaic springs in or near Malvern."

"Of course, that *is* essential. And my poor darling may be, at this moment, drinking some of that horrid——"

"Chalybeate. It is not impossible, though there is not the slightest occasion for alarm."

"It is useless my attempting to thank you. But I am deeply grateful, believe me. Good morning, Dr. Winkleworth. Do not come down I beg. *Good* morning to you, sir."

The latter salutation, accompanied by a graceful and dignified curtsey, was not addressed to Dr. Winkleworth, but to a younger and handsomer gentleman (though the doctor himself was no ill-looking fellow, I can assure you, and was many years on the agreeable side of fogeyhood), who had been present during the conversation above recorded. This had taken place in Dr. Winkleworth's luxurious drawing-room, where Sir Erith Marsh, Baronet, a resident patient in the establishment of Castalia House, Malvern, happened to be reading the morning papers when the lady visitor was shown in. Sir Erith, who was long, and proportionately lazy, had untwisted himself from a comfortable attitude, and prepared to vacate the apartment, containing the easy chair of his heart's affections, with a sigh. The lady visitor, being a woman of keen perceptions and a tender heart, appreciated his misery, and, having nothing of a delicate nature to communicate to the doctor, begged that "the gentleman would not think of moving." As this was the last thing the gentleman liked to think of doing at any time, Sir Erith Marsh, Baronet, was glad to avail himself of the permission to remain in the apartment during the interview we have seen terminated.

Sir Erith uncoiled himself again, with something almost approaching to alacrity, and returned the departing lady's reverence with *his* celebrated bow. It was, perhaps, a more princely bow than Dr. Winkleworth's, but a thought less winning. They were both first-class

men in their respective degrees—Sir Erith Marsh, Baronet, and Dr. Lancelot Winkleworth, M.D., M.R.C.S., F.S.A., &c., &c., &c.

The doctor accompanied his visitor to the outer gate. He returned to the drawing-room, and found Sir Erith Marsh, sitting almost on his shoulders, with his legs on the mantel-piece, and his hands thrust deeply into the pockets of his inexpressibles. The accomplished but usually torpid baronet was puffing fiercely at a newly ignited cigar. The *Times* newspaper lay at his feet unnoticed. His eyes were absolutely wide open!

Dr. Winkleworth was alarmed. He had never seen his patient in this condition before.

II.

"Good heavens, Sir Erith! what is the matter?"

"Matter! Nothing. Why?"

"Why! You look astonished."

"Well, so I am; but ——"

"But allow me to state that this is a most alarming symptom in your case. Let 's go at the diagnosis. What has astonished you?"

"Why the deuce did you refuse to take in that fine woman's cub? I know her family perfectly well. They are as rich as Crœsus. She would have bled to any extent."

"You heard me tell her."

"About the soda and chalybeate. But that would hardly go down with the most credulous company of marines in the service."

Dr. Winkleworth looked at his friend and patient a moment as if in doubt. Then he said,

"I think we are good friends enough to understand each other thoroughly."

"Hope so, old fellow."

"Then I 'll tell you the truth—which, by the way, I feel convinced you would find out yourself, so there is no merit in the confession. I should have been delighted to take in that lad, not merely to oblige my old patient Showerby, but also for the pleasure of having his mother come to see him ——"

("Fine woman!" said the baronet respectfully, in parenthesis).

"Only that, as you must have seen as well as I, yesterday, when they brought him here, the young beggar is really ill."

"Ill! Oh! I see. Then you mean to say ——?"

"That I admit none but patients who are in perfect health, or in the fairest way to become so."

"By Jove! that's cool."

"Yes: I manage to keep it so. But it is to that principle that I owe my fortune and reputation. The fact is, I 'm not a doctor at all."

"So is that. I thought you were M.R.C.S., M.D., and all the rest of it."

"So I am—all the letters of the alphabet. But I get my living as an innkeeper for all that."

"An innkeeper! How do you mean?"

"I keep a very luxurious lodging-house, where people, who fancy themselves ill and have plenty of money, come to enjoy themselves, and think they are undergoing medical treatment. A really sick person on the premises would be the ruin of me."

"Then you really mean to say you would never take in a patient who is in a serious way?"

"Never. I always send them to Wettenblancketz. We understand each other perfectly."

"Then why the deuce did you accept me?"

"Because there was nothing on earth the matter with you."

"Thank you. I shall be off by the first conveyance."

The doctor grinned maliciously.

"No you won't," he said; "you 've fallen ill since you came here."

The baronet blushed—an unerring symptom of the complaint he was suffering from.

"She 's a heartless flirt, though I don't mind confessing that it *is* her presence that has kept me here a fortnight longer than I intended."

"You needn't take the trouble. I know it."

"Yet I ought to forget her. I'm afraid she 's not merely a frivolous coquette, but what is infinitely worse, a woman of plebeian tastes and coarse mental organisation."

"Quite wrong—inconsistent with the shape of her ears and finger-nails."

"Oh! you believe in that kind of thing, do you?"

"Most implicitly, as I do in potato blossoms."

"What on earth do you mean by that?"

"Why, when I see a potato blossom in a garden I conclude it to have emanated from—a potato: that is all. Take my word for it, Miss Grant is a person of an exquisitely refined nature."

"Then what the deuce does she mean by flirting with that mendacious snob, Captain Bouncer, as he calls himself? By the way, talk about ears and finger-nails, there ——"

"The captain's are not of high classic purity, I admit. My opinion is that Miss Grant doesn't mean anything by it at all."

"Then she is simply a fool?"

"I have not quite made up my mind upon that subject; but I am inclined to think not. Her apparent infatuation for Captain Bouncer's society ——"

"And lies."

"And lies, as a matter of course—you can't separate them—may be the result of artifice on her part, or of animal magnetism on his."

"Is animal magnetism another article in your creed?"

"Decidedly."

"I thought all that stuff had exploded long ago."

"A good deal of it has, no doubt. So has a good deal of gunpowder. But there's enough of both left in the world to blow the entire human race to the ——. By the way, it's a secret."

"What?"

"My being a practical mesmerist."

"You didn't tell me you were one. But why?"

"You see, the majority of the world is composed of fools who can do nothing. These are, very properly, astonished at a man who can even do *one* thing. This exhausts their powers of faith and comprehension. That a man can by any possibility do *two* things—that is, do them well—they hold out of the question. If a popular clown were to compose a good oratorio, people would cease to believe in him as a tumbler. Do you know why Dante Rosetti is not a popular painter? Observe, I don't say great, but popular."

"Well, I have always considered it must be because he is such a lazy beggar."

"He is nothing of the kind. But he has the misfortune to be a poet. He writes verses that are sometimes as smart as Hood's, and often as glowing as Tennyson's. This plays the deuce with his paint-pot reputation. Take a man of a very different build—Sam Lover.

His songs have a thousand times more heart in them than Mr. Moore's (I never cared enough about that gentleman to speak of him as 'Tom,' though you observe I call his superior 'Sam' without the least hesitation), and they are quite as musical. But do you know why the world won't think so?"

"Go on; I 'm listening."

"Because Sam can tell a funny Irish story even better than Harry Lorrequer, and has produced etchings that are scarcely inferior to Callot's. We live in a jealous world, my master. They can't forgive a man for being *very* much too clever. Your Admirable Crichton is a very annoying sort of a person, and is sure to be run through the —— diaphragm, sooner or later, by the envious rapier of some incompetent heavy-swell or other. All of which is intended to prove that if it were once to get wind that I am a first-class theoretical and practical mesmerist, as I am, people would cease to believe in me as a water doctor, and I should have my pumps and sponges seized for rent at the expiration of the next quarter. Therefore you will be good enough to consider this communication as 'tiled in.'"

"Make yourself easy. But about Captain Bouncer? Admitting the mesmeric theory for the sake of argument—you don't mean to say that a brute like that could possibly exercise a magnetic influence over what you choose to call a fine organisation?"

"My dear sir, a beautiful young duchess would get drunk upon London porter much more easily than a coalheaver, if she would but swallow the beastly stuff. Now, Bouncer—whom I admit to be a brute—is a brute of some personal influence. Why, he even took *me* in."

"By Jove!"

"By Jove he did! or I should never have taken *him* in as an inmate of this select establishment. I really, at first, accepted him at his own valuation, as a man of worth, position, and ability; from which you may draw what inference you please."

"The one you wish me to draw being, I presume, that there is every excuse for an inexperienced young lady, like Miss Helen Grant, suffering herself to be temporarily humbugged by an individual who has succeeded in humbugging so astute a personage as Dr. Lancelot Winkleworth."

Dr. Winkleworth bowed. Sir Erith Marsh laughed, and said,—

"I 'll tell you one thing, doctor. When you want a diploma for modesty I shall be most happy to sign it as one of your examiners. At any rate, I quite subscribe to your opinion as to the impolicy of admitting incurable patients into an establishment like this. It *does* drive nervous people away. In proof of which theory I mean to be off to-morrow."

"Good heavens, Sir Erith! what for? I hope there is nothing the matter with any of the patients?"

"Only Captain Bouncer. You must admit that his case is incurable."

"But surely his complaint is not catching?"

"I don't know. It is very offensive at any rate. And either he leaves the place or I do."

Dr. Winkleworth nursed his chin thoughtfully, and said,—

"Captain Bouncer has paid a month in advance."

"That 's all right then. *I* haven't. So I shall pack up at once."

"Pray do nothing of the kind, Sir Erith; I can't afford to lose you. I should have nobody to talk to. I 'll tell you what I 'll do. It 's against my principles, but, rather than drive away so excellent a customer, I will undertake to CURE Captain Bouncer."

"I defy you. The malady is constitutional."

"But if I could arrest its ravages?"

"I should at least be interested in the experiment."

"If you 'll promise me not to pack up a single portmanteau I 'll perform an operation this very evening."

"I 'll stop to see it, at all events. But, believe me, the case is desperate."

"Not quite, I hope; though it certainly calls for energetic treatment. At any rate, I 'll give you my word that it shall be KILL OR CURE."

"Make it the former if possible," said Sir Erith Marsh.

And the *blasé* baronet went out for a walk.

III.

Helen Grant was twenty-three years of age, and very beautiful. She was of a plebeian family, fair education, and of an excessively romantic disposition. She had unexpectedly inherited a comfortable fortune, which, being an orphan and without friends (till she became

an heiress), she had found some difficulty in learning what to do with. A good deal of misplaced benevolence and its discovery, in the early stages of her prosperity, had made her, as she believed, misanthropical. At any rate, much ingratitude, and a sense of utter isolation from real human affection, had impaired her health. She had come to Malvern to be cured.

She believed, because she had been assured, that the hydropathic *régime* was the best possible treatment for the jaded nerves of an over-excitable system; and that Dr. Winkleworth, of Malvern, was notoriously the first water doctor in the world.

The real truth of the matter was that she knew Dr. Winkleworth's establishment was a remarkably pleasant place to live in, and that she might there enjoy the advantages of refined and elegant society—remedies that she felt, instinctively, would be immensely good for her particular complaint.

She fell in love with Sir Erith Marsh exactly five minutes after that baronet had fallen in love with her.

Sir Erith Marsh flirted with Miss Grant for some days, much against his will. He would have preferred opening his heart to the lady, and offering her his hand in marriage at once. But there were insuperable obstacles to such a straightforward proceeding.

The lady and gentleman were too much alike. Both were morbidly sensitive and fastidious.

It scarcely ever entered into Sir Erith's consideration that he was a baronet. Miss Grant could never forget for a single instant that she was the child of a shopkeeper.

Miss Grant always thought Sir Erith Marsh was patronising her, when he was really worshipping her. Sir Erith could never approach his idol without shyness and hesitation. Miss Grant attributed this to aristocratic *morgue*. Consequently, the young lady—having some little ladylike vindictiveness in her composition—snubbed her adorer constantly, to his great humiliation and misery.

The result was a continual passage at arms, somewhat after the manner of Beatrice and Benedick, but less amusing to the spectators.

The lady got tired first. She had a fine large peach of a heart that was rapidly becoming ripe. The gentleman whom she was anxious to see its possessor, and who was gnashing his watery teeth all the time, would not reach out his hand to pluck it.

She was determined to offer the fruit to the first comer, who happened to be Captain Bouncer.

It has been stated in the preface that little can be ascertained, positively, with regard to Captain Bouncer's antecedents. But there can be no doubt whatever as to his personal attainments. He was, perhaps, the greatest liar that ever lived.

Like all really great men, he signalised himself in his peculiar walk of distinction by the adoption of an entirely new style. Captain Bouncer's method of lying, and of succeeding thereby, will be better understood by illustration than by bare definition.

The scene is Dr. Winkleworth's drawing-room. The time is after dinner, on the evening succeeding the events of our first chapter. The persons are Dr. Winkleworth himself, Sir Erith Marsh, Miss Grant, Captain Bouncer, a lady whom we will venture to call the Honourable Mrs. Dragonfly, and half a dozen supernumerary inmates of the doctor's comfortable establishment whom there is no occasion to particularise.

The Honourable Mrs. Dragonfly is a plump, good-looking lady of thirty something, with large eyes and dimpled hands, very like the new Mrs. Charles Mathews, strongly resembling Mrs. Seymour, and a little suggestive of what the lost Pleiad, Julia Bennett, must now be, in those wilds of America, in her matronly middle-aged condition. In three words, an attractive personage.

Captain Bouncer is a short, over-dressed man, with remarkably stiff legs, fluffy black hair and moustaches (the latter are *too* black), and huge fish-like eyes of the bottled-gooseberry pattern. There is a look of Judaism about Captain Bouncer which is against him. Not that there is any harm in being a Jew. But Captain Bouncer gives you the idea of a Jew who has been kicked out of the Jewish fraternity. And they are not a particular people.

Sir Erith Marsh is turning over some music with a discontented expression of countenance. Dr. Winkleworth is reading the *Zoist*, and seems happy. The Honourable Mrs. Dragonfly is knitting: a plebeian occupation, but it gives her an opportunity of flicking her dimpled fingers about very prettily. The supernumerary guests are doing nothing particular in a variety of agreeable ways.

Miss Grant is seated on a *causeuse* near the fireplace, doing nothing but to look up spitefully now and then at Sir Erith Marsh, and

now and then hypocritically (for she pretends, even to herself, that she likes him) at Captain Bouncer.

That gentleman—*passez le mot*—is standing with his elbow on the doctor's mantel-piece, passing his somewhat extensive and heavily jewelled paw through his head of wool, and looking, as he conceives, killingly, in the face of his fair neighbour. He regards his reflection in an opposite mirror, from time to time, with considerable satisfaction.

Conversation languishes except as regards Miss Grant and Captain Bouncer. Let us listen to what they have to say.

"You shouldn't leave your letters about, captain."

"Would I have done so could I have anticipated the result?"

"Well, I have not read it. Only I could not help observing that there was a coronet on the envelope. But there—take it."

"What a fool the woman is to send a letter with her own crest —— I beg your pardon. Merely a letter from my laundress. Ha! ha!"

"But the coronet?"

"An envelope found in my chambers—nothing more."

"Let me look at it—thank you. I have a very slight knowledge of heraldry; but that is a duke's coronet, is it not?"

"Dear me, no. A countess's. I mean an earl's—nothing more."

"Captain Bouncer, what right have you to receive letters from a countess? It is useless deceiving me."

"I see it is. Miss Grant, I not only do not pretend to be better than my neighbours, I am infinitely worse. I have done everything that is bad—the influences of a continental career and a neglected boyhood —— I have been a scoundrel—that is the word."

"But the countess?"

"For heaven's sake never speak of her. I am ashamed of it. Fortunately the letter fell into no other hands. At any rate, it shall never be answered. Perhaps, had I been earlier subjected to the charming influence of virtuous female society ——"

"How old is the countess?"

"Twenty-four."

"She has a husband?"

"One of the best men living. He shot me in the chest. The bullet has never been extracted. It serves me right, as a reminder of

BLOWING HIS OWN TRUMPET.

my infamous conduct. I would sacrifice my life to atone the injury I have done that man. I fired in the air myself, as a matter of course. I only wish to heaven the woman would let me alone."

"Captain Bouncer," a gentleman called out, "did you ever shoot an elephant?"

"Once in my life, only."

"Here's a good account of one being killed by a Dutch settler in South Africa. What is it like?"

"My dear sir, if you had ever shot an elephant you would not speak so lightly on the subject. It is a most painful experience of physical suffering. Killing a lion is bad enough."

"Did you ever kill one?" inquired Sir Erith Marsh, quietly.

"Often. Did you?"

"Never." Sir Erith bit his lips as he made the admission.

"Well, I have been brute and beast enough to do it. Let me tell you it is not a pleasant sensation to witness the death-agony of such a splendid mass of animal organisation, and reflect that you have caused it yourself, for the sake of a moment's gratification of your own destructive instincts. Though I grant you the moment *is* a splendid one. But the thing is cruel—barbarously cruel."

"How many lions do you suppose you have ever killed, Captain Bouncer?" a lady asked.

"Exactly seventeen, madam; not more."

"Surely that is a great number."

"O dear, no; and there is no merit in it. A lion is naturally much easier to hit than a partridge."

Modest Captain Bouncer!

"How many *men* do you suppose you have ever killed, Captain Bouncer?" asked the Honourable Mrs. Dragonfly, a little maliciously, perhaps.

"That, madam, is a subject which you will pardon me for saying ought not to be treated with levity," the captain answered with much solemnity.

Miss Grant looked indignantly at the Honourable Mrs. Dragonfly. This mute championship of Captain Bouncer was not unobserved by Sir Erith Marsh, whom it exasperated even to a pitch of self-forgetfulness.

"Captain Bouncer is afraid of nothing but the ghosts of his victims," he said.

The captain knitted his brows, threw himself into a dignified *pose*, and asked, with an air of spirit,

"Was that meant offensively, sir?"

Sir Erith bit his lip. He felt he was making a fool of himself in betraying his *pique* at such a rival. So he said humbly,

"By no means. A mere thoughtless absurdity. Pray overlook it."

"I am perfectly satisfied with the apology," said Captain Bouncer with affable grandeur.

"Curse his impudence!" muttered the baronet.

Sir Erith felt himself at a dreadful discount. Captain Bouncer rose to an enormous premium in his listeners' and in his own estimation.

"But tell me," pursued the Honourable Mrs. Dragonfly, "what could induce you to fight those horrid duels?"

"A variety of reasons—none of them very much to my credit. I have just explained one to Miss Grant in the deepest spirit of contrition. It would take a very great provocation"—here the captain glanced in the direction of Sir Erith—"to induce me to go out again."

"I'll swear to that," said the baronet to himself.

"But why did you kill that poor Peruvian general?" Mrs. Dragonfly continued.

"Well, there were some excuses for me in that case. In the first place I was a mere boy at the time ——"

Here Sir Erith Marsh found it impossible to repress an exclamation of impatience and incredulity.

"May I ask what that was intended to convey?" Captain Bouncer inquired, glaring fiercely on the baronet with his large eyes.

"Nothing."

"Pardon me; the ladies, I am sure, must construe it into an expression of doubt as to my veracity."

"O dear, no, Captain Bouncer; I am sure Sir Erith could never have intended anything of the kind, &c., &c.," the ladies chorused.

"Pray let Sir Erith speak for himself."

The baronet accepted the challenge very awkwardly.

"Since you force me to it, sir, permit me to say that in your recent description of the encounter referred to—which I had the privilege of listening to—you stated that the occurrence took place not more than five years ago."

"And I repeat it."

"How, then, could you have been a mere boy?"

"I was in my nineteenth year," the captain replied promptly.

"Being now ——?"

"In my twenty-fourth."

Sir Erith was fairly struck dumb by the *aplomb* of his adversary. Captain Bouncer looked, at least, a rather damaged five-and-thirty.

The captain fortified his already advantageous position by preserving an air of good temper as he said,

"It is very possible that I look more than my age. But then I have not had the continual advantages of a temperate climate and luxurious living enjoyed by more favoured individuals."

Miss Grant looked up at Captain Bouncer's leathery cheeks and goggle eyes with immense admiration.

Sir Erith shrank under a volley of frowns from the assembled company, which, considering he was a man of title, were of remarkable severity.

"Would you like to cross-examine me any further with regard to my life and adventures?" the captain pursued, fearlessly.

"If you have no objection, I should, and will make you any reparation you may require for entertaining suspicions which I will not now attempt to conceal. May I ask at what age and under what circumstances you embraced the military profession?"

"I joined the Hungarian army in my fifteenth year."

"And you were an inmate of an Austrian prison, you said?"

"For two years and three months."

"Really, a proceeding of this description ——" Miss Grant began, rising from her seat indignantly.

"Pray do not interrupt it," Captain Bouncer said sweetly. "Sir Erith Marsh is doing me a real service. His suspicions may be shared by others. I am charmed with this opportunity of dispelling them. Continue, if you please, sir."

"You escaped from prison through the connivance of your jailer's daughter, who had formed an attachment for you?"

"I think we may be spared the details of a case of that description," interposed the Honourable Mrs. Dragonfly prudishly.

Mrs. Dragonfly was a very particular lady indeed. But then she was very pretty and unprotected. It behoves one to be careful under such circumstances.

"They, at least, are perfectly blameless, madam," said the captain. "Those are the facts, sir."

"You went over to South America, and served some time in the Argentine Republican Army?"

"Fourteen months. Would you like to see my commission, *congé*, and passports?"

"There is no occasion. You returned to Europe, and served in the Turkish Contingent during the Crimean war?"

"I did."

"Then may I ask when you found time to kill the seventeen lions you spoke of—animals, I believe, which do not abound either in South America or Eastern Europe?"

"In Algiers," said Captain Bouncer, unabashed.

"When?"

"In the morning I shall be happy to show you my passport, signed by the French minister, bearing the date of October. 1852. Not only that document, but also, if you please, some letters of introduction from Prince Napoleon and Horace Vernet to the chiefs of the colonial army and magistracy."

"Which you did not present," Sir Erith said quickly.

Captain Bouncer's colour changed, and his glib tongue tripped for an instant. But he recovered his composure, and replied haughtily,

"Which I presented and requested back again as valuable autographs of distinguished men who had honoured me with their friendship. Are you satisfied, sir?"

Murmurs of applause resounded from every part of the room, except from Sir Erith's vicinity and from the corner where Dr. Winkleworth was seated, still absorbed in his *Zoist*.

"Captain Bouncer," said the baronet, bowing politely, "I beg your pardon. I do so the more readily from the belief that I have really, as you said, done you a service in affording you this opportunity of establishing your veracity, which, permit me to state, the extraordinary and varied nature of the adventures that have been crowded into so

short a life as yours, offers an ordinary man a fair excuse for surprise, if not for scepticism."

Bouncer fairly beamed with self-satisfaction as he answered magnificently,

"An apology like that, Sir Erith, is one that no gentleman could possibly refuse from another. I am perfectly satisfied."

"Thank you."

Sir Erith gulped his slice of humble pie with a very bad grace, mentally ejaculating as he swallowed it,

"Curse the fellow! If he is a liar he is the best I ever knew in my life. He is even consistent in his dates! Suppose he should be telling the truth after all? But if he is I'm —— no matter!"

Miss Grant aimed a withering look at Sir Erith, and followed up the blow by observing aloud to the victorious captain,

"It is natural that people who have led useless and inactive lives should wish to throw discredit on the enterprise and success of others."

"Suppose we change the conversation," said the magnanimous Bouncer. "Miss Grant, favour us with a little music. Something from the *répertoire* of my adorable friend, Giulia Grisi, whose voice yours reminds me of."

"You know Grisi?"

"Intimately. I first met with her at ——"

"You may spare us the details of any such acquaintance," interposed Mrs. Dragonfly in an offended tone.

"Madam, the lady I spoke of ——"

"Is an actress. That is sufficient. Pray dismiss the subject."

Captain Bouncer bowed, and led Miss Grant to the piano with a self-sufficient swagger that made the very boot-toes of Sir Erith Marsh, so to speak, tingle again.

Miss Grant sang a German song very sweetly, Captain Bouncer turning over the leaves for her—not always at the right moment, but, all things considered, rather cleverly.

"Brava! bravissima!" the captain applauded with a pair of hands eminently adapted by their capaciousness, for that kind of service.

"You speak Italian, Captain Bouncer?" a lady inquired.

"Fluently, but with the vilest accent conceivable," replied the

gallant officer. He had ascertained that no one else in the room spoke the language.

"We have never heard *you* sing, Captain Bouncer?" said Helen.

"I'm the worst singer in the world," said Bouncer frankly, and speaking tolerably near the truth for once in his life; "but I will try if you wish it."

"Pray do. Will you accompany yourself?"

"If there is such a thing as a guitar on the premises."

"I am afraid there is not." (The captain knew it.)

"Then, in that case, I must afflict you with the horrors of my voice *au naturel*."

The captain kept his word by singing the following stanzas to no particular tune, and in a voice which Dr. Winkleworth afterwards declared had brought tears in his eyes, by reminding him of a nutmeg-grater he had known in the days of his happy childhood.

THE BROWN-HAIRED MAID.

Oh! have you seen my brown-hair'd maid?
Her equal there is none;
Her hair is raven in the shade,
And golden in the sun.
I've watch'd her eyes a thousand times,
And cannot tell their hue,
From midnight black through morning grey
They change to noontide blue.

All charms are hers, my brown-hair'd maid,
Whose equal there is none,
Whose hair is raven in the shade,
And golden in the sun.

She is as merry as the day,
As pensive as the night;
She is as tiny as a fay,
A stately queen in height.
At morn, a rosy shepherdess
Who skims the meadow's pearls,
At eve, a ball-room star that dims
The coronets of earls.

She changes so, my brown-hair'd maid,
But yet is ever one,
Whose hair is raven in the shade,
And golden in the sun!

She is a Spaniard in the dance,
A Roman when she sings,
While with the magic spell of France
Her robe about her clings ;
A Moor in passion, desert-born,
With Afric's skies above,
An English matron, sister, wife,
For tenderness and love !

And she is mine, that brown-hair'd maid,
Whose equal there is none,
Whose hair is raven in the shade,
And golden in the sun !

"Where the deuce did you get those words ?" inquired Sir Erith Marsh, rising, excited, when the applause politely awarded to Captain Bouncer's execrable singing had subsided.

"Why ? Did you ever hear them before ?"

"N—no—of course, they are perfectly new to me. I ask because I am so immensely struck by their beauty."

"You flatter the author, Sir Erith," Captain Bouncer replied, with a modest bow.

"Oh, Captain Bouncer, is that exquisite song really your own ?" inquired Helen Grant in real admiration.

"I am proud to find you like it, Miss Grant," replied Captain Bouncer, with his most insufferable smirk, adding, in an under tone, "I need scarcely name the divinity by whom it was inspired."

Helen's heart beat rapidly. As she passed Sir Erith, on her way to her seat, she murmured, intentionally loud enough for the baronet to hear her, "I have always said that I could love none but a poet."

"Here, I say, Winkleworth !" said Sir Erith, rousing the doctor from his *Zoist*, "Bouncer's much worse. You must take him in hand at once, or he'll collapse. He has just had a very bad attack indeed."

"All right ! you should have called me in earlier. However, I hope he is not yet past medical aid."

Dr. Winkleworth rose from his seat, and joined his guests with a smiling countenance—the *Zoist* still in his hand.

IV.

"Well, doctor," said the Honourable Mrs. Dragonfly, in her most winning tones, "are we really to have a few minutes of your valuable society at last?"

"A thousand pardons, my dear madam. I was just absorbed in a very remarkable case reported in this magazine. A mesmeric case. A professional clairvoyant—a young woman of twenty——"

"Thank you, doctor," said Mrs. Dragonfly. "We would rather not hear it."

"My dear madam, there is nothing objectionable in the case whatever, I assure you."

"We will take your word for it, doctor. I have heard that such persons as you have mentioned are invariably creatures of, to say the least of it, doubtful character. You can describe the case to the gentlemen on some future occasion."

The Honourable Mrs. Dragonfly really *was* very particular. And Dr. Winkleworth shrugged up his shoulders, imperceptibly, as he thought so.

"You don't mean to say you believe in that bosh, doctor?" inquired Captain Bouncer.

"I am not generally taken in by bosh of any description. But to which kind do you allude?"

"Mesmerism."

"I? O dear, no! What's your opinion of it?"

"Humbug."

"It is gratifying to hear a man like you express such an opinion, Captain Bouncer. It corroborates mine."

"But there are fools who believe in it," said the captain.

"I always like to find myself in opposition with a fool," the doctor made answer.

"So do I. Nothing pleases me better."

"The captain is fond of civil warfare I perceive," thought Dr. Winkleworth. But he did not give utterance to the sarcasm.

"What! Captain Bouncer, do you not believe in the influence of the magnetic fluid?" inquired Mrs. Dragonfly, who was fond of trying to appear learned when it could be done with the strictest propriety.

"Magnetic fluid! What is it like? What is it made of? What colour is it? Is it good to drink?"

Captain Bouncer was in, even unusually, good spirits.

"But look at the wonderful examples that have been cited," said the lady, with some excitement, "of people absolutely telling the truth, and disclosing all kinds of dreadful secrets, against their wills. It is positively awful!"

"Tales for the marines, as we used to say at sea—take my word for it. Are they not, doctor?"

The doctor looked at Captain Bouncer fixedly as he replied, with a sort of emphatic deliberation—

"It is not the kind of imposture by which a man of your calibre is likely to be imposed on."

What was Dr. Winkleworth doing with his hands as he propounded this observation?

"I should think not," said Captain Bouncer, gaping slightly.

"The idea, for instance, of my being able to send you off to sleep against your will, by merely making passes with my hands like this before your face."

"Ridiculous!" said Captain Bouncer, gaping rather more.

"Now, I can understand that in a case where the patient would lend himself to the operation ——"

"Yes; if the patient ——"

Captain Bouncer said this very sleepily indeed.

"In that case, I could understand that the influence of the human eye and will might operate, sympathetically, to induce a kind of torpor. But with a sceptical patient who resists and struggles—a man who positively refuses to be hoodwinked at any price —— Oh! I needn't trouble myself any further. It has proved a much easier case than I had anticipated. He's off already."

Captain Bouncer was apparently sound asleep.

"Heavens, doctor!" cried Helen Grant. "What have you done to him?"

"I HAVE MESMERISED HIM, madam —— as a preliminary to his conversion to a faith in the influence of the magnetic fluid. Now, Sir Erith, I have commenced my treatment. You can ask the captain any questions you like."

"But will he answer them truly?"

"This time, I think he will. Take him by the hand and question him."

Sir Erith, not without some apparent reluctance, took possession of Captain Bouncer's extensive paw, saying, as he did so,—

"This is the first time I ever felt desirous to hear the sound of his voice. Are you sure, though, doctor, that a practised liar cannot pursue his favourite habit even when in a state of mesmeric coma?"

"I think not; though, if any patient could, I would back the present one. However, *fiat experimentum in corpore vili*, that is to say, on the person of Captain Bouncer!"

Sir Erith commenced his cross-examination.

"Captain Bouncer?"

"What is it?" said the patient in a hollow, unearthly voice.

"*Are* you a captain?"

The patient appeared to struggle against a hostile influence, and muttered inarticulate sounds.

"Speak the truth—I WILL IT," said Doctor Winkleworth in a voice of command, extending his arms and spreading his fingers rigidly, in very good imitation of Kenny Meadow's picture of Cassandra raving.

"N—no!" faltered the sleeper.

"Then what are you?"

"A c—cotton broker's clerk."

"Have you ever been out of England in your life?"

"Once."

"Where to?"

"Boulogne."

"Have you any private fortune?"

"What is left of a two hundred pound legacy."

"How much is that?"

"About seven pounds, supposing I had paid the doctor's bill."

"Had you any intention of doing so?"

The patient again struggled against the mesmeric influence.

"Speak the truth," roared the doctor, this time immensely interested in the experiment. It had now become a personal matter.

"N—no."

Here, as the parliamentary reporters observe, there was "much laughter." Sir Erith resumed his examination.

"What was your motive for inventing the extraordinary tissue of lies with which you have imposed upon some of the inmates of this establishment?"

"To show off, and ——"

"What?"

The sleeper hesitated.

"Speak!" thundered Dr. Winkleworth.

"To cut Sir Erith out with Miss Grant, seeing she was fond of romantic stuff, and would swallow anything."

Helen buried her face in her handkerchief.

"And do you think you succeeded?"

"Very nearly."

"Then I may fairly presume you have never fought a duel or killed a lion in your life?"

"Never."

"Supposing I had not apologised to you just now, what would you have done?"

"Called you out."

"And if I had accepted your challenge, what would you have done?"

"Bolted in the morning."

"Your love affairs then, I presume, are about as genuine as your duels and voyages?"

"Quite."

"What was your motive for passing yourself off as a libertine in the society of respectable ladies?"

"They like it."

Helen was heartily ashamed of herself. But her amusement at the scene got the better of her humiliation. She entered into the spirit of it, and herself became a questioner.

"Who, then, is the countess that writes to you, Captain Bouncer?"

"A pork butcher's widow I'm engaged to."

"How old is she?"

"Forty-two."

"Just now you said she was twenty-four."

"I transposed the figures."

"But you must have taken extraordinary pains to invent so elaborate a scheme of deception," Sir Erith resumed.

"I am happy to say I did. There is one thing I can honestly boast of."

"I should like to hear that."

"I never told a lie badly in my life."

"But what could you hope to gain by it?"

"Cut a swell—and I've done it?" the patient chuckled faintly.

"Spare him further humiliation," said Helen.

"A moment," said Sir Erith. "Where did you get the words of that song you sang?"

"Found them in manuscript in No. 25 at the Royal Hotel, where I slept the night before I came here."

"The very room I occupied," said Sir Erith. "I must have dropped it. Was there any signature to the manuscript, Mr. Bouncer?"

"Initials—now you mention it."

"Do you remember them?"

"E. M."

"Have you the paper about you?"

"In my left waistcoat pocket."

Sir Erith Marsh picked Mr. Bouncer's pocket (with creditable dexterity for an amateur) of a greasy bit of paper, which, having examined and recognised, he politely handed to Miss Grant.

"What!" said Helen, "did *you* write this song?"

"I did, madam. And," the baronet continued, imitating the manner of the late Captain Bouncer, "I need not name the divinity by whom it was inspired."

Helen lowered her eyes.

"Shall I release him?" asked Dr. Winkleworth.

"Not yet. Where did you get the tune from, Mr. Bouncer?"

"I've known it ever since I was twelve years old."

"How long ago was that?"

"Twenty years."

"Then your age is ——?"

"Thirty-two."

"Just now you said you were only twenty-three."

"I transposed the figures."

"That appears to be a habit of yours. As a concluding question, Mr. Bouncer, do you *ever* tell the truth?"

"Very seldom. Never when I can help it. People don't care about it. Besides, I'm so infernally out of practice."

"There, you can release him, doctor."

The doctor relaxed from his Cassandra-like attitude and performed certain cabalistic passes. Mr. Bouncer, or whatever his real name was, rubbed his eyes and looked round with a self-satisfied smirk. A servant had just entered with tea and coffee.

"Will you take a cup of tea, Captain Bouncer?" said Helen Grant.

"Tea! No, thank you. I have never tasted a cup fit to drink since I left China. Stop, I'm wrong. They do give you a decent infusion at St. Petersburg. I've tasted it at Nesselrode's, with Demidoff and the Princess Olga. But they spoil it with lemon juice; and it is deucedly enervating. Besides, it prevents you from sleeping."

On the following morning Mr. Bouncer took his departure for London by an early train—thoroughly converted to a faith in the magnetic influence. For he had been apprised of the experiment of which he had been made the victim, and of its success.

As we have not hitherto had much to say in this ex-captain's favour, it is with lively satisfaction that we record the fact of his having paid Dr. Winkleworth's bill, previously to his departure, to the utmost farthing. It should also be mentioned that the doctor, being an early riser, was himself on the door-step as the Bouncerian fly drove up to the outer gate of Castalia House for the removal of the Bouncerian luggage. The curious in cause and effect may trace a connection between the two events.

And was Dr. Winkleworth the gainer by his triumph of mesmeric science? Unquestionably, if you will admit that Galileo did himself much good by his astronomical discoveries, or that Columbus was any the better off for having found out America. But the question shall be answered by illustration.

Helen Grant, on coming down to breakfast half an hour after Mr. Bouncer's exodus, discovered the Honourable Mrs. Dragonfly in

travelling costume. The hall was strewn with boxes and portmanteaus, and a carriage was at the door.

"Surely you are not going to leave us so suddenly?" inquired Helen.

"My dear," replied the honourable and particular lady, flurried into a state of candour, "I wouldn't stay in this dreadful mesmerising man's house another hour. *Why, he might find out all about one!*"

The Honourable Mrs. Dragonfly has since been heard of at various watering-places, British and foreign. If you should happen to meet with her at one and wish to get rid of her, just hint to her that her landlord is a mesmerist, and she'll go. Depend upon that.

Miss Grant became Lady Marsh in February last. The nuptial knot (we are in a great hurry to finish this article and are obliged to quote our esteemed friend, Jenkins) was tied at St. George's, Hanover Square. The happy pair proceeded to Florence, where they have since resided. Recent advices from that city speak of the accomplished baronet being actively engaged in the preparation of a volume of poems for the press.

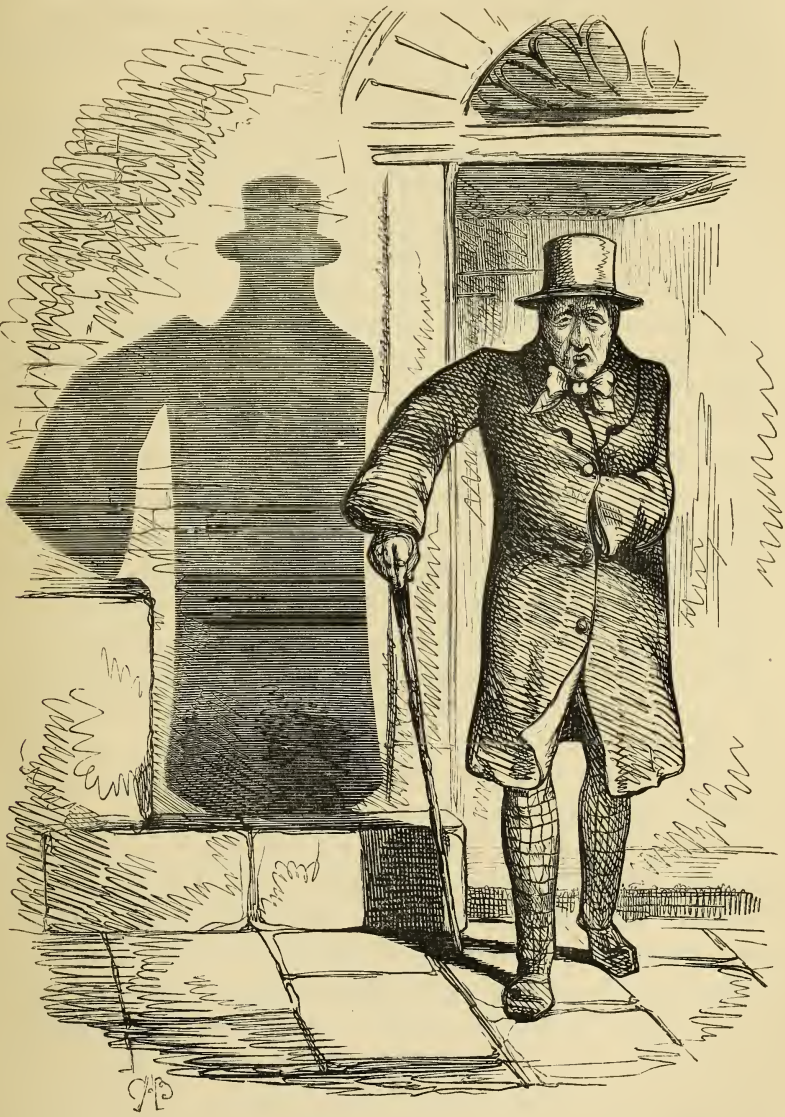
THE EARL OF ALLSWALLOUGH.

WE are greatly honoured in being able to enrol in our list of celebrities who have dignified the eidolographic process with their patronage a name so distinguished as that of the Earl of Allswallough—a name doubtless respectable from the earliest antiquity, but which has been rendered by its present possessor doubly illustrious

"*Et par droit de conquête et par droit de naissance;*"

a name which, though it may not absolutely have penetrated to the remotest corner of the earth where the English language is spoken, is at any rate famous wherever those culminating glories of our national advancement—the English Advertisement and the British PILL—are appreciated, and, we may add, swallowed!

We need scarcely say that we do not allude to the noble Earl in his capacity of titled land-owner—we are not aware of the extent, or, indeed, locality of the Allswallough estates; nor yet to his achievements as a legislator, which we do not remember to have heard of. We wish to speak of his Lordship in his more extended and legitimate renown as the unique and munificent patron to the advertising branches of the medical profession. It is in this capacity alone that the name of Allswallough has achieved its gigantic reputation. It is for this that more columns have been devoted to the commemoration of his Lordship's achievements than even to those of a Nelson or a Wellington. The Earl of Allswallough stands pre-eminently forward in the



PHYSIC.

ranks of contemporary history as the Augustus of Parr and Holloway; the Mæcenas of Morrison; the Louis Quatorze of Daffy and Du Barry; and, indeed, may be summarily characterised as the Magnificent Lorenzo of all the Patent Medici!

Unfortunately we have not the honour of his Lordship's personal acquaintance, and he has neglected to furnish us with the materials for his biography. It is further to be regretted that we have mislaid our Pocket Peerage, and we are certainly not going to send out for a new one to oblige his Lordship. In order to compile the memoir, indispensable as an accompaniment to the publication of the noble Earl's portrait, we are necessitated to fall back upon the common expedient of conjecture, assisted by such published specimens of the Allswallough correspondence as happen to be immediately within our reach. These are, fortunately, voluminous.

John, Peter, Adelbert, Heliogabalus, or possibly Oscar, twentieth (first or eleventh, as the case may be) Earl of Allswallough, would seem to have been born, at all events, as early as the first decade of the present century. This may, in fact, be considered as placed beyond question, inasmuch as we have the clearest recollection of meeting his Lordship, in the columns of a provincial newspaper, in the year 1840, at which time the noble Earl was a martyr to the persecutions of an obstinate bad leg of thirty years' standing. In the prosecution of this thirty years' war his Lordship would seem to have been assisted by certain allied pills and ointments, subsidised for his relief by Messrs. Bowlaway, for which assistance the noble Earl was publicly and chronically grateful. Assuming his Lordship to have "felt his legs" (the obstinate bad one, of course, included) at the usual period, this would make him at least in his thirty-second year. There is reason, however, to believe that he was still further advanced in life, as, on reference to old files of despatches, we found that a nobleman bearing the same name, and writing in a similar style of composition, had seen active service, being hotly besieged by the combined forces of gout and rheumatism twenty years previously. The beleaguered fortress was in this instance, if we remember rightly, relieved by the Blair contingent, or it may have been a detachment of the Simco volunteers. We will not be positive.

To return to less equivocal data. His Lordship's obstinate bad leg was not immediately subdued. That honourable member continued

to stand its ground in the columns of the provincial journal alluded to with characteristic obstinacy for many years. It may be fairly assumed, however, that the *feu d'enfer* incessantly kept up by the allied pills and ointment brought it ultimately into a state of subjection, and that the obstinate bad leg could "stand it" no longer. At any rate it walked itself out of print.

Whether it was that the Earl of Allswallough's spirit, or only his leg, had been broken, in the course of this protracted warfare we may not pretend to say, but it is certain that his Lordship retired temporarily from public life; but he was soon himself again. In 1848 we find him once more before the public in the active pursuit of his vocation, and in correspondence with Mr. Spitzenberg on a question connected with the corn difficulties, at that time greatly agitating the public mind.

The Earl of Allswallough to Mr. Spitzenberg.

"I hereby certify that you extracted my corns, and did not experience any suffering by the operation. Since you took them away from my feet I have felt as if they were altogether out of my hands, and they have given me no further trouble. Excuse these few lines about the corns, which you are at liberty to make public.

"ALLSWALLOUGH."

This straightforward manifesto served to keep the noble subject of the present memoir before the public for a succession of months. His Lordship then reposed for a time upon his laurels. It is to be presumed that he was husbanding his mental and physical powers for a tremendous effort. The following epistle, published within a few months of the one above extracted by Mr. Spitzenberg's painless process, makes the hypothesis at least probable:—

The Earl of Allswallough to the Author of "Revalenta Arabica" and other popular West Indian Works.

"DEAR SIR,

"I really never felt what it was to have a strong stomach till I had swallowed a considerable portion of your interesting production.

I now consider it something to say that I am really alive, and even likely to recover.

"Make what use of this letter you can. I must add that, though partially restored to health, I am still suffering from the effects of an obstinate bad pen of thirty years' standing.

"ALLSWALLOUGH."

The success of this publication established his Lordship on that pinnacle of fame from which no influences have been since able to unhook him. He was at once recognised as the absolute type and perfected ideal of the British invalid. Deputations waited on him from all points of the patent medical compass, petitioning his Lordship's acceptance of all kinds of disorders, with a view to their triumphant dissipation by all manner of remedies. His Lordship appears to have felt that it was his mission to suffer for the public good, and accordingly agreed to suffer whatever ailment was proposed to him, in order that he might be cured by whatever remedy his (patent) medical advisers should think proper to suggest.

For a space of four or five years the name of Allswallough was constantly before the public. His Lordship certified to having experienced every disease known under the sun; and what was far more hazardous, to having tried and successfully proved the efficacy of every advertised panacea for its subjection. The bulk of the Allswallough correspondence must have been at this time tremendous. We are privileged to extract a specimen or two :—

The Earl of Allswallough to the Editor of Methusaleh's Eternity Pills.

"I hereby certify that I have taken Methusaleh's obstinate bad pills of thirty years' standing—pardon the slip of a pen, to which I have been for many years a martyr. I mean to say that I have taken your invaluable medicine for the prolongation of life, and am assured that I have still a chance of living for many years to come.

"You are at liberty to publish this certificate, which I am fortunately alive to make, thanks to the rigid adherence to your valuable medicine, in spite of a constitution previously enfeebled by never leaving off taking other people's of a similar description.

"ALLSWALLOUGH."

The Earl of Allswallough to Dr. de Yonker.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have been taking your excellent Light Brown Cod Liver Varnish for some months past. I apply it externally with a camel's-hair pencil, and find it impart a healthy, light brown tone to the outer coats of the stomach—which you are at liberty to make what use of you please.

"ALLSWALLOUGH."

A certain incoherence in the following would seem to imply that his Lordship's intellects were, at one time, on the eve of giving way, beneath a complication of disorders or of remedies :—

The Earl of Allswallough to Professor Barnslury Park.

"DEAR SIR,

"My whiskers are now perfection—thanks to the undeviating use of your invaluable ointment, which I find an excellent substitute for butter at breakfast. I take it in conjunction with a cup of Mrs. Norton's Camomile Tea, sweetened by Messom's admirable Medicated Cream. My cellar is nearly exhausted. Will you send round to old Dr. Jacob Townsend for a three-dozen case of yellow seal sarsaparilla, which please forward with the pills immediately, as I expect some visitors? You are at liberty to make use of this letter, which I shall seal with one of Dr. Locockalorum's Pulmonic Wafers.

"ALLSWALLOUGH."

With this specimen we will take leave of the Allswallough correspondence. There are one or two theories with reference to his Lordship entitled to serious consideration. One is that there never was such a person. This we might be in a position to dispute, inasmuch as an elderly gentleman, introducing himself by that name, and certainly looking as if he had been a constant subscriber to the most popular patent medicines of the day, recently patronised our establishment. We publish the accompanying portrait in evidence. A second is that there really exists or existed an Earl of Allswallough, who, being in reduced circumstances, and having had pointed out to him the inalienable advantages of a patrician name, as a decoy for inducing hero-worshipping Britons to commit all manner of absurdities, was

induced, as it were, to let out for hire the use of his title, as a bait for the unwary, to various advertising speculators, by the indiscriminate employment of whose medicaments it is to be hoped that the Allswallough's days (printed evidence of probability notwithstanding) have not yet been shortened.

We decline to attempt a decision between the questions. Our business is with his Lordship's portrait, which we unhesitatingly pronounce striking.

GREAT BEARS.

WE are often asked if we are fond of children, dogs, horses, cats, birds, gold fish, musicians, actors, Frenchmen, barristers, and other zoological genera, varying in degrees of ornament and utility. But no one ever thinks of asking us if we like bears. And we do—immensely.

The predilection is more easily recorded than explained. But it exists, and has existed almost from our earliest recollection. The ursine tribe has always exercised a strange fascination over our nature. We have, unfortunately, been alive long enough to remember familiarly the now extinct race of dancing bears. They were our favourites, immeasurably above every other kind of peripatetic exhibition. Punch, the dancing dogs, fantoccini, the galantee-show—even Jack-in-the-green or the "poor Guy" himself (by the way, why are we always called upon to sympathise with, instead of execrate, that supposed object of well-merited Protestant abhorrence?) not excepted. And the two latter were formidable attractions to rival, if only from the forced rarity of their visits. But they had no chance of a place in our affections anywhere near that occupied by the grim, mysterious descendant of Sackerson, in his chained and muzzled taciturnity. Nor has anything come up since his day, to our knowledge, that would have been at all likely to succeed in any such competition.

Stop—we may be wrong. The Ethiopian serenaders? Had that awful school of vocalists been among the institutions of our youth, it is possible that the empire of Sackerson, in our esteem, might have

been, at least, divided. And the newly-born hypothesis may assist to explain that inordinate, and, perhaps, unusual taste for bear's flesh to which we have confessed. We feel quite certain that, in our infantine days, a party of weird-looking individuals, with black faces, in Welsh wigs, fluffy hats, paper collars, and trousers of unearthly stripe, armed with the banjos, tambourines, and bone castanets of their adopted nationality—making the welkin ring with passionate inquiries as to the motives of their master for selling them all on their wedding day, and solving the mystic problem, apparently to their own satisfaction, by such cabalistic words of elucidation as "Hoop de doodem doo"—such a band of fierce barbarians, rushing down our quiet street, and comporting themselves in this now familiar manner, would infallibly have had the effect of frightening us out of one half of our young wits, and arresting the remainder in a suspense of ecstatic coma. And we think it must have been for parallel reasons that we became so early fond of bears. Those grim, lumbering quadrupeds appeal at once to your senses of terror and of humour. They are dangerous, and you fear them. But they are so intensely funny that you roar at them.

This, however, is mere idle theorising, and is far from explaining satisfactorily our philo-ursine propensities. We *do* like bears at any rate, and still with all the intensity of a young attachment. Whenever we enter a zoological garden we invest in the penny bun *de rigueur*, inquire our nearest way to the bear-pit, take up the feeding-pole, and proceed to enjoy ourselves after the manner of orthodox bear-fanciers in all civilised communities. We must be very ill or very busy indeed to let the first three days of a sojourn in Paris pass over our head without having been to pay our respects to *L'Ours Martin*, of the *Jardin des Plantes*— notoriously the greatest bear in the world. We care far less about leaving our card at the British Embassy—(a genteel formality which, to be candid, we do not remember to have yet complied with, on any one of our numerous visits to the French capital). It is a matter of supreme indifference to us who is seated on, or kicked off, the throne of the Tuileries.

> "Princes and kings may flourish and may fade—
> A breath can make them as a breath has made;
> But an Ours Martin—ev'ry Frenchman's pride—
> When once removed can never be supplied."

"*Et l'Ours Martin, se porte-t-il toujours bien, le gros gaillard?*"

A GREAT BEAR.

That is always *the* question we ask on our arrival. If the answer be (as fortunately has always been the case hitherto), "*Toujours, Monsieur*," then we feel re-assured: yet not quite happy till we have given a look round at the gardens, and seen Martin in the flesh. There he is, bless him! big, brown, shaggy, discoloured, truculent, and preposterous as ever—either trying to squeeze his gigantic frame into his absurdly disproportioned little cistern (his constant Tantalus-like occupation during the hot weather), or cultivating the graces, *en faisant le beau:* that is to say, sitting on his haunches, and bowing affably to the delighted *gamins* of the *quartier*, at the moderate price of a crumb of halfpenny biscuit per reverence. Perchance we may learn—it has happened more than once during our absence—that he has distinguished himself by scrunching another dropped baby, or hugged another keeper to death. In such case, any little compunctious visitings of humanity we may experience at the tidings of the catastrophe are forgotten in the glow of satisfaction excited by the assurance that France possesses at least one stable institution; that l'Ours Martin is, at any rate, still feared and popular, without any tampering with the press, the suffrage, the bourse, or the conscription, to maintain him on his eminence. He was alive and well, when we last visited the city of his adoption. Pray Heaven he keep so! For he is about the one thing left by which, in these days of juggle and transformation, the Paris of our early affections is even recognisable. He is, we believe, a native of the Lower Department of the Pyrenees. He is of gigantic stature, and of a fabulous age. His accomplishments are of a varied and elegant character. Not only does he consent to *faire le beau* in the manner, and for the modest compensation, alluded to. He also tumbles over head and heels with some dexterity, and climbs really well. His manner of rocking on his seat, by catching hold of the claws of his hind legs with those of his front ones, and setting himself gracefully in motion—looking up, with his mouth open, for bits of biscuit—is most fascinating. He is reported to have eaten two infants of tender years; strangled one foot-soldier (who incautiously leaped into his den to rescue one of the gentle victims just referred to—a dangerous liberty, at any time, to take with an established power in France); and to have had a few insignificant keepers killed under him. But what are these trifling sacrifices for the maintenance of constituted rank and order? As for the foot-soldier, it was in the

regular way of his business. If you can't feed your great bears, what right have you to indulge in such expensive pets? By the way, we have noticed one perpetually harassing grievance to which Martin, like other continental magnates, is subjected. The sparrows annoy him dreadfully. They pounce into his sacred den, and fly off with the bits of biscuit from under his imperial nose. *And he can't catch them!* Oh, if he only could! We wouldn't like to be the particular sparrow that might first come under the weight of his imperial paw! Not exactly.

Let not the reader suppose, for a moment, that the respect we profess for bears has been assumed, or even exaggerated, because we have the honour of knowing so distinguished a bear as Martin. We may be a little proud and puffed up by the borrowed dignity of such an acquaintance, but the intimacy was the effect, and not the cause, of our chronic interest in the tribe. We had a large circle of ursine acquaintance before we were aware of Martin's existence. Just as we had read, and learned by heart, several metrical fictions before we were aware that any material difference existed between the Iliad and the London Directory. As we got on in life our natural predilection for poetry and bears brought us, instinctively, in contact with Homer and *l'Ours Martin*—each the greatest of his species.

The wonderful bears we used to know in our childhood! There was the Beast to begin with, whom Beauty licked into civilised shape, and of whom we took leave at the hymeneal altar, doubtless with a good many of his troubles to come. The historian attempts to throw a thin veil of mystery over his species. But it is far too scanty and transparent to be at all serviceable. The Beast (Oh! Mr. William Harrison, tenor, do you remember those remote days, of a different Covent Garden Theatre from the one you have now the felicity of paying rent for, when *you* played the Beast; when you appealed so pathetically to your "wig and whiskers," on Beauty's doubting the sincerity of your attachment; and when, by your singing "All is lost" in your absurd suit of bear-skin, you made us cry much more copiously than you are ever likely to do by rendering, in laced velvet, feathers, and morocco boots, the most florid compositions of those eminent modern *maestri*, Signors Verdi, Herdi, and Gurdi?)—the Beast, we say, could have been no other than a bear. Then there was Prince Orson's foster-mother—excellent, matronly *Ursa Maxima!*

We have never quite forgiven Mr. Robert Keeley, aided and abetted by the unfeeling Albert Smith and the heartless Charles Kenney, for putting that venerable quadruped into a burlesque, and tantalising her round the stage with a property leg of mutton! It was a case of cruelty to animals, in our opinion, decidedly within the range of Martin's Act (not he of the *Jardin des Plantes:* O dear, no! but still a deserving personage). Nor are we likely to forget the story of Little Silverhair. We should think not, indeed, when there were as many as three bears in it, all at once! Into their mystic lair Little Silverhair was so rashly curious as to penetrate. "Somebody's been sleeping in *my* bed," squeaked the little white baby bear, in alto. "Somebody's been sleeping in MY bed," said big brown mother bear, in hoarse contralto. "Somebody's been sleeping in MY bed," growled the monstrous black father bear, in thundering bass. "And here she is," chorussed the whole family, in a fierce trio, as they dragged poor little trembling Silverhair out of her hiding-place.

But, after all, they didn't hurt little Silverhair! No. The bears of fairy mythology have always been rough-spoken, well-meaning persons, labouring under an undeservedly bad reputation. Surely this view of the ursine character must have had some foundation in fact; though, to be sure, for the present, it is somewhat obscured by the exploits of our friend Martin, in the baby and foot-soldier line.

We may mention also the delightful she-bear who came to be shaved when there was no soap, in Foote's awfully mysterious story of the barber's shop, wherein the Great Panjandarum (with a little round button at the top) cuts so majestic a figure. And the Royal Bear (really a prince transformed) in the exquisite legend of Musæus, whose palace, at certain seasons of enchantment, became a bear-garden with a cave in it, and whose beautiful children were turned into shapeless, fluffy cubs, and began tumbling over head and heels, and licking their paws like the roughest young bears in the world.

In this we suspect there is a subtle allegory. Perhaps it is true that the beautiful, well-dressed, prettily-behaved, feathered, brocaded, or kilted sons and daughters of kings and princes, when withdrawn from the public gaze into the shadow of the nursery, really growl, tumble about, quarrel, get themselves into a mess, and require an enormous quantity of licking, like unformed cubs as they are.

The ursine element, as developed in the human character, has

always claimed our sympathies. If we were Dr. Doran (in many respects we wish we were) we would write a work on the great bears of history, to be published with some such title as, "Bear and For-bear; or, Rough Reading for Ready Money." It would make a most interesting biographical series, for your really great bears have invariably been at heart good fellows; it is only their shabby masquerade imitators that have made the character detestable. Dr. Johnson would, of course, occupy a conspicuous position in such a portrait gallery. So would Churchill. So would that eminent master of bear-civility, the late Mr. Abernethy. Nor do we see clearly the slightest excuse for omitting all mention of the lately eminent tragedian, Mr. Macready. In conclusion, the work would be certainly incomplete without a copious memoir of the Representative Bear whose shadow-portrait accompanies this article. We regret that it is not in our power to offer any materials for the fulfilment of the latter condition; for, on our requesting the gentleman to oblige us with his name and address, he ordered us to mind our own business in the most delightfully bearish manner imaginable.

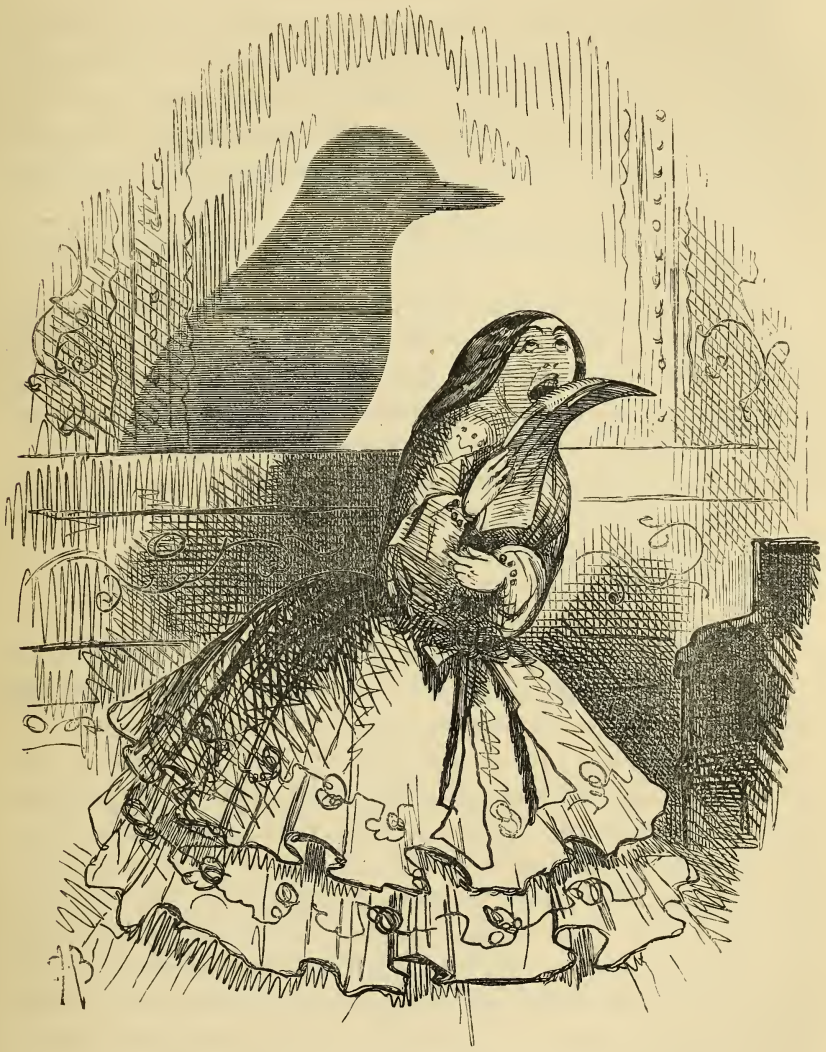
JENNY WREN.

I.

JENNY WREN, the daughter of old Wren, the celebrated provincial *chef d'orchestre*, had not much voice and less method. Nature—to judge by Miss Wren's "organ," as the musical critics say—had intended her for an apple-woman, or at best for a flower-girl; but it was the conviction of her parents that she possessed all the qualities of a great dramatic singer. That she could shriek even at the earliest age is certain, but she was never able to sing, unless the emission of sounds resembling now the tearing of silk, now the scratching of a slate with a stick of slate-pencil, now the sharpening of a saw, can be called singing. At the same time Nature, by one of those pleasant freaks in which she is so fond of indulging, had endowed Jenny with considerable musical taste; but it is well known that no vocalist ever exercises that faculty to discover his own or her own faults. Accordingly Jenny believed what her parents told her every day, that she was destined to be one of the greatest singers of the age, though it sometimes struck her as rather strange that, with all her genius, no manager could be induced to give her a trial on his stage.

"It 's all envy," old Wren would say when his daughter complained to him of this want of appreciation on the part of managers. Then, turning to his wife, he would add,—

"They are none of them fit to hold a candle to her; not Grisi, nor



A SINGING BIRD.

Persiani, nor any of them. I taught her myself, and I think I ought to know."

One night old Wren was struck with a brilliant idea. "I 'll tell you what we 'll do about Jenny," he said to his wife; "we 'll take Her Majesty's Theatre for her for a morning concert; they 'll be sure to let me the place on credit; the public will come in crowds to hear her; she will be praised in all the papers, and her success will be established once and for ever."

"And if they will *not* let you the theatre on credit?" objected Mrs. Wren.

"Oh! I knew you would have something of that kind to say," replied the *chef d'orchestre*. "That 's what you call being practical. If they will not let old Wren have Her Majesty's Theatre for one morning, with their own check-takers at the door, and their own cashier to take the rent of the house out of the receipts, why then"— and he hesitated as if the alternative were something dreadful.

"Then what, Mr. Wren?" interposed the wife.

"Why then we will take the Hanover Square Rooms."

"And if they will not let you the Hanover Square Rooms?"

"Then we will take Willis's Rooms."

"And if they will not let you Willis's Rooms?"

"Why then," answered Mr. Wren somewhat angrily, "we will take the National Hall in Holborn, and pay the money in advance."

That is precisely what he did, and it was no easy matter for him to scrape together the few pounds that were required for defraying the preliminary expenses. A sort of sham tenor, who was, in fact, a broken-down baritone, endowed with the strange power of producing high falsetto notes through his nose, offered to sing for nothing, and was taken at his word. Rubini had been asked his terms, but they were found to be rather too high; and he had, in the meanest manner, neglected to profit by the opportunity which presented itself to declare that he had no objection to give his services gratuitously. None of the other Italians proposed to sing, though Wren took care that they should all hear of the coming *début*.

"That 's just it," he exclaimed, when his friend Meddler informed him that he had been speaking to Madame Grisi and Madame Persiani about the concert, and that they both declined to sing at it; "that 's just it—they 're afraid of her."

However, Mr. Whiffles, the performer on the accordion, had promised a solo, and a vocalist from the Theatres Royal had said that he would sing an air in the second part if he could possibly get away from the theatre. Miss Jenny Wren, moreover, in addition to her talent as a vocalist, really possessed considerable ability as a pianoforte player, and it was decided that a good effect would be produced by her appearing in both capacities. The broken-down baritone, who warbled tenor music through his nose, and whose name was Lorenzo Smith, declared that he was ready to sing as often as he might be called upon to do so ; and ultimately, after much discussion, the following programme was decided upon :—

NATIONAL HALL, HOLBORN.

MISS JENNY WREN'S GRAND EVENING CONCERT,

JUNE 8TH, 184—.

PART I.

1. Overture to *The Bronze Horse* (*pianoforte*) ..... Miss Jenny Wren.
2. " Where the bee sucks " ..... Miss Jenny Wren.
3. " My pretty Jane " ..... Mr. Lorenzo Smith.
4. " My mother bids me bind my hair " ..... Miss Jenny Wren.
5. " On yonder rock reclining " ..... Mr. Lorenzo Smith.
6. " Di tanti palpiti " (*Tancredi*) ..... Miss Jenny Wren.

PART II.

1. Air, with Variations for the Pianoforte (*La Violette*) Miss Jenny Wren.
2. " Do not mingle " (*La Sonnambula*) ..... Miss Jenny Wren.
3. " Still so gently " (*La Sonnambula*) ..... Mr.——, of the Theatres Royal.
4. " Bid me discourse " ..... Miss Jenny Wren.
5. Solo on the Accordion ..... Mr. Whiffles.
6. " Tyrant, thus I burst thy chains " ..... Miss Jenny Wren.
7. " God Save the Queen " (arranged for the pianoforte by the celebrated provincial conductor, Christopher Wren) ..... Miss Jenny Wren.

It will be observed, from the above programme, that Mr. Lorenzo Smith, in spite of his obliging offers, had nothing whatever to sing in the second part of the concert. In fact, his habits were too well known ; and the shakiness with which the two notes " Trem—ble " were given in his *Fra Diavolo* song testified to the skill of the Wren family in calculating the exact moment at which he was likely to

become intoxicated. The celebrated vocalist from the Theatres Royal did not make his appearance at all, and Mr. Whiffles broke down in his solo on the accordion; but otherwise the concert went off remarkably well, and enough money was taken at the doors to pay all expenses, and leave a clear profit of a pound.

Mr. Meddler, of course, was present, and led the applause gallantly. He also claimed to have used his influence with the reporter of the *Morning Advertiser*, to procure the insertion of a favourable notice of the concert in the columns of that fashionable journal, so justly distinguished for its original and valuable opinions in connection with musical matters. The critic began by complimenting Miss Wren on her "rendering" of "Do not mingle," and on her "interpretation" of "Bid me discourse." He said that "Tyrant, thus" was given "with a *brio* and a *furia*, which could be more easily imagined than described;" but that, after all, he was not certain whether he did not like Miss Wren best in "Where the bee sucks." He called her "the fair *bénéficiaire*" several times, observed that she was standing between vocal and instrumental music, like Garrick between tragedy and comedy, and concluded by stating that she would be "an acquisition to the concert-room." The critic was also very civil to Mr. Lorenzo Smith, and praised him especially for his delivery of the notes, "Trem-ble." "They were given," said the writer, "in the *voce vibrante*. This was very appropriate, and the tremulousness had a fine dramatic effect."

Mr., Mrs., and Miss Wren waited at home the whole of the next day, in order that they might be in readiness in case Mr. Lumley should send for Jenny. Mr. Lumley, however, did *not* send for her; and Mr. Meddler said he must now take the matter in hand himself, and get the girl an engagement without delay. "What you want for her," he said, "is not a mere engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre. That I could get for her to-morrow through my friend the manager. No; what she wants is a good part in a new opera by a great composer. Now, I know all the composers of the day, from Meyerbeer down to Jullien, and I will take care that she is suited."

"Ah, indeed! If such a man as Meyerbeer could hear her!" exclaimed the father. "But could you really introduce her to him?"

"Could I? Most certainly," replied Mr. Meddler. "But I mean to introduce her to a young man who has even more genius than

Meyerbeer himself, and who has one or two operas ready written, for which all the managers in Europe are disputing. He shall give Jenny the principal part in one of them, and her reputation will be made."

The Wren family not only overwhelmed Mr. Meddler with thanks, but also invited him to dinner; and in the course of the afternoon he promised to introduce Jenny the very next day to his friend, the great composer.

II.

Herr Koch Robin was a singing-master and composer. He lived in a second floor in Howland Street, Tottenham Court Road, and spent the greater part of his time in strumming away at an old square piano, which, to judge from its appearance and make, must have been constructed soon after the invention of the instrument. It had been a good piano in its time, and Herr Koch Robin was in the habit of saying that it would never be a bit worse than it was now—an assertion which could scarcely be denied, as it was already as bad as it possibly could be. Herr Koch Robin's ordinary costume consisted of a pair of decidedly venerable pants, and of a dressing-gown whose age, to say the least, was respectable. His habitual food was macaroni, salad, onions, and cheese; his drink, "porter-beer," as the Germans call it.

For Herr Koch Robin was not one of those miserable Englishmen who grow a pair of moustaches, buy a pair of spectacles, neglect to comb their hair, put "Herr" before their name, and then fancy they have Teutonised themselves beyond the possibility of detection. No; Koch Robin was as thorough a German as Von Joel or Prince Albert; and if he had quitted the magnificent city of Berlin (so celebrated for the sand which surrounds it), to enlighten the inhabitants of foggy London on the subject of music in general, and the vocal art in particular, he had only been induced to do so from a conviction that he had a mission to perform, and that if a combination of jealous *virtuosi* and *maestri* prevented him from fulfilling it at home, he was bound to carry it out, to the best of his power, abroad.

He had arrived in London with a romantic opera, in thirteen acts, founded on the *Niebelungen Lied*, and an historical opera, in thirty tableaux, on the subject of the thirty years' war (a tableau to each year). In his determination to carry the musical art beyond the limits

hitherto assigned to it, Koch Robin had already left the progressive Wagner far behind. Wagner, as a rule, despises melody. Koch Robin not only despised melody, but had also a considerable contempt for harmony. He had invented the following maxim: "What is old is false;" and, encouraged by its success in the beershops of Berlin, had, a year afterwards, produced this other one, which is equally remarkable: "Only the new is true."

"As it is impossible to invent new melodies," said Koch Robin, "I will have no melodies at all in my operas; but, as harmony admits of endless combinations, I will invent new chords which shall startle and delight the public ear."

The public ear was, indeed, startled, but it was not delighted. The first of Koch Robin's compositions that was ever performed in public was a species of cantata, called "Germany; a Fragment." The conductor, who ordinarily presided at the Music Hall where it was given, refused to direct the orchestra on the occasion. But Koch Robin took the *bâton* himself, and had not the slightest mercy for either the musicians or the audience. He had "Germany" executed to the very last note. When it was concluded, four of his friends, who had been eagerly waiting their opportunity, indulged in the most violent applause of which four persons were ever known to be guilty. But the rest of the audience checked them solemnly and sternly, with the air of persons who felt that they had been deeply injured; and the *polizeidiener* on duty was desired by the manager to inform them that they should be sent to prison unless they desisted from their insane behaviour. Not a note of Koch Robin's music was ever heard again in Berlin. The musical stomach of the Berlin public could not stand it. It threw it off once and for ever, and the composer went to England.

As soon as he arrived in London, Herr Koch Robin wrote to Mr. Benjamin Lumley, at Her Majesty's Theatre, to tell him that he was at liberty to bring out the *Niebelungen*, a romantic opera in thirteen acts, and *The Thirty Years' War*, an historical opera in thirty tableaux, and inquired which he would like to have first.

Mr. Lumley received the letter, but for some unexplained reason neglected to answer it.

Then Koch Robin went himself to the theatre, taking his operas with him in a van; but the manager was not visible. The porter would not allow him to leave either of his great works at the stage-

door, on the ground that they took up too much space, and Pickford's men had to take them back to Howland Street.

When a poet's poems have no success, when a novelist's novels will not sell, the neglected author usually becomes a journalist and critic. Very often, too, he fails again in his new capacity; for it is a terrible mistake to suppose that, because a man has written a bad novel or poem, he can write a good newspaper article. Nevertheless, as a general rule, it is easier to criticise than to compose, because a work of construction must be, to a certain extent, complete, or it will not hold together; whereas every man who publishes a remark on a book or a play fancies that he is a critic. It is true that every anecdote-monger might, with equal propriety, claim to be considered a novelist; but however that may be, it is a fact that unsuccessful authors *do* very often turn into critics (heaven protect us from the fury of such men!); and, in the same way, hissed vocalists and composers become singing or music masters. It is a difficult thing to sing well—nay, more, it is a divine gift; but any one can teach singing, the only trouble connected with the matter being to procure pupils. It is like making a remark on a book under pretence of criticising it, with this difference, however—that if, by some means or other, you have succeeded in getting your name known in the fashionable world, you need not even make a remark. There are some singing-masters who simply listen to their pupils' singing, yawn, look at their watch, bow, take a guinea, and go. "What an extraordinary man Signor Squallinalto is!" exclaims the young lady when he has gone. "He never says a word to me; but, somehow or other, I find that I am getting on wonderfully with him. Has he not magnificent moustaches? He used to be the first tenor at La Scala, and afterwards at San Carlo; but he won't sing in England, though he has been offered thousands to do so. Is he not an extraordinary man?"

However, Koch Robin was not an impostor. He was simply rather behind the age, while fancying that he was considerably before it. If he knew very little about singing, he knew a great deal about music, and could make his pupils sing in time and in tune, which is more than some singing-masters could say—or, at all events, more than is said of them.

Nor was Koch Robin a mercenary man. He cared very little whether his pupils paid him or not, for what he was really in search

of was not money, but a beautiful voice. He was dying to find a *soprano* fit to sing in his unpublished, unrepresented opera of *The Niebelungen*, of which Mr. Lumley had not even taken the trouble to examine the score; and, accordingly, his delight knew no bounds when a friend of his assured him that he could introduce him to a young lady whose voice and style of singing were perfection, and who had enough interest with the managers to get any opera produced.

This kind friend was no other than our acquaintance Meddler, a man who, as he himself declared, knew every one.

"Koch Robin," he had often said to the composer, "what you want is a great singer."

"Mein Gott, dat is true!" the latter would exclaim; "a great sobrano. And you shall find me vun?" he added one day.

"Yes, my boy, I will find you one," replied the obliging Mr. Meddler. "Do you want anything else—a good bass or a nice tenor? Because you have only to say the word, and I will get them for you."

"Tenor and bass not vurth a tam!" said the German. "I vant only a sobrano and a kor for my vork to be a gomplete driumph."

"A soprano and a chorus?" said Mr. Meddler inquiringly.

"Yes; a gorus. As for bass, any vill do. Mr. Lablache vill sing it qvite vell, and Mr. Rubini shall be tenor. He is qvite a clever man, and sings better as many Germans. But vot most I do for *sobrano*, who most be qvite soblime?"

"Madame Grisi or Madame Persiani," suggested Mr. Meddler. "I will speak to them about it if you like."

"It is not vat I vant. I vant greater singer as them."

"Then I will tell you what you ought to do. You must go at once to a lady I know of, who is the greatest singer in the world. It will insure the success of your opera."

"And you vill introduce me?" inquired the composer, eagerly.

"Of course I will," said Mr. Meddler.

"Then fetch a vagon."

"A wagon? What for?"

"For my vorks. I write not your leetle gomedy operas. My operas have dirteen acts, oder dirty tableaux. I vill not write your leetle gomedy operas."

"Then I had better bring her to see you," remarked Mr. Meddler; and off he hurried to the residence of the great vocalist.

III.

Miss Jenny Wren could read music fluently, but she stared when she examined the score placed before her by Herr Koch Robin. The composer began to play.

"Shall I accompany myself?" said Jenny, somewhat timidly. "Or perhaps the piano is out of tune?" she added.

"The agompaniment is good," replied the *maestro.*

Jenny began her *aria d'intrata,* but the phrases seemed to be quite disconnected, and she sang even worse than usual.

Koch Robin stopped, rubbed his ears, and looked at Jenny Wren. He knew that her singing was bad, as well as she knew that his music was absurd. But the composer said to himself, "Good or bad, she is the great singer among these English, and she will get my opera produced." And, at the same time, Miss Wren comforted herself with the reflection that, discordant as Koch Robin's music might be, if that was the public taste, and he was really the great composer of the day, it would be a good thing for her to come out in his opera.

Jenny sang all the music of her part in the first act, and throughout the performance showed herself so kind and obliging, that Koch Robin thanked her, almost with tears in his eyes, though a few minutes afterwards he could not help wondering of what stuff English ears were made, that their proprietors could tolerate, and even admire, such screeching. On the other hand, Koch Robin's politeness produced a decided effect on Jenny Wren, who, at the same time, could not help thinking that his manners were infinitely superior to his music.

It was decided that the second act should be taken the following day, the third the day afterwards, and so on to the end of the opera. But it is hazardous for a lady and gentleman to sing and play together even when the singing is as detestable as Jenny Wren's, and the music as execrable as Koch Robin's. Scarcely had they reached the ninth act when Koch Robin, unable any longer to remain silent, proclaimed to Jenny Wren the passion with which she had inspired him. Jenny confessed that she returned his affection, and that morning they sang and played no more.*

* Reminiscence of Dante.

After the wedding Koch Robin and the Wrens all lived together. At present the father gives lessons on the violin; the husband teaches the violoncello, the piano, and singing; the wife the piano, singing, and the guitar—Mrs. Wren, senior, staying at home to direct the household affairs. In the evening the three musicians, who form an excellent little orchestra, go out to balls, where they earn ten shillings apiece by playing from about eleven till four, inclusive of supper-time.

At the present moment the Koch Robins have two children, a boy and a girl. The girl is eleven years old, and has one of the most lovely voices that can be heard. She is just what you may fancy Bosio to have been as a child. The boy is a year younger, and has also a great talent for music. He has a prodigious memory, and has already composed several airs, which, if not quite so original as his father's, are, at all events, less offensive. Certainly the Koch Robins are happy, if happiness be not the mere shadow of a name—*nominis umbra*, as Jules Janin would say. And old Meddler (who never knew either Lumley, or Grisi, or Persiani, or any one except Koch Robin and the Wrens) looks at them, and boasts that *he* is the cause of their felicity. He still offers every now and then to get the *Niebelungen* brought out by the Pyne and Harrison company, and the *Thirty Years' War* by Mr. Gye. But the Koch Robins always accept his offer, and there the matter ends.

Not, however, that those great works are forgotten. Late at night, or very early in the morning, after the Koch Robins have returned from a ball, strange sounds proceed from their drawing-room. The neighbours listen in their beds, and say the house is haunted. It occurred to one of them, on a particular occasion, that the mysterious noise might be music. The idea was mentioned, but was at once laughed to scorn. In fact, it is not music; it is a peculiarly harsh combination of sounds represented by certain notes written on music paper, and contained in an enormous album, on the back of which are inscribed the words "*Die Niebelungen.*"

[For the above interesting particulars of the musical career of Madame Koch Robin (*née* Wren) the projector of this series is happy to express himself indebted to the kindness of his esteemed friend—

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.]

SHADOWS OF THE FASHION.

IN the present day new fashions seem to be introduced systematically by tailors and milliners. There is no *roi de la mode* just now in Paris, and London has neither a Brummell nor a d'Orsay, nor even a Hughes, to play in real life the part of a tailor's dummy or a barber's block. We believe Count d'Orsay was the last "leader of the fashion" in England. He was a strange leader, too, for few persons had the audacity to follow him. The count was emphatically a "swell." He was well dressed, in one sense of the word, inasmuch as he was in the habit of wearing clothes that fitted him; but he had the misfortune to be a Frenchman, and, as such, aimed at conspicuous meritoriousness in his attire, instead of faultlessness amounting to perfection, which is what the Englishman strives to attain. The great talent of Count d'Orsay was shown, not in leading the fashions, but in persuading the world (and especially his own tailor) that he did so. Englishmen could no more dress in the bright showy colours affected by that supposed King of the Mode than they could dance quadrilles at eleven o'clock in the morning, in which fine matutinal pastime we have seen French gentlemen and ladies indulge with great gravity and success. If the count had lived long enough, he would probably have introduced clean shirts into France. He was fond of invention, and would not have shrunk before the difficulties naturally attendant upon such an enterprise. As it was, during the short period of his residence in Paris as Minister

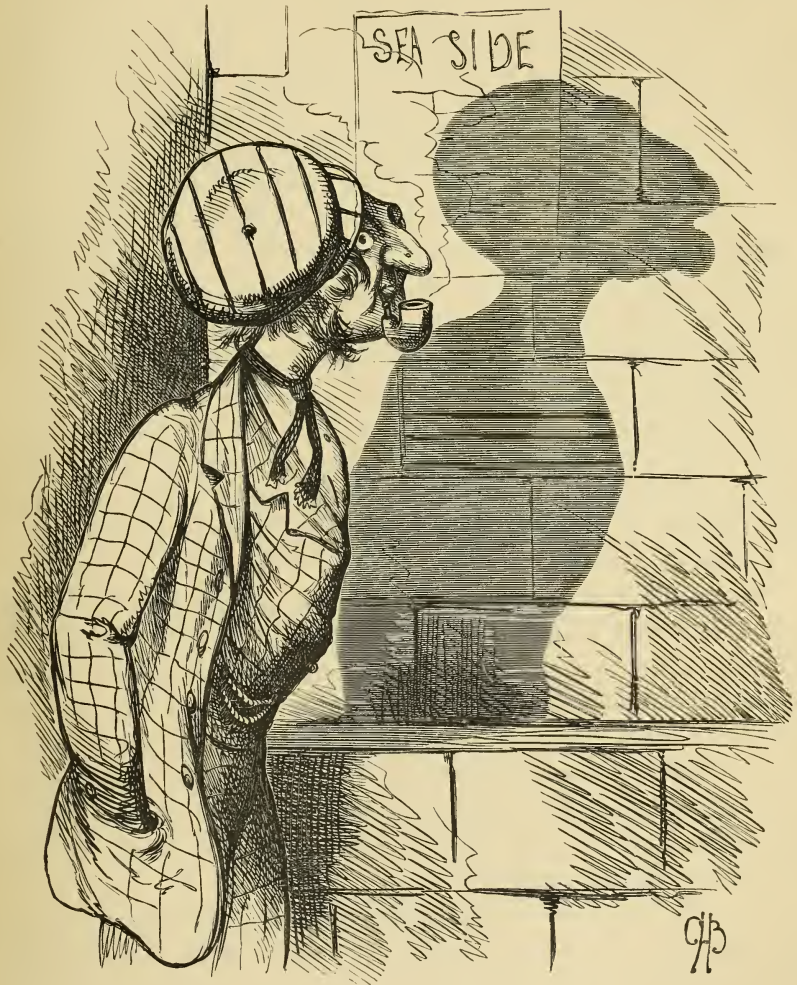
of Fine Arts, a great deal of white linen was seen about the place.

We believe it is a matter of sartorial history that Count d'Orsay was the first gentleman who wore a pilot coat; so that he really did introduce one fashion which was adopted very generally in England, and afterwards throughout Europe. The accredited story of Count d'Orsay's first appearance in a pilot coat is good, though we are by no means sure that it is true. Driving home from Epsom (says the legend), the "leader of London fashion" was overtaken by a storm. He had no overcoat, and was thinking what a wretched figure he should cut in Piccadilly in a light blue frock thoroughly saturated with rain, when his attention was attracted by a group of sailors standing outside an inn.

"Two pounds for your coat," exclaimed the count to one of them. Fortunately the man had learned arithmetic, and an instant's consideration told him that, as he had only given eighteen shillings for the garment in question, he would be a gainer of exactly one pound two by the transaction proposed. Another moment and the purchase was effected. The sailor entered the taproom of the inn in his shirt-sleeves, to spend as much as possible of the proceeds of the sale in brandy-and-water, and Count d'Orsay regained the box of his four-in-hand, with his handsome figure enveloped in the marine wrap-rascal.

When the count reached Hyde Park Corner the weather had cleared up, and the park was full of brilliant equipages. The pilot coat had "a success of enthusiasm," as the French say. "D'Orsay in a pilot coat, by Jove!" said the men. "Good heavens! the count in a pilot coat," said the women. "And how well he looks!" exclaimed the observers of both sexes in chorus. It struck the fashionable public, at the same time, that there was something very piquant in wearing the smallest and neatest gloves and boots, and at the same time a coat of the coarsest material, which was not even intended to fit the figure. The next morning five hundred pilot coats were ordered by five hundred of the most fashionable men in London, and throughout the next autumn and winter pilot cloth was "the only wear."

Here an important question presents itself. Did Count d'Orsay introduce the pilot coat accidentally, and in spite of himself, or was



APE-ING THE FASHION

it the result of a sudden inspiration? "*Noblesse oblige*," said a latter-day peer of France; but it is equally true that *noblesse permet*. Perhaps it is on this principle that illustrious dukes indulge in the not very dignified game of "Aunt Sally." But, however that may be, it is quite certain that gentlemen may do with impunity things which men of doubtful position feel compelled to avoid—just as a great writer will allow himself to *desipère in loco*, whereas an author conscious of his own mediocrity feels obliged on all occasions to be as clever as he possibly can. Count d'Orsay, according to the sudden-inspiration theory, had so much faith in his own native elegance, that he knew whatever he wore would become him. By way of giving a dazzling proof of this fact, he clothed himself in a garment that no gentleman had ever appeared in before, and we have already shown how gloriously he passed through the trial. The counterpart of this story is one that is told of a man who went to a masked ball in a hackney coachman's coat and cape, and who was treated by every one as a genuine hackney coachman. If this same person had ventured to wear a pilot coat before such things came into fashion, he would probably have been mistaken for the skipper of a Thames steamer.

On the other hand, the supporters of the purely accidental theory will have it that Count d'Orsay, in putting on the pilot coat, had no other intention than that of protecting himself from the rain. What pleased the fashionable public, they go on to allege, was not the grace with which the count wore the extemporised garment, but the contrast that it presented to the other parts of his attire—the piquant effect already alluded to of being unexceptionably gloved and booted, and wearing, at the same time, an over-garment of coarse material never intended to fit anybody.

For our own part we think the count's action carries with it unmistakable evidence of design. He was an artist, fond of effect, and, moreover, was not a humorist.

On another hand, it has been maintained that the general adoption of the pilot coat by the public was simply the result of a misunderstanding. In this case also it is assumed that the count merely put on the garment in question as a protection from the weather; but the public, with characteristic stupidity, thought his fashionable majesty was introducing a new mode, and as such blindly

adopted it. This explanation is amusing, but it will scarcely be accepted by serious thinkers. The fact is, the count wanted at the same time not to get wet, and not to look ridiculous; and he succeeded admirably in making a most unpromising garment both useful and ornamental.

But, as we before remarked, the tailors and milliners are the great arbiters of elegance now. We read the other day, in one of the papers, that a meeting of *modistes* had been held in Paris, at which it was determined that ladies' dresses should be shortened, and that they should be made of the most brilliant-coloured stuff that could be obtained. The advertising tailors of London have also the pretension to impose upon us their hideous Inverness and other wrappers; but we rejoice to add that this is a species of tyranny to which only the weak-minded submit. Nevertheless, the true fashions for men's clothes certainly proceed from London, as everything new connected with the toilet of a woman is issued from Paris. Louis Napoleon gets his coats from Poole's, in Saville Row; and her Gracious Majesty has her dresses from Madame Palmyre's in the Rue Lafitte.* It appears to us that no fault can be found with the present system of leaving fashions entirely to those who gain their living by observing and inventing them; or, if there be an objection to it, it is this—that the tailors and milliners display too much ingenuity in varying their modes. Of course their great aim is to render what they have sold useless after a certain reasonable, or, as it sometimes appears to us, unreasonable period. Thus coats are made very short for so many months, or, if necessary, years; but, as soon as everybody may be presumed to have provided himself with a few very short ones, it suddenly appears that there is some necessity for wearing them outrageously long. Then they are again abbreviated, or there is some important change in the make of sleeves, which at one time are fastened with buttons, at another are simply turned back, without the aid of any buttons whatsoever; and which, if they were worn very loose in 1858, will, without doubt, be worn rather tight in 1859. The real object is to make the garments of any one year as dissimilar as possible from those of the year before. Nothing is so unlike the last fashion as the last fashion but one.

However, on the whole, it is a great advantage to let every artisan

* The old order changeth, giving place to new. (1872.)

every trader, every manufacturer, and every artist produce in his own way whatever he thinks best. If your instinct or your taste tells you that he is a bad man, do not employ him ; but if he be a person in whom you can place confidence, let your confidence be entire.

Two illustrious ladies have departed from this rule, which, of course, applies to women as much as it does to men. One is the Empress Eugénie, who at a certain period, for personal reasons, introduced an excess of crinoline, which gradually led to cane hoops and steel petticoats ; the other is our own gracious Sovereign, who is accused of having been the first to wear the odious red petticoat which has been afflicting the eyes of the just for the last two years or more. Her Majesty is fond of scarlet, and it is well known that at reviews she is in the habit of appearing in the uniform of a female field-marshal. That already was bad enough — worse even than her Majesty's uncle, William IV., inspecting the troops in the attire of an admiral—but fortunately it was impossible to imitate her. In spite of our gracious queen's example, we do not remember any instance of an officer's wife endeavouring to assimilate her costume to that of the regiment to which her husband belonged ; but it was only too easy to imitate the royal fashion as far as petticoats were concerned. Talk of petticoat government, indeed ! That is nothing ; but when it comes to red-petticoat government, and London streets are filled with scarlet ladies, we think it is high time for us to raise the voice of protest, and for Mr. Bennett to point the pencil of scorn. An admirable portrait painter, Mr. Grant, has, next to the queen, done more than any one to spread the scarlet fever, from which our women have lately been suffering, and which, by the bye, appears, during the last few weeks, to have broken out in their bonnets.

We can understand what a temptation the red petticoat must have been to Mr. Grant, accustomed as he is to paint the British huntsman and the British officer in their scarlet uniforms. Probably, too, he had a large quantity of vermilion in his studio, and wanted to make use of it. Heine, in his *Reise-Bilder*, tells us of an artist who could paint nothing but red lions. Red was the only colour on his palette ; and whatever he attempted, a red lion was the result. We do not mean to say that Mr. Grant resembles the painter mentioned by Heine ; but there is no denying that he is exceedingly fond of red.

During the infancy of the red mania the painter we have just

A PASTORAL PETTICOAT.

named had the imprudence to exhibit the portrait of a lady, in Balmoral boots and a vermilion petticoat, walking through the snow. "How well she looks in her scarlet petticoat!" said all the ladies who went to the Exhibition, the fact being that she looked well in spite of it; and thus a fresh impetus was given to the growing taste of English-women for the most glaring and vulgar of colours.

It is just possible that the Crimean war may have had some effect in popularizing the red petticoat. The same distinguished lady who wears the costume of a female field-marshal at reviews may have wished it. That absurd struggle, in which so much was lost, and so little won, had a decided effect on the fashions of the nations engaged in it. This was especially remarkable in Russia, the country most seriously affected by the contest. The military spirit of the country had been roused by the invasion of the Crimea; its nationality was excited by the fact that, in spite of its intimate alliances with Prussia and Austria, it was left to carry on the war single-handed. All this was expressed in the Russian fashions, which became, at the same time, military and national. Then, women and children had their coats and cloaks made of grey soldier's cloth, and cut more or less after the model of the infantry capote; earrings composed of four microscopic cannon-balls were worn in recollection of an officer named Shchogoleff, who had displayed great heroism in working a battery of four guns at Odessa. Instead of the modern European ball-dress, ladies at evening parties appeared in the old Russian sarafan; a great many young men adopted caftans instead of coats; and finally, in the best *corps* that the Russian army possessed—the rifle militia of the imperial family—the national peasant's costume was introduced instead of the ordinary west-of-Europe uniform; and the men were allowed to keep their beards, which had not been heard of in the Russian service since the accession of Peter the Great.

The inhabitants of the place that caused all the fighting—we can scarcely call Turkey a country, or the Turks a nation—were degraded by the war. They were scarcely allowed to fight after the English and French had taken the field, and individually and in private they were beaten a good deal by their own allies. No national feeling was roused; but, on the contrary, as England and France affected to look upon Turkey as a first-class power, there was an evident leaning on the part of the Constantinopolitans towards western manners. We cannot

expect Mahomedans to adopt our Christian civilisation altogether ; but it is a fact that a large number of fashionable Turks have been seen in patent-leather boots.

France, which began the war and ended it, and did just as it liked throughout, and which, above all, never had its army placed in such a critical position as our own was in at Inkermann, did not take the same interest in the struggle that was felt in England. Some uninventive advertising tailor produced an awkward-looking paletot called the Raglan ; but there was no great manifestation of public feeling in the coats or dresses of the country. On the other hand, since the peace, the influence of Russia has been exhibited in France in the costumes of the little boys. The little postilion's hat, with the cock's feather at the side, the coloured shirt or caftan fastened round the waist with a girdle, the boots with trousers tucked into them, are now seen in Paris almost as frequently as they were last summer at Dieppe, or last winter at Nice, where, owing to the number of Russian families temporarily resident there, they had become quite common. It will be seen that this fashion of dressing children will gradually extend itself to England, and it certainly has the advantage of being both comfortable and picturesque.

In England the Russian mode of arranging dinner tables and serving dinners has been introduced since the peace ; but during the war no sign of the contest was apparent in our manners or dress, except, perhaps, as we have already suggested, in the introduction of the red petticoat as symbolic of our military ardour.

Be that as it may, the red petticoat is hateful, and must be abolished. Do the women of England remember how considerably they rose in the estimation of their natural admirers when they adopted the French *bottine?* Mr. Buckle, in his "History of Civilisation," does not tell us what effect the apparently trifling circumstance had upon the annual number of marriages celebrated in England ; but it is a well-known fact that it caused a marked increase. Now, all the good produced by the *bottine* is being destroyed by the red petticoat, which is not only detested by a vast number of men (by all, in fact, who are amateurs of women), but has absolutely driven a few into lunatic asylums. It is not a month since a gentleman was brought before a London magistrate for some act of eccentricity, when it appeared that he was suffering from madness produced by red petticoats. The

policeman stated positively to his Worship that the sight of one of those glaring, eye-irritating garments threw the prisoner into fits of uncontrollable rage, during which he gave himself up to all sorts of absurd actions. The magistrate did not seem at all astonished ; nor was there, in fact, much to be astonished at, for, unfortunately, there are numbers of men to whom the red petticoat is as a scarlet mantle to a bull.

There are probably a few estimable men in existence who admire red petticoats, simply because they happen to have fallen in love with some young lady who had forgotten herself so far as to wear one. We not only pity them, but excuse them, on the principle of "love me, love my red petticoat." If the loved one were even to appear in black stockings, a lover who had reached a proper state of absurdity would find something to say in favour of them. But the man who has a sound heart—*cor sanum in corpore sano*—reflects that too many of our women had already a grenadier's walk, and that it was quite unnecessary for them to add to their military appearance by imitating the grenadier's uniform. If they would at once adopt the charming costume of the *vivandière*, and endeavour to turn life into a brilliant masquerade, we would say nothing ; for, at all events, a brilliant masquerade is better than a dull and ugly one.

If there be any men not absolutely in love who, in spite of all we have said, still admire red petticoats—if there be any young and beautiful girls who still say, "We will not cast them off"—we can only add that they have been praised by Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper! Yes, in the "Rides and Reveries of Mr. Æsop Smith," Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper praises red petticoats.

"And what can the author of the Platitudinarian Philosophy have to say in favour of red petticoats?" exclaims the (intelligent) reader with indignation. Simply that he looks upon their introduction as a step towards the employment of colour in women's dress. As if grey, violet, blue, and pink were not colours, or as if they were never worn by the best-dressed women! After all, the great fault consists not merely in wearing a petticoat of vulgar staring red, but in wearing a coloured petticoat at all.

Cherry, in the *Beaux' Stratagem* (who ought to know), tells us that the objects of love are "youth, beauty, and clean linen." It has always been the misfortune of Englishwomen not to appreciate the

effect of white in their attire, while the women of France employ it considerably, and, moreover, pay scrupulous attention to the "getting up" of their cuffs, sleeves, collerettes, &c.; so that, in fact, a Parisian shop-girl or *lingère*, with a few francs a week, looks better than a great many English ladies who spend hundreds every year on silks and satins. We were speaking, at the beginning of this paper, of the notorious fact that in England the men dress better than the women, and in France the women better than the men. This may, to some extent, be explained by the fact that in the one country, the men cultivate white linen, and the women neglect it, while in the other the converse takes place. There is no chance, then, of the red petticoat ever crossing the channel. Frenchwomen would not tolerate it. It would probably suit the Germans, who are the worst dressers in Europe; but fortunately there is not much direct communication between England and Germany, so that, finding itself confined to one particular country, it will gradually die out like the Sepoy insurrection.

Against crinoline we have nothing to say, though in excess it is as hateful as a superabundance of anything else. *Desinis in monstrum formosa puella superne*, says Phormio to Nausistrata in the epilogue to the last Westminster play, in which the word crinoline is happily rendered by *crines et linea;* but, with a moderate amount of *ballon* (as the French ballet-masters say) below the waist, a *formosa puella* looks all the *formosior*. Cumbersome steel petticoats, and pyramidal baskets and bird-cages, are detestable enough, we admit; but crinoline improves at the same time the appearance of the dress and of the wearer. However, there is something that is better even than crinoline; that is to say, a multiplicity of stiff muslin petticoats, such as are worn by the fair members of the *corps de ballet*. Of course, we take it for granted that the object of every lady who wears crinoline or steel is to look as much as possible like a ballet-girl, though it must be confessed that, up to the present time, the copies have not been at all equal to the originals. The only pity is that no attempt is made to introduce the costume of the *danseuse* in its completeness. A world peopled with ballet-girls would be a terrestrial paradise, and a decided Elysian character might be given to the metropolis by the appearance of only a few thousand well-dressed *ballerine* in the more fashionable streets and promenades.

In the meanwhile let us not join the cry against crinoline, which we

hail as a step in the right direction. Besides, crinoline has really done us more good than harm. As to the "burnt sacrifices" to fashion that Mr. Charles Kenney speaks of in the Musical World, we need only say that a certain number of ladies have been consumed in their muslin dresses every winter for years past, and that, by the simplest process in the world, dresses of all kinds may be made fire-proof. With regard to the good that crinoline has effected, we may mention, in the first place, that it suggested an excellent farce to our friend and editor, Mr. R. B. Brough, which was acted with great success at the Olympic Theatre. Then, to quote the words of an American journalist, "it shows ankles to a delirious extent, and gives newspaper editors something to write about."

H. S. E.

BOANERGES MOWTHER, ESQ.

THE peace of Europe having been recently endangered by the daring license of discussion indulged in at the nightly réunions of the Society of Demosthenic Dodgers, held at the Blue Pig Tavern, and the attention of the civilised world being (greatly to the delight and emolument of the Blue Pig's landlord) for the time directed to the proceedings of that eloquent body, we have thought that a portrait and memoir of one of its most distinguished members might appropriately find a place in our Eidolographic Pantheon. We have accordingly, without much difficulty, prevailed upon Mr. Boanerges Mowther to favour us with a sitting.

Mr. Mowther is one of the oldest members of the society, and his nightly attendance at the Blue Pig—Dodgers' Hall, as it is familiarly termed by the Demosthenic fraternity—has been for a succession of years almost unbroken. Here, "from his place in the house," (Mr. Mowther is fond of parliamentary forms, and believes himself, in some indefinite way, personally concerned in the legislature of his country), he has from time to time contributed to the discussion, if not to the solution, of the most important problems connected with the Universal Destinies.

Our business being exclusively with Mr. Mowther as an orator—as a man and a linen-draper we prefer having nothing to do with him—we will confine ourselves to the consideration of his merits in that capacity.

The main business of Mr. Mowther's public life (an expression which is capable of a two-fold interpretation) is to talk. That he may be listened to, though, of course, an essential, is at the same time a secondary consideration. In the not uncommon event, especially when Mr. Mowther happens to have a "motion on the paper," of there being "no house" at the Dodgers', we are given to understand that our friend will cheerfully accept his isolation, and, on the angry motion of the landlord that the waiter do leave the room, and attend to his bar and chamber practice, being carried without opposition, will proceed to the unaided despatch of business, addressing the unoccupied chair on the main question, putting the spittoons to the vote, and requesting the clock, if in favour of his resolution, to "signify the same by holding up its hands." There may be some playful exaggeration in this, but it is at any rate based upon probability.

Next to talk, Mr. Mowther likes conquest. Conviction, either imparted or received, is the last thing he cares about; and, indeed, to encourage anything of the kind would be to degrade the Dodgers' Hall from an arena for the exercise of trained forensic athletæ to a mere educational establishment. Mr. Mowther does not come to the Dodgers' to learn or to teach. He comes to talk ("argue," he calls it, but that is a rhetorical figure); and the primary want of his nature, *i.e.*, the privilege of talking, being satisfied, he cares for nothing so much as the demolition of an antagonist. For instance, if the question referred by the collective wisdom of the civilised world to the decision of the Demosthenic Dodgers happened for the moment to be, "Would England be justified in compelling the emancipation of the Russian Serfs without a guarantee for the establishment of the Habeas Corpus on the Polish frontier?" and the majority, yielding to the eloquence of Peagrim (a rival orator, who presses Mr. Mowther rather hard occasionally), be in favour of a resolution to the effect "that this assembly considers the emancipation of the Muscovite peasantry a measure eminently requiring the attention of England in one way or another, according to the emergency of the case, but that the Habeas Corpus in Poland is quite another matter," Mr. Mowther will infallibly get up and propose in a set speech, which being once set would be likely to grow rapidly, some such amendment as that "this meeting is of opinion that the enfranchisement of the Russian Serfs is a measure not requiring the intervention of England for its enforce-

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ment unless called for, but that the establishment of the Habeas Corpus in Poland is a thing to be immediately thought of." If Mr. Mowther can carry his amendment he has fulfilled his mission for the time. It is scarcely necessary to add that if Peagrim's resolution had originally taken the form of Mr. Mowther's amendment, Mr. Mowther's amendment would have been something strongly resembling Peagrim's resolution.

The motives of Mr. Mowther's oratory being established, let us proceed to the consideration of its practice. Mr. Mowther aspires to "talk like a book," and the book he aspires to talk like is "Enfield's Speaker." We have seen that the primary requirement of Mr. Mowther's eloquent nature is action, that it to say, talk. Next to that comes victory. The third object of his oratorical life, incidental to the accomplishment of the two major necessities, is quotation. Mr. Mowther's reading has been limited; but he is a great economist. He makes the most of his quotable material, for the most part not derived from the least accessible models of English composition. In the disbursement of these treasures he reverses the plan of more wealthy prodigals in such matters, who first mark out for themselves a path of argument, which they proceed to embellish by the way with such ornament and illustration as they may think suitable. Mr. Mowther cannot afford this. He does not even cut his coat according to his cloth. He fashions it according to the stock of buttons, trimming and sleeve lining he may happen to have at his disposal.

Hence it is rather difficult to arrive at a conception of Mr. Mowther's political opinions. We have known him eloquent on behalf of Utter Democracy, Socialism, the Right of the Peasant to the Soil, and so forth. But we have speedily been aware that his advocacy of these dangerous opinions was only adopted for the purpose of enlarging upon the claims and merits of the working agriculturists in a speech intended to culminate in his favourite quatrain :—

> "Princes and peers may flourish or may fade,
> A breath can make them as a breath has made;
> But a bold peasantry, its country's pride,
> When once removed can never be supplied!"

Lines which Mr. Mowther delivers impressively—his left hand under his coat tail, his right extended towards the chandelier, his flashing

eye fixed upon the fly-cage on the ceiling: and he rolls out "a bow-old peasantry" with tremendous volume and emphasis, we can assure you.

On the other hand, we have known Mr. Mowther a staunch absolutist. This happened a few nights ago. The question for discussion before the house (in fact, in its front parlour window) was, if we remember rightly, "Should convicted libellers of a foreign potentate be pensioned by the English treasury?" We were fairly astonished at Mr. Mowther's virulence on the subject. He was for the incarceration, treadmilling, whipping, hard-labouring, transporting, and we almost think hanging, of every newspaper writer or pamphleteer who might be found to insinuate that the present Emperor of the French had ever so much as been in difficulties for the liquidation of a cab fare during his temporary residence in this country. Nay, he was even inclined to think that the very insinuation of his Imperial Majesty's having ever been in pecuniary difficulties, or occupied inadequate apartments in Jermyn Street or elsewhere, might be construed into a charge of *scandalum magnatum.*

"Sir," said Mr. Mowther, addressing the chairman, "I have yet to learn" (a favourite expression with Mr. Mowther: he has usually "yet to learn" something), "that the magnanimity of this great and glorious country is so restricted as only to authorise hospitality by the encouragement of insult, or that the dignified endurance of Difficulty is to subject a distinguished Demigod to the Diabolical darts of demoniac Detraction; and to apply, sir, the words of the late Edmund Burke" (this was what we had been all along looking for, and we had known, from the dilatation of Mowther's pupil, and the increased excitement of his manner, was rapidly coming), "used in reference to the unfortunately deceased Marie Antoinette, I thank my God, sir, that the laws of England provide dungeons for the slanderers of Louis Napoleon's fair fame, as secure and efficacious as those of the Bastille itself!"

Mr. Mowther (who had not been quite correct in his text—but he never is) then sat down. We knew he would, having achieved his oratorical mission for the evening.

And yet we fear the present sovereign of France may hardly venture to enrol Mr. Mowther among the most reliable potentates of his alliance. We remember hearing that gentleman very severe indeed

upon the excessive domination of the military *caste* in France. It is true he had picked up an English translation of *Napoleon le Petit* at a Fleet Street bookstall, and there was every excuse for his yielding to the temptation of framing (to be hung even on the slenderest or most inappropriate peg) an anti-Bonapartist speech for the introduction of the well-known ironical charge to the French army—

"Soldiers! from yonder pyramids the forty thieves are looking down upon you!"

Which we recollect went off with tremendous *éclat*, placing Mr. Mowther for the moment on a level with Victor Hugo himself.

A few years ago we remember Mr. Mowther coming out as a Young Englander. He was not in the heyday of boyhood himself at the time, and we were at a loss to understand the motives of his advocacy of those views in favour of youth and inexperience which Mr. Disraeli, up to his fiftieth year, so sedulously endeavoured to popularise.

The mystery was soon explained. Mr. Mowther had been reading Chatham's memorable boy-speech in defence of youth, which served him as a mine of quotation for many years, till—his views having expanded with his waistcoat—he was in common decency compelled to abandon the adolescent opinions expressed in it.

We have pretty well exhausted our stock of eulogy in Mr. Mowther's favour. We may yet add that he is acknowledged to possess greater powers of expanding an utterly insignificant subject to an inordinate length of words than any man living. As we do not happen to possess that faculty ourselves, we will bring our notice of Mr. Mowther to a close.

Mr. Mowther's shadow may be left to speak for itself, which it appears capable of doing in Mr. Mowther's own kind of language, which is of the wind—windy.

WHY DR. WINKLEWORTH TURNED QUACK.

AN INCREDIBLE STORY.

[THE reader has already been introduced to Dr. Lancelot Winkleworth, now of Castalia House, Malvern, in connection with Captain Bouncer's chronic affliction. The doctor himself having consented to sit to the eidolograph (which has most unkindly taken him at his own good-humoured valuation, and represented him with certain duck-like attributes more characteristic than complimentary), some personal details of his own career may not be unacceptable. We have selected a remarkable passage in his life, of a date anterior to the erection of Castalia House, and long before the doctor had any thoughts of taking to that element in which he now gets on so swimmingly.]

I.

At precisely ten minutes past eight A.M., on the 16th of August, young Dr. Winkleworth was seen to enter his native city—the quiet old cathedral town of R——, by the turret gate at the top of the High Street, that Janus-like, double-faced edifice, which pretends to be so demurely starched and puritanical towards the sober shops on one side, but which laughs in wreathing ivy and dimpling wild roses on the other, its grey sides perennially tinted with the green reflection of fields, where everything will grow except houses. The young doctor had a cigar in his mouth, and a tin candle-box slung on to his back.

I have not thought it worth while to particularise the exact year of this memorable occurrence. I am, in fact, not quite certain about it; and it is a matter of quite secondary importance compared with that of the time of year and hour of the day, which I have so scrupulously ascertained and recorded. Precisian readers may, however, feel gratified by the assurance that among the people who witnessed the *entrée* of the young doctor, his cigar, and candle-box into R——, under the circumstances referred to, were two early-stirring schoolboys, whose morning faces were yet shining with the effects of a salubrious plunge in the river W——, and both of whom, if still living, must, ere this, have come into the possession of their whiskers. So that the event could have taken place at no very recent period.

One of the schoolboys said to his friend,

"My eye!"

His friend inquired the cause of this adjuration.

"There's young Winkleworth. He's been out all night."

"What does he do out all night?"

"Astronomy, and all that. He's precious clever. He's been watching the stars all night from the top of Priory Hill. There's something up, you may depend upon it. A new comet, I shouldn't wonder. See that thing on his back?"

"What is it?"

"That's his telescope. I wish I knew half what he knows."

"Is he as clever as old Swishtail?"

"Him and all the ushers put in a bag together. I'll bet a halfpenny it's a comet. Shouldn't I like to see one!"

"So should I."

Our schoolboy was right in his estimate and envy of the young doctor's cleverness. But he was wrong about the comet and the supposed telescope. The latter article was a candle-box.

Young Dr. Winkleworth passed under the turret gate, and returned the courteous good morning of the milkman and of "Mrs. Huddle, the chandler's shop," who was taking in her usual matutinal pennyworth from that tradesman.

"What poor creetur's a bed now?" inquired Mrs. Huddle. "I only know of Missis Banks, of the Priory, and she don't expect these two months; and Missis 'Ampson, of Ferry Bridge; but, lor! he never can have been all that way. Fifteen mile!"

"If it was fifty, and they wanted him, he'd be there," said the milkman heartily. "But it ain't a confinement he's been to. There's been a accident, take my word for it."

"Lor, Watson, how do you know?"

"You see that thing on his back?"

"Ay, surely."

"That's instruments. There's been a saw-bones case, make sure of that."

"God's blessing on him! He's always there when wanted. Poor or rich makes no difference to him. I wish there was more with hearts like his."

"Wish I had what he's got in his head. Shouldn't like to have his work to do, though. Bed's a pleasant place to stop in when you're once in it—eh! Mrs. Huddle?"

"Well, I suppose it must be. I should like my milk afore seven if I could get it."

"Bravo, Mrs. Huddle! One to you. It *was* rather late at the White Hart last night. I'll send the butter round. Good morning."

Ring-a-ding-a-ding. Milk below.

Mrs. Huddle and Watson, the milkman, were also right and wrong. Young Dr. Winkleworth had a huge heart and a wise head. But he had not been called out of his bed on this occasion by the claims of obstetric or general surgical science. There were no instruments of any kind in that mysterious candle-box of his.

"Hah! doctor, good morning," said Mastic, the apothecary, who was taking down his own shutters. "Found any wild garlic this morning?"

"Haven't looked for it, Mastic. Use the foreign. What's the use of making bricks when you can buy ready-made houses?"

"Well, I'm fond of going to the fountain head, you know. Gardeners are like barbers—they shave the head where the hair ought to grow, and force whiskers where they were not intended. You haven't brought me those marsh mallows yet?"

"I had something else to think of this morning. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Mastic looked after the retreating doctor, and soliloquised.

"He's found that new broad-leafed digitalis, I'll be bound. He might have shown it me. What paltry jealousy, to be sure, for a man

of his attainments! As if I should have forestalled any of his observations. I believe I saw a leaf of it sticking out of that candle-box."

Mastic, though a licentiate of Apothecaries' Hall, was a botanist *acharné*, and a heretic in the matter of mineral drugs. He understood the nature and purport of the candle-box; but was as much in the dark as to its present contents as the schoolboy, the milkman, or Mrs. Huddle. Young Dr. Winkleworth had not been in search of the new broad-leafed digitalis.

At the corner of his own quiet, grass-grown street our doctor met Dean Wybrow, taking his habitual "constitutional" before breakfast.

"Ha, Winkleworth!" said the reverend gentleman, "you look radiant. You've found something. Let's have a look."

"Nothing whatever, your reverence," replied the doctor. "I haven't even been foraging."

The answer, considering it was addressed to the great antiquary and geologist, Dean Wybrow, meant to imply that our young doctor's morning expedition had not been undertaken in search of either antiquarian or geological specimens.

The dean shook his head and laughed incredulously.

"Close dog, Winkleworth, close dog. You've been exploring the tumulus, you rascal! What have you got there—fossil remains, or merely coins and *fibulæ?* There, I oughtn't to ask you. I should be as close myself if I'd been first in the field; but you get up so abominably early. By, by!"

The dean watched our young doctor into his residence, murmuring,—

"Fine young fellow! Wish I had half his knowledge! Pity he has acquired that disgusting habit of smoking tobacco; and that beard is positively revolting—does him an injury with his connection, in point of fact. He *must* shave; and I should like to know what he's got in that candle box. I'll ask him to dinner, and draw him out."

Young Dr. Winkleworth rang his own bell and stood on his own doorstep. While he was waiting to be admitted, little MacCorquhardale, the landscape painter (now A.R.A.), rushed out of his residence next door and said,—

"I say, Winkleworth, lend us a tube of brown madder."

"Haven't got one. My paint-box is in London."

"What! haven't you been out sketching?"

"No."

"Then what the deuce have you got in that tin thing?"

"Nothing in your line."

"All right. I must fudge it up with Vandyke brown and lakes. Haven't you drawn anything this morning?"

"Not a scratch."

"Well, but you had a pencil and paper about you at least?"

"Just so; but I had something else to think of this morning."

"What a thundering fool you are not to stick to painting! You'd make a fortune. I must be off. I want to lay in the old windmill in 10·50 sunlight. I shall manage with the lakes and Vandykes. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

"I certainly thought, from that tin thing, you'd been spending a sensible morning. Even my rubbishing pictures sell. But if you like being a donkey, I can't help it."

"Nor I. I suppose, Mac, one can't help the ears one is born with."

"Well, I can't lend you mine any longer. I must catch the 10·50 sunlight, and it's a five-miles' walk. It's a precious shame you not having that tube of brown madder. Ta-tah!"

I hope the expressions of contemporary opinion above recorded will serve to assure the reader that young Dr. Winkleworth was a person of some importance in the cathedral town of R——; that he was therein recognised as an eminent astronomer, surgeon, philanthropist, botanist, archæologist, geologist, and artist; also that he was more generally esteemed than understood; that he was permitted to smoke before breakfast, and to grow a beard—and he a recognised medical practitioner in a primitive cathedral town—without absolute sacrifice of the public approval. Lastly, that everybody interested in his movements on the morning in question framed an independent and erroneous theory as to the probable contents of his tin candle-box.

There was nothing in the young doctor's tin candle-box but a few wild roses and forget-me-nots.

II.

Dr. Winkleworth lived in the house he had been born in, and wherein his mother had died soon after his birth. A kind aunt had replaced that parent's care, and still lived to partake of—not to enjoy—the harvest of her adopted son's gratitude. She was a bedridden invalid, afflicted, as our sorrowing doctor well knew, with an incurable malady. Except to surround her with every material comfort, and to attend her with the affection of a devoted son, he could do nothing to mitigate her sufferings.

This lady had two daughters—twins—who, on the particular day in August chosen for the commencement of our story, had completed their eighteenth year.

They were called Rose and Blanche, merely because Dr. Lancelot, with whom they had been brought up as sisters, considered the names pretty, and appropriate to their complexions. Their real names were Bridget and Martha.

Two years before the opening of our story, it had occurred to our hero to look upon Martha—I beg her pardon, upon Rose—with eyes of other than fraternal affection. Miss Rose herself offered no objection to be regarded in the new light.

In a word, they were "engaged."

Young Dr. Lancelot was of a remarkably ardent and demonstrative disposition. The intended Mrs. Lancelot was nothing of the kind. She was a young lady of a demure and self-possessed habit—a very great slave to her duty indeed, her notions of which were somewhat arbitrary, and, it may be, unreasonable. She had declared she would never marry her cousin during her mother's lifetime. Her cousin, for the life of him, couldn't make out why. He himself thought it rather hard that the advent of his happiness should be made contingent upon the death of his benefactress. The young lady didn't care. *That* was her sense of duty, and she intended to stick to it.

Blanche was by no means of that way of thinking. She had a very high veneration for the holy estate of matrimony; and a certain wealthy Mr. Styrrup, otherwise known as "the squire," having solicited the boon of her hand, and being approved as a candidate for that snowy possession, she had not considered herself justified in withholding it until such time as it might possibly become reddened and

wrinkled. So Blanche was about to become Mrs. Styrrup, and the declining days of her poor moribund parent were made all the happier by the comfortable prospect.

Blanche and Lancelot loved each other like brother and sister. Lancelot loved Rose like a poet, an enthusiast ; or, if you please, like a fool. Rose loved Lancelot like—I have not been able to discover precisely what.

Both young ladies were extremely beautiful, and the young doctor was at that time the handsomest, as he was undoubtedly the cleverest, man in R——.

When the doctor came in with his candle-box, his wild roses, and his forget-me-nots, he found the breakfast-table prepared, but the apartment unoccupied. He rang to inquire the reason. It was an orderly household, and the young ladies were usually his punctual companions at the eight o'clock meal.

The explanation was simple. Mr. Styrrup's groom had arrived half an hour ago with a parcel from the hall, suspected of containing birthday presents. The young ladies were occupied with its inspection.

The doctor was not sorry for this. He had a little scheme in preparation requiring time and solitude. He withdrew to his study, where he separated his woodland treasures into two equal portions, making a tasteful bouquet of each, which he disposed of in two tiny baskets, previously provided for the purpose.

Into one of the baskets (intended for Blanche) he slipped a note worded as follows :—

My dear Girls,—This is probably the last of your birthdays we shall spend together under the same roof. You, Blanche, who are about to leave us for the gay world, we can hope to see but seldom, and when we do it must be as one of another rank and family. Let me see you to-day, at all events, as I love to see you—dressed alike. Wear each of you a wild rose in your hair and one in your waistband during the day, and preserve the forget-me-nots to be worn as wreaths for the evening. You know my sentiments upon these matters. We will preserve Blanche's wreath as a souvenir."

In the basket intended for Rose he placed a copy of verses which he had composed, with some labour, during the night (for, with all his cleverness, Dr. Lancelot Winkleworth could no more write tolerable

verses impromptu than you, or I, or anybody else can), and of which I will only afflict you with the concluding lines, for I forget the opening ones :—

> "Dear little flower, I love thy tiny star,
> By which my days of winter, doubly sadden'd
> By misty skies and knowledge she is far,
> Flit by less heavily, consoled, not gladden'd;
> For in thy petals of celestial blue
> I find her eyes' azure and heaven's too."

Having read over these verses immensely to his own satisfaction (we have all our weaknesses), the doctor rang the bell, and ordered the two baskets to be taken to the young ladies' room. The doctor then read and answered a few professional letters which having disposed of, he returned to the breakfast parlour, which was still empty.

In a few seconds, however, the twin sisters made their appearance, and kissed their cousin, who wished them, of course, many happy returns of the day and all the res of it.

To his great chagrin, he discovered that the young ladies were not dressed alike, and that neither of them wore a wild rosebud either in her hair or waistband.

Now, of course, it was very weak on the part of an eminent *savant*, as young Lancelot Winkleworth already was, to be discomposed by such a mere trifle. I can't help that. He was—and showed it.

"Have you not received my birthday presents?" he asked.

"Presents?" said Blanche, rather absently. "Oh! you mean your pretty flowers. Yes, dear, and very sweet they are, and very thoughtful it was of you."

"What beautiful wild roses—and the forget-me-nots!" said Rose, blushing at the thoughts of her forgetfulness. "Where did you get them?"

"Have you not read my note, Blanche?"

"Note! To be sure, how thoughtless of me! I put it in my pocket. We hadn't time to read it, fearing you would be wanting your breakfast. Here it is."

Blanche produced the note and read it aloud. Having done this, she kissed her kinsman once more, saying penitently,

"A thousand pardons, my dear brother."

Rose had disappeared. She returned speedily with four wild rose-buds. One of them she had already placed in her hair, another in her waistband. With the remaining two she decorated her sister in a similar manner.

The latter said,

"My dear Lancelot, we must explain to you the cause of our rudeness. What do you think Henry Styrrup has sent me as a birth-day present?"

"How do I know? Some camellias or japonicas, perhaps, out of the hothouse, which he scarcely ever enters."

"Better than that. A complete set of turquoises — necklace, brooch, and earrings."

"Oh! out of a shop merely, which he probably never saw the inside of in his life."

The sarcasm was unnoticed. They took their seats for breakfast as Blanche continued her apology :—

"You must not be angry with us. Remember, Sir Philosopher, we are only girls, and not one hair's breadth above the ordinary weaknesses of our sex. We don't get turquoises every day. Besides, was it not kind of Henry? We have been examining his present— turning the things over a hundred times, admiring them in every possible light, till Susan astonished us by saying you had come in and breakfast was ready. But you need not be jealous, sir. We can quite appreciate your pretty flowers. Your modest present has not fallen into ungrateful hands."

Dr. Lancelot almost choked himself with a premature mouthful of muffin, and banged his coffee cup fiercely against its saucer as he inquired, with a flushed and indignant countenance,

"What do you call a modest present?"

"Are not flowers naturally so?"

"Certainly NOT, in the sense you mean it. They are the most splendid and luxurious things in the world. Do you know what the Greeks — who knew pretty well what was good — called flowers? 'The feast of the eyesight.'"

"Oh, most learned Theban!" said Blanche, laughing, "we really do not want a lesson from the classics to make us appreciate flowers. Give us credit, at least, for some intuitive good taste on that primitive subject. At the same time, admit that there may be other pretty

things in the world entitled to some admiration. Look here, for instance."

She produced from her pocket a satin-lined morocco case, which she opened with affectionate solicitude, displaying a very costly necklace, a brooch, and a pair of earrings.

Lancelot looked at his betrothed. He saw her eyes fixed on the glittering trinkets with avidity. The young lady, perceiving that her lover was watching her, took his rosebud from her waistband, and placed it to her lips—a highly insincere and hypocritical proceeding —moreover, a signal failure in its desired effect.

Lancelot looked contemptuously at the jewels, which he poured ruthlessly out of the case in a heap into the palm of his left hand, raking them to and fro with his right forefinger.

"Hum!" he said, "the fellow who put these pebbles together meant well, at all events. You see he has tried to imitate the very forget-me-nots I sent you in basketfulls this morning. But it is a wretched attempt after all. How awfully ashamed of himself the poor tinker must have felt on comparing his work with the original! The little diamonds he has sunk into the cups of the artificial flowers are not nearly so harmonious as the stamina of the natural ones; while the hot, tawny colour of the gold cannot stand a moment in comparison with the cool, vigorous green of the stalks and leaves of the plant. Besides, the thing is stiff, heavy, motionless, while the flower is all alive, sensitive, undulating. The fellow is entitled to this praise—he has not attempted too much. He has not dared to counterfeit the effect of the flower lightly tinged with morning dew on its opening. So, at least, he doesn't want kicking."

"What!" cried Blanche, who loved her adoptive brother immensely, and was even disposed to defend his visionary eccentricities, with the palliative admission that he was a "little odd" at times, "do you not think it a charming present?"

"As far as it goes, undoubtedly; but infinitely inferior to mine— as much so as a sixpenny cast of the Venus de Medici is to the original statue, or as the original statue itself to the ideal woman it attempts to perpetuate."

"Your present," said Rose (and she thought she was making a very cleverly magnanimous speech indeed), "is as precious to me as would be the costliest diamonds in the world."

The young doctor laughed bitterly.

"Poor Rose!" he said, "you could not have expressed yourself less felicitously. You mean to say you would prize a worthless trifle from me more than a treasure of recognised market value from anybody else? I am quite satisfied with your heart and affection, my darling; but permit me to demur at your taste and judgment. Except that your precious diamonds and turquoises cost a great deal more money than my poor little blue flowers, I must insist upon it that the latter have incontestably the advantage in value. And my wild roses, with their incomparable odour—do Blanche's turquoises smell as they do?"

"You do go on so wildly, Lancelot."

"Very, no doubt. Do you know what a diamond is? To us chemists it is known simply as a lump of crystallised carbon. The turquoise is fossilised animal matter—a bone that was, a stone that is. You know I am a pretty good chemist. Chemistry is a useful science, the principal end of which is to prove a spade a spade. Well, chemistry has decided on stripping the so-called precious stones of their high-sounding names. To us, the ruby is a mere modification of a halfpennyworth of alum. The emerald is silicate of alum, coloured with oxide of chrome. The turquoise, phosphate of alum coloured by oxide of copper. The aqua marine is the same substance as the emerald, but coloured by oxide of iron instead of chrome, and so forth. But this is all heathen Greek to you girls. The ancients had a sort of religious veneration for precious stones, which I can quite understand, as they believed them endowed with certain miraculous properties. Wine drunk out of an amethyst cup they thought would never intoxicate. The opal was believed to insure to its possessor the good-will of all mankind. The emerald guaranteed female virtue. The diamond was esteemed a universal antidote to poison; and so on. But now-a-days, when people are not such fools as to believe in anything of the kind, surely the roses we gather, laden with dew and redolent of perfume, from the bushes of our own, or, still better, of Heaven's cultivation, are more charming than the poor scentless rubies that we gather merely from the jeweller's counter."

It is impossible to say how much more nonsense of this description Dr. Lancelot Winkleworth might not have gone on talking had not

the arrival of Mr. Henry Styrrup, *alias* "the squire," been announced in the breakfast parlour.

Mr. Styrrup was of the fox-hunting order of the squirearchy, and some fifteen years older than his betrothed. He was a negative kind of person, whom you might have met and conversed with a dozen times, and yet fail to recognise on a thirteenth interview, except by the pattern of his waistcoat or the buttons of his shooting jacket. There was a pretty general suspicion that the lady's affections had been won rather by the cavalier's acres than by his personal graces. Their love-making had been hitherto rather of a formal character. But turquoises are wonderful touchstones. The birthday present had done its work. Blanche flew to kiss her *fiancé*, and, for the first time in her life, called him "Harry."

Dr. Lancelot was inexpressibly saddened to notice this. But when he observed that his own betrothed was unusually civil towards the fox-hunter—all because of the turquoises—he withdrew angrily to his study, and sought consolation in firing off epigrams against women and against jewellery.

One of these only has been preserved. It is entitled,

"TRUTH VERSUS FICTION.

"Talk not to me of History—the shameless, lying jade
With crimes unpunish'd wounds our ears, unbearable if true.
'Tis Queen Romance, with Fairy Tale, her graceful waiting-maid,
Alone can give us Truth, the ever beautiful and new!

"Whoever thinks the legend of old Gyges' ring a lie,
Had better go and read his Hume and Smollett—and believe!
I *know* the story to be true, for not a day goes by
But, of its truth, some wondrous illustration I receive.

"That ring, the gift of Beauty on its wearer's form conferr'd,
Although an ape or satyr! You dispute the fact, no doubt?
The secret of the talisman, you scorn as so absurd,
Exists, and I can put you in the way to find it out.

"Be foul as Sin, as old as Wrong, complexion'd like a bat,
As stupid as an owl!—yet on your finger put a ring,
That bears a diamond worth a hundred pounds—ay, less than that!
Keep closed your hand, nor let the stone its rays of brilliance fling—

"Still will they think you ugly, old, and foolish; but, the stone,
Turn round to meet the blaze of lights and lovely eyes galore,
Your hidden charms, your modest virtues, in a trice are known:
You *were* an ugly, dull, old ass, but rank as such no more!

"Talk, never mind what wretched stuff, you'll ravish ev'ry ear;
The smitten dames will blush and cow'r beneath your conquering eye.
Your hump, your squint, your shallow brow, rare beauties will appear.
'Tis worth a hundred pounds the mere experiment to try.

"Again, Prince Lutin's famous cap, which, placed upon a head
(Though crown'd by curls ambrosial, and enlarged by mighty brain,
Conspicuous for its flashing eyes and lips of chisell'd red),
The wearer made invisible in brightest hall or plain.

"To work this spell I know a plan, as simple as 'tis sure:
Just mount a seedy, batter'd hat, inured to tempest's beat—
The sort of hat you couldn't help but wear if really poor—
And not a human eye will recognise you in the street."

Having copied out the above tremendous effusion in a neat handwriting, our doctor felt rather better. He heard a knock at his study door, and said,

"Come in."

Blanche entered.

"My dear Lancelot," she said, "what would you think if some other cousin were to send our dear Rose—your wife that is to be—a bouquet of geraniums, and insist on her wearing them in her hair at our family *réunion* this evening?"

"I should think it like his impudence, that's all. Nobody has a right except myself——Ah! I understand. You are right. The brother must be sacrificed to the lover. You won't wear my forget-me-nots in a wreath to-night? Your head belongs to Styrrup and his turquoises. It's very just, but very wretched. I am afraid I am more a poet than a philosopher, after all. Heigho!" (it is to be feared the doctor was thinking somewhat too fondly of his last production), "I only thought of the happiness coming into our household—not that which is about to leave it for ever. Departing happiness is something we have proved and know all about. That which we merely look forward to is all vague mystery and problem!"

"Dear Lancelot—brother! Why do you talk like this? Do you not know Rose as well as you know me? And you know me I trust. What ails you to-day?"

"Nothing."

"That means something very bad indeed, that you do not like to tell me. What has happened?"

"I have been writing those verses. Read them."

"Nothing more serious?" said Blanche, with a smile; and she read the verses.

"I see," she said, "you are still angry with my poor turquoises."

"I own it. Those cursed pebbles have been the cause of my being angry with Rose—perhaps unjust to both of you. I was wrong. You can't help it. It is in your nature. Those wretched gimcracks will be always the hooks by which your hearts are to be caught. You will never be able to appreciate what is really grand and beautiful—not one of you."

"Do you think that is behaving more justly towards us?"

"Tell me your candid opinion. Do you think Rose was as much pleased with my little present of fresh wild flowers as she would have been if, in their place, I had sent her such a feeble imitation of them in coloured stones as Henry Styrrup sent you this morning?"

"You should remember the novelty of such a gift to girls like us, Lancelot. Think of the simple life we have led; how we have been accustomed to the language of other women, who always speak of jewellery and precious stones with such rapturous admiration. Do not expect too much from us."

"All well and good. But compare your worthy squire's present with mine. No disparagement to his good intentions, but what has he done? He has simply said to his man-servant, 'Call at Facett's, the jeweller, and tell him to bring me up some necklaces, brooches, and so forth, to look at.' The man calls at Facett's on his way from the Post Office, or the Brewery, and delivers his message. Facett goes up to the hall, and displays his newest stock. Mr. Styrrup selects what his judgment (or more probably Facett's) points out to him as the most suitable present for you. His groom brought it to you; his banker's clerk will pay for it. Now for my little attention. For nearly a week I have been scouring the country's side, in search of the most promising roses and forget-me-nots that I could count upon arriving at perfection this morning. I was up before daybreak, and walked six miles to pick them. As a proof of affection my present must be inestimably the more valuable of the two. It can be only in a pecuniary sense that Styrrup's has the advantage; and I am ashamed and hurt to discover both my darling girls can be influenced by such degrading considerations."

"There! They are calling me downstairs. Talk to Rose about

it. She loves you dearly. You can persuade her to whatever you please, only, for heaven's sake, don't attempt to *convince* her of anything. In argument, we always leave off where we began. And above all, my dear brother, do not spoil the happiness of half a dozen people by looking sulky, ill-tempered, or unhappy."

Blanche kissed her adopted brother and left the room.

The birthday party in the evening was a great success. The sick lady's illness had taken a favourable turn, and the mother was enabled to witness the happiness of her twin daughters and their lovers for the greater part of the evening. Blanche had never appeared so ravishingly beautiful in Mr. Styrrup's eyes. Certainly Mr. Styrrup had never appeared so fascinating in hers. The magic charm of the turquoises had acted like the quality of mercy, blessing alike giver and receiver. Dr. Lancelot was at first equally enraptured with the success of his present. Rose had artfully attired herself with virgin simplicity, wearing no other ornament in her hair but the much-talked-of wild flowers, which became her to perfection. As the evening wore on, however, the young doctor was saddened to observe that his blooming young *fiancée* became thoughtful and absent, and would, from time to time, cast wistful and envious glances upon her sister's jewels. Her lover's rapturous eulogies upon her beauty and toilette she received but coldly.

The twin sisters were devotedly attached to each other, and their impending separation was a source of anxiety to both.

The young ladies discussed their future prospects.

Rose said, "We shall not meet often, dear sister. I shall have little time to visit. My lot is cast here; but you must come and cheer us up with your presence as often as the great world will let you."

All of which Lancelot translated to mean,

"Considering that I am a slave devoted to a life of self-denial and obscurity, and am merely betrothed to an excellent creature whom I love most disinterestedly, but who, of course, cannot afford to give me diamonds," &c.

Lancelot retired early to his own room, but not to rest. He sat for some time plunged in a deep reverie, his elbows resting on the table, his face buried in his hands, which were moistened, from time to time, by silently flowing tears.

At length he started up convulsively, paced the room to and fro many times over, and exclaimed,

"Yes; it is decided. I will do it."

He hastily filled a portmanteau with the most necessary articles for a journey, and then sat down to write as follows:—

"I find I had wrongly estimated my powers of conferring happiness on a beloved woman. I find the species to be a kind of bird that can only live in a golden cage. I have resolved to leave home in search of fortune. If Rose will wait for me, I will return, at no distant day, with wealth and jewels in abundance to lay at her feet. If she has no faith in the future—that is to say, in the endurance of my love, and the force with which it will inspire me—I absolve her from our engagement.

"I will not risk the pain of a leave-taking. Reduced as will be the family in numbers, Rose and her mother will be well provided for. For my part——"

A gentle knock interrupted the writer at this point. The doctor hastily concealed his letter with a piece of blotting paper, kicked his portmanteau on one side, and opened the door.

The twin sisters stood before him. The rest of the household had been long asleep. The young ladies were both dressed alike, as Lancelot had hitherto been accustomed to see them, and were crowned with the famous wreaths of wild flowers, which, it should be stated, had preserved but little of their morning freshness. This manœuvre had been elaborately prepared by the sisters as an acceptable good-night surprise to their whimsical cousin, whose ill-concealed melancholy and ill-humour during the evening had not escaped their keen womanly observation.

They at once perceived the unaccustomed disorder of their kinsman's apartment.

"What is the meaning of this?" Blanche inquired. "Why is that portmanteau packed? Where are you going?"

"O sister, sister!" said Rose, bursting into tears. "Look—read this letter! He was going to leave us for ever; and—and, heavens! with what an opinion of us!"

Lancelot received his due amount of scolding. Much kissing and penitence ensued. The young ladies unpacked the portmanteau, restoring every object carefully to its original place.

It was daylight before the cousins separated. It may be unnecessary to add that the doctor's desperate and, perhaps, never seriously contemplated voyage was postponed indefinitely.

Exactly a month afterwards Blanche became Mrs. Henry Styrrup. Rose was, of course, the principal bridesmaid, the young doctor equally, of course, officiating as the bridegroom's second on the auspicious occasion. Lancelot had begged hard that the wedding might be a double one, but Rose had proved inexorable. She would never marry, she repeated, while her mother lived; unless, indeed, that afflicted parent should be providentially restored to health. If Lancelot was impatient he was at liberty to cancel their engagement. Sense of duty would be her own consolation.

On the wedding-day Mr. Henry Styrrup had kindly presented his new sister-in-law with a set of jewels precisely resembling those of his bride, already frequently alluded to. But the considerate Rose, remembering the pain the first gift of the same nature had caused her lover, declared she would never wear them. They were put away after the wedding, and seen no more in public.

One morning, however, Lancelot happened to be passing Rose's boudoir. The door was open, and he could not help observing a striking spectacle that presented itself. This was Rose, standing before a mirror in full evening costume, her head elaborately dressed and decorated with the complete set of jewels her brother-in-law had given her. It was quite early in the day, and there were no festivities in immediate prospect that would justify the proceeding as a "dress rehearsal." The young girl was so completely absorbed in admiration of herself under these dazzling circumstances that she did not hear her lover's footsteps. Lancelot looked at her for a moment, and then withdrew noiselessly to the grumbling solitude of his own apartment.

There he held long and solemn communion with himself, the result of which exercise was that he found it necessary to take himself to task severely, something in the following strain:—

"I have heard of people telling the truth to kings, ere now. It is true that the kings have never listened to it, and have generally given the tellers reason to feel themselves sorry they had ever told it. Some men have been brutes enough to tell even women the truth. They, too, have usually got served out for it, as no woman

could ever forgive such a monstrous breach of good breeding. I don't know much about kings. I never saw one in my life; but I should think they must be rather awkward customers to offend. Women I know a little more about, and very much afraid of them I am. I know it is no joke to incur their displeasure. Well, with these facts before me, I am about to attempt a feat in the truth-telling way that must be without example in the annals of hardihood. I am about to tell truth to a more dangerous audience than kings or women—to MYSELF! Ay, and to stand the desperate consequences.

"To begin with: I am a brute, a tyrant, and an idiot. I am a wolf, angry with a grasshopper for choosing to live upon wild thyme and clover, and declining to share my favourite banquet of raw mutton. Poor little insect! I can understand that among men whose brains have been fed upon the marrow of lions—that is to say, upon the wisdom of the greatest poets and sages of all times—men who have seen great works of art, and have penetrated the secrets of natural history and philosophy—among such there may exist, here and there, one who, like myself, prefers roses to rubies, dew to diamonds, violets to amethysts, daisies to topazes. But the number of such men must be restricted to those whom the Sovereign Creator has invited to all the feasts of nature—those to whom he has awarded the matchless gift of comprehending the Beautiful. And here I expect a poor girl, who has scarcely been alive seventeen years, and who, of course, cannot have had the time to unlearn a single one of the poisonous absurdities which compose that delightful mess called female education—who sees every woman around her a religious believer in the Divine Right of Jewels—I expect her to feel a contempt for those glittering little graven images which she sees all her sex bowing down to—a contempt, I won't say equalling that of a poet or a philosopher (poets and philosophers are too often driven to abuse riches by their poverty, and do it at so many pounds per column or per lecture), but the contempt of a chemist who has been admitted to the great workshop of Nature, and to a knowledge of her sublime and majestic operations. I am an ass and a scoundrel. My poor, pretty little grasshopper is pining to death for want of wild thyme and clover. I must procure her a supply. Have not I, too, my expensive toys? Those choice books

of mine, for instance. What do I want with an Elzevirine edition of Horace? Can't I purchase him in octavo, on a bookstall, for two shillings? What right have I to the luxury of a tattered, moth-eaten Ovid, full of faults, two hundred years old, and worth forty pounds in any auction mart, when Rose is in want of even a bracelet, not to mention other of the commonest necessaries of female life? Surely a cheap school edition, in good type and paper, with the latest amendments, should be good enough for me under the circumstances. Yes; I must sacrifice some of my own playthings in order to get a few of those pebbles, that cease to be contemptible when I reflect that their possession will make Rose happy."

A few days afterwards he said to his cousin,

"Rose, it strikes me we are getting rusty for want of a little common relaxation. See! they have sent me two tickets for the town ball. Some people I am anxious to meet will be there. Will you accompany me? Your mother is much better during the last few days, and you can well be spared. Of course I should not think of going without you."

Rose's eyes had brightened for an instant; but she replied coldly,

"You are very thoughtful, Lancelot, and I thank you very much; but I would rather not go. Pray meet your friends alone. You will enjoy yourself much better without me."

"Nonsense! I shall do nothing of the kind. Why should you stop at home? Blanche and Styrrup are going."

"Oh! they, of course, would naturally. Dear Lancelot, you know I do not care about such things."

"I know you care about music and dancing; and it is a very long time since I have had the pleasure of seeing you indulge in either. I don't see what else there is to care about in a ball."

"You know I have renounced all such amusements. They do not become my present position. They would be a bad preparation for the calm, unobtrusive future we both look forward to."

"Very prettily worded. But I should think that, to please me——"

"To please you I would lay down my life, Lancelot."

"Just so. But will you go to the ball? That is the immediate question."

"You ridiculous creature! Well, then—no."

"Go on. Why not?"

"Well, if you will pester me like a schoolboy, you shall have a schoolgirl's answer. Because I have nothing fit to go in. Are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly. How much do you want?"

"Lancelot, do not insult me."

"Not if I can help it. But till you will allow me to be your husband you have no right to deprive me of my original rights as a brother. If it is a mere question of the milliner's bill, I am the person to answer it. Will five pounds do?"

"Lancelot, do you suppose I would trespass on your hard earnings for the mere gratification of vanity?"

"Well, I should hope so, if the vanity happens to be mine. Here are ten, if you prefer them—easily earned, I assure you. I got them for the twentieth repetition of an old course of lectures."

"Ten pounds, Lancelot, for a single ball!"

"Oh! we can economise the outlay by going to several more. We are going to have a gay season, I can tell you. By the way, it will be a capital opportunity for you to show off Styrrup's turquoises."

"Never! You dislike them."

"Quite a mistake. I think them very pretty. It was because I had not given them you myself I took a grudge against them. But look! Here is a bracelet that won't look amiss with the necklace and earrings. Shall we go?"

The surprise of the bracelet won Rose's consent by a *coup de main*. She threw herself into her lover's arms, kissed him fervently, and exclaimed,

"Dear Lancelot, after that attention, *could* I refuse you? I had renounced all such pleasures as unsuited to our station. But since I find you wish it so, and that, thanks to your kindness, I shall be able to appear *like other people*——"

"The devil!" thought Lancelot. "I thought her the most charming woman in the world, as she stood, without a single ornament. And now I find I have spent twenty pounds for the pleasure of making her appear *like other people!* My poor books! Well, I must be content now to read my old friends in such editions as I can get hold of—*like other people!* No matter! Rose is happy, and may marry me all the sooner."

The town ball was an indescribable triumph, and the best of it was that Rose proved the acknowledged belle of the evening. She had never appeared so lovely; but it is a humiliating truth that her brightened charms, on the occasion, were really due to the turquoises and the bracelet. The consciousness of their value and possession gave an elastic confidence to her gait, a lustre to her eyes, a brilliancy to her complexion, that she had never before displayed. She was enraptured with the sensation she had created, and which she persisted in attributing to a few paltry jewels, rather than to the priceless gifts she had received from the bountiful hand of Nature.

"Good," said Lancelot, as he watched her dancing—his sole but never-failing amusement during the evening. "My Elzevirs never gave me half as much pleasure before."

Altogether Lancelot enjoyed himself immensely, and was sorry when the ball was over.

"Well," said the doctor, when he had escorted his partner home, "have you spent a pleasant evening?"

"Immensely so, dear Lancelot. It was a charming ball, and I thank you very much indeed for taking me to it."

"That is all right. There is to be another next week, given by the officers of the new regiment. Those soldier fellows are the best dancers in the world. We will go there too."

"On no account," said Rose, rather curtly; but, correcting herself, she added in sweeter tones, "It is encroaching too much on you, Lancelot—taking you away from your usual habits. You must have found this evening very tiresome."

"On the contrary, I never enjoyed myself more thoroughly in my life. I talked to little Mack, the landscape painter, about yew trees and sunsets; to Professor Blockhaus about the old red sandstone; and to Mastic, the apothecary, who was really dressed like a gentleman, about Raspail, camphor, garlic, and the antiseptic theory generally. Besides, I hadn't my eyes off you all the evening."

"Flatterer! But, after all, it is a very wearisome kind of pleasure. I would rather not go to another."

"As you please, Rose. I care to please no one else."

Rose wore a clouded countenance on the next day. Lancelot suspected that he had not been told the whole truth. He cross-examined,

pressed, entreated; and finally discovered the following important facts and principles :—

Firstly, that it is unlawful for a woman to appear at a second ball with a single article of dress or ornament worn by her at the first one. There are laws and penalties on this subject, much more severe and much better observed than those on which the peace of empires and the liberty of nations depend.

Secondly, that Rose's jewels, which she, almost equally with himself, had hitherto considered superb, were merely fit for a schoolgirl or her doll to wear; that Blanche had never worn *her* set of the same pattern since her marriage; but that, at the ball last night, Mrs. Styrrup had worn a pearl necklace that could not have cost her husband less than eight hundred pounds, and a pair of diamond earrings the stones in which were certainly worth twenty pounds apiece; that Mrs. Styrrup's *bijou* watch and chain alone had been the central topic of the evening's conversation, &c., &c., &c.

This recital, wrung with difficulty from Rose's lips, was followed by an enthusiastic eulogium on the joys and duties of a quiet domestic life, with severe strictures upon the feverish hollowness of artificial society, and the awful responsibilities of a large establishment. Moral observations on the propriety of beginning as they intended to go on, and so forth, wound up the homily.

At this moment Mrs. Styrrup's pony phaeton (Rose admired those darling ponies immensely) drove up to the door. The squire's lady entered the parlour just as her brother-in-law was called away to speak to a patient. On his return, he found the two sisters in tears.

Blanche had been narrating her domestic troubles. Mr. Styrrup, it turned out, was of a brutal disposition—given to the unpardonable sin of jealousy. He had chosen to see harm in his wife's dancing three quadrilles in succession with young Pouncefort, the handsome solicitor (Mr. Styrrup himself was no dancer), on the preceding evening; and had given vent to his displeasure in an unpardonable, and even blasphemous manner. The squire, it appeared, had no delicacy of sentiment or exaltation of soul. He was selfish, unfeeling, and "old." The squire's lady was the most wretched woman in existence, and wished she was in her grave.

Dr. Lancelot scrubbed his large forehead with his palm uneasily.

"But, my dear sister," he said, kissing the weeping martyr af-

fectionately, "Henry Styrrup was sixteen years older than yourself on your wedding-day as much as now."

The tender-hearted enthusiast clasped his hands passionately above his head, and burst into a flood of tears.

"Here are the two women I love best in the world," he cried, "both wretched—one because she hasn't a sufficiency of diamonds, the other because she has sold her youth and her happiness for more diamonds than she knows what to do with."

He remained for some time with fixed eyes, absorbed in deep reflection. Suddenly he started from his reverie, and exclaimed,

"THE DIAMONDS SHALL PAY ME FOR THIS!

"From this moment I swear to consecrate my life to one aim. I will render diamonds and other so-called precious stones as vile and contemptible as the flints on the roadside.

"Flints indeed!" he cried, rushing from the apartment in a state of painful agitation. "I wrong the honest, useful paviors by comparing them to the paltry pebbles that have given birth to so much folly and rascality."

His looks were so wild, his movements so hysterical, that the two sisters believed their cousin and his wits had parted company. They flew after him, twined their arms about his neck, and said, with their sweet sisterly voices,

"Brother—dear Lancelot—calm yourself!"

"I am not so unhappy as I have been wicked enough to make you believe," said Blanche.

"No girl on earth has greater cause to be happy than I have," said Rose.

"Pious frauds!" said Lancelot, with a bitter laugh; "they are of no use now. Sentence of death is already passed on the diamonds. Their mischievous reign is at an end. Aha! they would enter the lists with a chemist of my strength, would they? I have them in my power—their doom is sealed. I will make diamonds as big as paving stones, and sell them by the foot or the ton weight, cheaper than coals or limestone. They say the palace hall in which King Ahasuerus received Esther was paved with emeralds. The knowing ones reject this as an impossibility. Palaces, indeed! I will pave stables, cow-houses, pigsties with them! What prince or emperor was it who possessed a dish carved out of a single emerald? No matter! You shall

see me make, out of a single emerald, jugs, pipkins, and basins for the vulgarest and most degrading kitchen uses. We will have no repetition of the time when a Roman father could say, 'If ever I have a daughter I will cut off her ears for her husband's sake, since my own wife's ears have ruined me: a princely estate hangs to each of them!' The time shall come when jewels shall have lost their high-sounding distinctions of sapphire, topaz, opal, and amethyst: they shall be confounded in the common degradation of 'pebbles,' just as we call the sweepings of a carpenter's shop 'chips' or 'shavings.'"

"He is raving mad, dear!" said Blanche.

"Alas, you see the future I am doomed to!" said Rose, raising her eyes to heaven. "Would I could save him!"

From that day forth Dr. Lancelot withdrew himself almost entirely from the world. His profession—his antiquarian and artistic relaxations—all were renounced. The sale of his practice realised for him a comfortable sum, and an opportune legacy enabled him to dispense with the necessity of giving scientific lessons. He had a large laboratory built in his garden, from which he rarely emerged more than once a day—at the family dinner hour. He was never seen in the streets. Dean Wybrow sorrowed over his loss. Mastic, the apothecary, grew helpless for the want of his friend's sustaining counsels, and began to despair of Raspail, camphor, and wild garlic. Little Mack, the landscape painter (now working fourteen hours a day at yew trees, and already on the very threshold of the Royal Academy), gave our hero up as a bad job. The doctor had dismissed all his retinue of time-devouring habits—reading, smoking, and talking—like so many expensive and useless servants; and led the life of a sullen, self-sufficing recluse.

The dutiful Rose, from time to time, would utter a gentle complaint on her estrangement from her lover's society—not for her own sake, of course—her proper sphere was her ailing mother's bedside—but Lancelot's health might suffer for want of ordinary relaxation. At the same time, it *was* discouraging to her to find that her companionship no longer possessed any attractions in his eyes.

"The diamonds are to blame, my darling," the doctor would answer over his hasty breakfast or dinner; "but I shall soon have done with them. Help me to gain time if you can, and then I shall be yours entirely. Visit your sister, invite people here—do what you

like to amuse yourself; but let me finish my business with the jewels. I am determined that Nature shall give me up her entire secret. I know already the materials with which she makes and colours them; but human life is too short for man to think of imitating her slow method of progress. I must find out some more expeditious process. I shall soon arrive at it, never fear. It makes me laugh already to think that there may be thousands of blockheads investing fortunes in the purchase of jewels at this moment."

"What a thousand pities!" Rose would murmur with a sigh. "A man of his vast abilities!"

One morning Lancelot, who had passed the night in his laboratory, rushed into the parlour pale and trembling, but more with emotion than fatigue.

"Quick!" he cried. "Send for Facett, the jeweller. Do not lose an instant."

"My dear Lancelot, what ails you?" said Rose, alarmed by his manner. "You look like a madman. For heaven's sake think of the neighbours—the esrvants—of ME!"

"You shall know presently. Send for Facett."

Rose was vain to comply. A messenger was despatched in search of the jeweller, who speedily made his appearance.

"Mr. Facett," said Lancelot, handing the tradesman a folded paper, "what is there in that paper?"

The jeweller opened the parcel and discovered a small stone, which he examined critically.

"One of the finest rough rubies I ever saw in my life," he answered. "Do you want to sell it?"

"Not yet; but I will undertake to sell you three hundred like it, in a month. I made that ruby last night. It is rather small. But to-morrow I will make you one as big as your fist."

The jeweller glanced at Rose, whose eyes and hands he saw raised to heaven despairingly, with an air of compassion. In the shrewd, practical young tradesman's opinion, Dr. Lancelot Winkleworth, the man of genius, was as mad as the conventional March hare. Young Mr. Facett was wise, according to his lights. It is true that our hero was under the influence of a violent attack of delirium. But it is none the less true that he had succeeded in making a ruby.

The jeweller tried to scratch the stone with a diamond he wore in a ring on his finger.

"Dr. Winkleworth," he said, "I don't believe in the joke you are trying to play off upon me, but I do believe this stone to be a very genuine and valuable ruby."

"Well, what then?"

"Then, either you are trying to hoax me or some one has succeeded in hoaxing you."

"How many rubies do you suppose there may be of equal value to that, in the town?"

"Not one—scarcely a dozen, perhaps, in the kingdom."

"Very good! Your opinion is precious. Call upon me to-morrow, and I will show you fifteen, twenty, half a hundred, of twice the size. The day after to-morrow—the day after—the day after——"

He fell back on a sofa, sobbing and screeching hysterically. He was conveyed to his bedroom, raving under the effects of a violent and dangerous brain fever.

The rumour soon spread in the town that young Dr. Lancelot Winkleworth, the man of genius, had gone raving mad, believing that he had discovered the secret of making precious stones. The incompetent mediocrities of the district were inexpressibly delighted. Many a respectable man elongated his prayers that evening by Pharisaical thanksgivings that *his* mental gifts, at any rate, had not led him into such unholy and dangerous paths of experiment.

Dr. Winkleworth had gone mad in earnest. There could be no mistake about the symptoms. But he had been driven mad only by the joy consequent upon finding his daring experiments successful.

He insisted that his chamber should be filled with flowers.

"Aha! I am avenged!" he cried. "Flowers for ever! Down with diamonds! No rubies! *A bas les turquoises!* Amethysts—topazes—off! off! Hiss-s-s-ss! I will build a house—a hospital or a workhouse, I am not yet decided—every stone of which shall be a rough emerald. The hearthstones shall be rubies, and the windows glazed with plate diamonds.

"No, I won't. On reflection, it would be too common. I'll go in for luxury for my patients. They shall have honest limestones, granite, and crown glass.

"Ha! ha! ha!" the poor maniac laughed gaily. "Fetch me all

your fine ladies, that would strangle one another with their diamond necklaces for the sake of the pebbles. They can afford to live and let live now. I am the great reformer of the earth. I have put down diamonds! How about your precious pearl necklace, Blanche? Rose says it could not have cost Styrrup less than eight hundred pounds. Would you like to get twopence-halfpenny for it? Make haste and sell it. To-morrow it won't be worth a farthing.

"How calm and happy I feel, to be sure! I am afraid I must be very vindictive. Well, who can blame me? I have seen those infernal diamonds bring tears into my darling Rose's eyes. I've punished them. I have degraded, crushed, suppressed them altogether. There are no such things as jewels now.

"Shovel all those rubies out of the window. There are too many rubies here. One can't walk for them. They'll make capital gravel for the garden. Out with them!

"Thanks, Great Providence! thanks for this crowning mercy, that thou hast allowed me to fulfil my oath. Thanks for having admitted me—once—to the great workshop of Nature where thy mysterious will is performed!

"Who was that mentioned gold? How about gold? Oh! I must make gold also, as a matter of course. Yes! I must destroy gold too. No occasion to degrade and dishonour it—that has been done long enough ago. I have long since understood that it was the basest metal under the earth, seeing what little store Heaven sets on it, and into what hands it is intrusted. I can easily dispose of gold!

"Down with gold! No more jewels! Flowers for ever!

"Go and buy me some more flowers. Never mind the money. What use to waste a good solid halfpenny? Here is a handful of amethysts. I dare say you will find a gardener fool enough to take them in exchange for a bunch of precious violets.

"Ah! If amethysts and rubies were so many flower seeds! If either would produce a single violet or dog-rose, in that case I might show them some mercy. But——

"Rose—Blanche—I am wonderfully happy. I have been terribly avenged. I have seen diamonds make you both weep. I have swept them from the face of creation. Diamonds have no longer an existence. A man who has done this deserves a little rest. I shall go to sleep, I think. I shall be better in the morning, and then I intend to open a

campaign against sapphires. *They* won't cost much waste of powder. Ha! ha! Poor sapphires!"

The patient fell back on his pillow asleep.

* * * * *

Dr. Lancelot Winkleworth can scarcely be said to have awakened properly for the space of two years. During that time—allowing for a few weeks of partial physical convalescence in his own house—he remained the helpless, and, as it was believed by his professional brethren, the incurable patient of a private madhouse. Dr. Winkleworth, however, recovered, to find his betrothed cousin an orphan, and comfortably married to Mr. Facett, the jeweller—a very thriving young tradesman of excellent connections, who has since inherited a good estate, and gone into Parliament.

Perhaps the doctor, in his united capacity of poet, lover, and enthusiast, ought to have committed suicide, or relapsed into a state of insanity? He did neither. He had learned to love this beautiful earthly life by the only process that can make the wisest of us appreciate its value—the imminent prospect of losing it. He had also felt the want of his reason. That inestimable blessing once recovered, the doctor was resolved to stick to it to the best of his ability. It had been temporarily overthrown by a strange, perhaps unprecedented experience. He had made a ruby! He had forgotten how, for his mental system had been already disorganised by his feverish hopes, and fatigues when the experiment, whatever it was, had so strangely succeeded; and the sick man's treacherous memory played him false as to the means he had employed. Often he had tried to remember the process, but whenever he did so he found the blood rushing madly through the cells of his brain; old visionary hopes would flash dazzlingly before his eyes; and the sagacious convalescent always said with King Lear,

"That way madness lies,"

and invariably stepped aside into a less dangerous path.

He had been within an ace of revolutionising the entire world, and had failed. A second failure in the same attempt, he felt, would kill him—a possible success still more rapidly. The doctor was glad to find himself let out of the madhouse into the fields and street, and decided, with Candide, that the legitimate upshot of all earthly ex-

perience is to teach a man that he can do nothing better than to leave speculation, and cultivate his garden.

The doctor is alive and prosperous—a middle-aged bachelor, and the proprietor of Castalia House Hydropathic Establishment. He is universally respected, and rather fat. He is somewhat of a cynic, remarkable for his clear worldly sagacity, and the last man in the world you would ever suspect to have written poetry, or to have been for two years the inmate of a madhouse.

His patients laud him to the skies, for he lets them do as they please. They are addicted to making him presents; but it is a curious fact that, whenever these take the not unusual form of jewellery, the doctor invariably refuses them, turning pale, and trembling at their mere sight or even mention. Nor—and this is a degrading weakness in a man of such sound faculties and attainments—can he be prevailed upon to pass a jeweller's shop without a painful effort.

I have called the above an improbable story. Yet might it not be true?

I have stated that Dr. Lancelot Winkleworth, a poet, a reasoner, and a chemist, in his communion with Nature, found out her secret for making rubies, and that the delirium consequent upon his joy at the success of his experiments prevented his remembering the process by which the apparent miracle had been effected. The latter part of the story is perfectly comprehensible. What mental system could be supposed strong enough to bear the weight of such a discovery? But are the premises sound and tenable? Can a man make rubies?

Hear what Monsieur Alphonse Karr, the inimitable French novelist, poet, chemist, and agriculturist (though to be sure, in order to defraud the great and sensitive French nation of the glory legitimately arising from his renown, he had the meanness to be born of German parents), the gentleman, in fact, from whom I received the nucleus of the foregoing story, which I have amplified and twisted about in my own random fashion—hear what Monsieur Karr has to say on the subject of ruby-making.

"Fortunately, at the same epoch" (namely, that of the ruby manufacture, which I have attributed to my friend, Dr. Winkleworth) —"and this you may ascertain easily, you have but to inquire—a

young French *savant*, Monsieur Ebelmer, the director of the porcelain factory of Sèvres, obtained the same results, but in a fashion more complete, more certain, more methodical. He had made rubies, chrysolites, emeralds, and peridots previously to his death, at the time of the Universal Exhibition of London. But he—who died fortunately in the full possession of his mental faculties—had left his process behind him.

"Latterly, at the Academy of Sciences, another *savant*, whose name I forget, has exhibited little diamonds of his own making.

"So-called pearls must, sooner or later, become merely what Nature intended them to be—brilliant pebbles!

"The Sancy diamond, the Regent, the Koh-i-noor, &c., will be considered diamonds so paltry that no one will care to possess them. Artists in jewellery will not condescend to waste their time in the arrangement of such trifles.

"We have often been told, as a prodigious matter, that the Sancy diamond, which had belonged to Charles the Bold, was found by a soldier after the battle in which the Duke of Burgundy lost his life, and sold by the finder to a parish priest for a crown.

"The day will come when the Sancy will not find a purchaser even for a crown.

"Reader, beware how you pay too high a price for jewellery, either in money or in happiness."

A STREET DIALOGUE.

"NOW then, Sootey!"

"Now then, Coaley!"

"Vere are you shoving to?"

"Vere are you a-driving?"

"Ain't yer no respect for a gen'l'man's new flannin jacket?"

"Blest if I wouldn't make your missis wash my clean smock for me if I thought vun of the family vos to be trusted."

"Oh! it 's *you* is it?"

"Yes, it 's me. Vot then?"

"Stand on vun side and let a gentleman pass."

"Ven I see vun I vill."

"Then you 'd better wash the coal dust out of yer eyes, and look in this here direction."

"What 's the use unless yer'll sweep yerself so as to be wisible to the naked eye."

"Do you want anything for yourself?"

"Nothing as you can give. Them arf-starved boys o' yourn wants all your attention. You 've nothing to spare from them, not even a whopping."

"I 've got a good 'un about me. Would you like it?"

"Not if it 's the vun I guv you last Toosday week, for I recollect that was a werry bad 'un."

"I 'll tell yer what ——"

"Ah! I could tell that to yer father afore you ever smutted the daylight."

"If it warn't for the sake of them poor, weak, tortur'd innocents of osses o' yourn."

"Vell, you *might* frighten 'em it 's true."

"If I warn't afeard ——"

"Vich you air."

"*Of their falling down,* I 'd put the polishing brush on that 'ere mug o' yourn. It 's jolly well blacked a'ready."

"Air you a-going to let me come by?"

"No, I ain't."

"'Cos why?"

"'Cos you 'd go into that public-house, which the landlord 's a friend o' mine, with a struggling wife and large family, and I ain't a-going to see him suffer."

"A friend of yourn is he? Then I hope he gets in his chalk a load at a time."

"So he do, *and* his slates; but he don't go to your wharf for the article."

"Shall I punch yer head or not?"

"Vot for? Do you take me for your vife?"

"Vell, there 's no mistaking yer for yer own at any rate."

"'Cos why?"

"'Cos she supports herself, and does a little washing—leastways, ven she can get you to give up the tickets for the flat irons."

"Vell, you can't give sich a satisfactory hexplanation as to vere *your* good voman gets all her drink from, at any rate, unless yer heldest son 's out of his time at Pentonwille, and gone back to his perfession."

"Vell, it ain't my fault if the lad *have* took to hevil ways. It was all along o' the bad companions he met with that mornin' he vent to see your father 'ung."

(*Left speaking.*)

[The above thrilling dialogue, faithfully reported by a professional stenographer, took place on Tuesday morning last, at a corner of the street facing our study window, just as our operator was preparing his

THE POT CALLING THE KETTLE BLACK.

eidolographic apparatus for the day. The disputants suggesting a good study, the magic lantern was brought to bear upon them. The result was a perfect picture, in which, as will be seen from the accompanying facsimile, the shadows of the speakers respectively presented the clearly defined outlines of

A Pot and a Kettle.]

THE MOST NOBLE

THE MARQUIS OF CAPRICORNE,

K.B., K.G., ETC., ETC.

WE have a theory about marquises, analogous to one assumed to be in vogue among certain Transatlantic philosophers with reference to negroes, namely, that they are "not people."

The rule applies equally to dukes and earls, usually to viscounts, and sometimes to barons. Members of the two latter varieties (the last especially) will occasionally be met with possessing many of the ordinary attributes of humanity. But the application of the rule to marquises is invariable; and it is of a marquis that we have to treat.

Understand us at once. We are not going to say a word against marquises. We should as soon think of saying a word in their favour. To adopt either course would be, on our part, not merely presumptuous, but dishonest, implying the existence of some chord of sympathy, some common standard of motives to action, between ourselves and the noble objects of our strictures or panegyrics. It would be an unjustifiable affectation of knowing and understanding marquises—a pitch of intellectual attainment which we hold to be simply impossible to the plebeian truth-seeker.

A marquis is certainly visible and tangible. He hath eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions, a like proportion of lineaments, to the rest of us. When you stab him he bleeds; when you tickle him he laughs; when you wrong him he will have his

revenge. These are, unquestionably, human-like qualities. But they are compounded in, to us, unfamiliar proportions, and mingled with other inscrutable ingredients; and their existence no more proves the marquis of the same race with ourselves than Mr. Shylock's eloquent *plaidoyer* against the Jewish disabilities of his period identified that ill-used capitalist, or Mr. Tubal, his "friend in the city," in caste, creed, or privilege, with that highly respectable member of the Venetian Society for the Conversion of the Jews to Christianity—Signor Antonio, or his fast and loose friends, Bassanio, Salanio, and Salarino.

We will condense our theory into the proposition that it is impossible for a mere commoner to know, positively, anything about a marquis—how old he may be, how good, how bad, how handsome, how ugly, how highly gifted, or how stupid. We have no possible standard to measure him by. He is a kind of sun that we know is shining around us, but which we cannot look at with the naked eye; and no moral medium resembling the smoked glass or solar telescope of physical astronomy has yet been invented to enable us to judge correctly of his real hue or dimensions.

We will take the present Marquis of Capricorne as an illustration of our meaning.

If William Clovis de Bouc, Baron of Pansfoot in the peerage of England, and Marquis of Capricorne in that of Ireland, happened to be a man, we should unhesitatingly pronounce him a very old one. But he is a marquis, and we are therefore incompetent to form an opinion on the subject. His lordship, not being subject to ordinary human laws, has no occasion to resort to those petty subterfuges to which our species is from time to time driven in order to conceal its weaknesses. There is no disguise about his lordship's *conventional* age whatever. He attained his majority in the year 1807, and consequently must have been born in the year 1786. Burke blazons forth the fact, which Rumsey Foster corroborates at a more moderate figure. But his lordship cannot be pronounced old. Not a bit of it. And there is no deception in the matter. He wears black whiskers when it suits him; but he leaves them to grow white when he prefers a venerable appearance, just as he would dye them pea green if he for a moment cared about that complexion. The Marquis takes no particular pains to appear *bien conservé*. He treats the changing fashions with contemptuous indifference, adhering to the buckram stocks and

OLD ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER.

tall velvet collars of an all but forgotten Georgian period. And yet the Marquis, if the human comparison be not too derogatory, is certainly more like a young man than an old one. He appears to have splendid health, is still a crack shot, an admirable horseman, and an active chairman at public dinners. He goes into society, and flirts, or did flirt (for his lordship has temporarily "settled down," being about to lead his fourth bride to the altar, in the engaging person of Claribel Gushington, aged nineteen, who adores him and calls him "Willy"), with the youngest and prettiest maidens, whose traditional custom it has ever been to look down and blush smilingly while under the tepid fire of his lordship's "soft nonsense," if the colloquial blandishments of a marquis can be so characterised. And young Fitztuft, the resplendent but embarrassed cornet in her Majesty's dragoon guards; Lord Turndown Coleridge, the consumptively poetical cadet, of the Miltonwater family; Young Chintip, the "swell" *par excellence*, of the Hearth-broom and Coal-scuttle Branch of the Home Department; ay, and what is still more remarkable, the Satanic young Vicomte Jules de Favori, of the French embassy—all these dazzling heroes will be among the first to admit that they have "no chance against old Capricorne." They call his lordship "old," in establishment of our theory as to the prevailing ignorance of marquises, their conditions and attributes. They prove it still further—these young men do—when, in obedience to the noble Marquis's wishes, they treat his lordship as a youth, frequenting his bachelor parties either at Richmond, Greenwich, Goat House, Kensington, or that nameless little *maisonnette* in the Champs Élysées, Paris, on the existence of which it is an understood thing that the impending Marchioness of Capricorne is on no account to be enlightened. But her prospective young ladyship is of a tolerant disposition, and perhaps would hold her tongue if she knew all about it. Perhaps she knows all about it already.

Again, we might be disposed to consider his lordship, were he human, not merely an old man, but, if anything, rather a wicked one. If he were a hosier, for instance, or a lawyer's clerk, or a poor devil indefinitely, we might think it our duty to brand him as a common swindler and blackleg. For he *did* swindle young Goosebridge at cards when they were both quite young men—that is to say, when Goosebridge was a young man, and his lordship a conventionally young marquis. There was no more disguise about the matter than

about the present natural colour of the Marquis of Capricorne's whiskers. Goosebridge was made drunk and fleeced of the whole of his patrimony at the Cock and Punter Club. Goosebridge committed suicide, and Lord Capricorne, in his twenty-fourth year, shared the proceeds with the exiled Royalist, Vicomte Vautour de Corbeau, his partner in the transaction. It is also notorious that the noble and youthful Marquis was induced not to press his claim for the payment of the I. O. U.'s left in his possession by Goosebridge ; and that he consented to travel. But it is also undeniable that he travelled at the expense of the British Government, and distinguished himself greatly as the diplomatic representative of this empire at the court of Timbuctoo, where he contrived to make the English name terrible, and is said to have all but paved the way for the establishment of an Anglican bishopric. A mere man could not so have extricated himself from vital dilemma. But our hero was a marquis.

His lordship returned to England and married a virgin bride. The young lady and her family were overwhelmed with congratulations on the auspicious event. Under ordinary human circumstances condolences might have been thought more in place. The sequel of this marriage curiously corroborates our bewildering theory. A man—not a marquis, of course—had happened to make a similar matrimonial experiment at about the same time. The Marquis appears to have thought that the man had made the better choice of the two. So the Marquis ran away with the man's bride, generously restoring his marchioness to the bosom of her honoured family. The man followed the Marquis to France, and challenged him. The Marquis accepted the challenge, and shot the man dead. This created a little unpleasant public feeling, in order to allay which, his lordship came back to England, and courageously offered himself for trial by a jury of his peers.

The jury of his lordship's peers acquitted him. They couldn't help themselves, for there was not a tittle of valid evidence against his lordship. It clearly requires the inscrutable resources of a marquis to get over such difficulties.

People were very angry with his lordship. People even went so far as to mob his lordship's carriage, and to break his lordship's windows. It was like their impudence to attempt any such liberties, as proving an assumption on the part of People that they were competent

to criticise Marquises. It was asserted that, at least, the Marquis would not have the hardihood to take his place in the House of Peers until he had quite cleared his character from the imputations clinging to it in reference to the late wife-desertion, seduction, and duel.

The Marquis of Capricorne—baffling us once more by showing an exceptional deference to what People said about, or decided for, him—travelled once more for the space of six months. At the expiration of that term he returned to England, and was immediately created a cabinet minister. People at once proved how little they knew about the matter by expressing themselves delighted with the nomination. His lordship, though occupying a subordinate office, proved the most popular minister of the cabinet he belonged to. He did an immensity of good. He was mainly the means of throwing out a prematurely considered measure for the facilitation of divorce in cases of breach of the eighth commandment. Throughout his political career he has been an active supporter of the Sabbatarian principle. His lordship is an immense favourite with the High Church party. The Catholics also like him, and the Dissenters look upon him with tolerant fondness. Old-fashioned Tories believe that he will yet step in and save the Constitution from ruin; while there are not wanting out-and-out radicals to pronounce his lordship the only man (they call the Marquis a man, these silly, ignorant people!) who can ever bring about Universal Suffrage and the Ballot. What is more, they believe he will do it some day. The fact is, of course, that none of them know what they are talking about.

It would be the height of inconsistency on our part, after the theory laid down as the guiding principle of this article, to pretend to the slightest intimate knowledge as to who or what the Marquis of Capricorne really is. Still, we may call attention to some external facts connected with his lordship's career and position.

He owns a considerable portion of England; an almost equivalent tract of Scotland; and is the proprietor of an inconceivably huge slice of Ireland. His estate of Goat House, Kensington, is a huge park, with a Tudor castle built on it, situated in the very fifth rib, and cruelly pressing upon the enlarged heart of London. At Llandevourdd, in North Wales, his lordship has extensive possessions. Kilbeggarman, in Ireland, belongs exclusively to him. He is, by right of purchase, the chief of Toadie-beg, in Clapmammonshire, North Britain.

These important facts ascertained, it can be of no consequence what else he is.

If a new claimant to the estates and marquisate of Capricorne were to arise and successfully assert his claims, to the dispossession and ruin of their present representative, it is by no means improbable that we, following the verdict of the world, should be disposed to recognise his existing lordship as a very worthless, ill-favoured, iniquitously-tolerated old sinner. At present we know nothing about him, except that he is Marquis of Capricorne and Baron of Pansfoot. Prove that he is nothing of the kind, and we may be able to try him by ordinary rules.

As it is, we dare not criticise—even his shadow!

LINES TO A RECRUIT.

" The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, *would he* —— ?"
POPE.

PERDITUS MUTTON! have they trapp'd thee, then?
With other victims art thou doom'd to huddle,
Waiting the slaughter in the butcher's pen?
Ah, yes! the brand upon the back I ken
In broad red ruddle!

Poor lamb that was, poor ram that is!—thy head
Foredoom'd to batter against wall and shutter,
An opening to force, for conqu'rors dread
To step through quietly, and find their bread—
Thyself their *butter!*

What tempted thee from the maternal fold?
Thy brows the sacrificial ribbons hooding?
Or promise of Mint Sauce? (When cut up cold,
What use to thee?) Contented, could'st not hold
To plain Peace-pudding?

Not so! The sprouting brows of ramhood's age
Inspired the wish some other brute to tackle;
War—front to front, horn lock'd in horn—to wage,
Each other damaging in sheepish rage
And strife ram-shackle!

RATHER SHEEPISH.

In vain thy mother bleats with all her might,
Thy father, brothers, uncles—all together,
Bidding thee mind thy fleece! No; thou wilt fight,
Brave storm and famine—death itself—in spite
Of wind or *wether!*

For what's the destiny of all brave sheep,
If not to be cut up and served—(in papers,
They broil them *à la* Vefour or Philippe
Sometimes)—or hash'd, or else hung up to keep,
Or dish'd with capers?

Mutton was made for cookery; and so
Thou need'st must fall upon the spit with boasting,
Seek mortal pepper, coffin-paste of dough,
Or salt or battery—afraid of no
Amount of roasting!

I cannot look upon thee as a man,
Thou poor recruit!—'twould cause me sad eye swimmings.
Thy legs devoted I prefer to scan
As legs of mutton, dress'd in glory's pan,
With warlike trimmings.

Good fortune speed thy trotters to the field!
Fain would I hope they're back again to march meant,
And of thy hide, scorch'd, sacrificed, and peel'd,
Thou may'st preserve—by honour sign'd and seal'd—
Some scrap of parchment.

But, ah! more likely, in some distant land,
The prey devour'd of some victorious glutton,
Thine epitaph a sympathetic hand
Will write—"He was as mild, as simple—and
As DEAD as mutton!"

AN EIDOLOGRAPHIC PROBLEM.

"Which it is."

Martin Chuzzlewit.

MRS. S—R—H G—MP (who, considering that the sanctity of her private life has been already sufficiently invaded by a popular pen, with which it might be hazardous on our part to enter into competition, declines furnishing us with any details of her biography beyond a general permission to state that she is still in the fullest enjoyment of her faculties, and as "well beknown at Guy's and Bartlemy's" as ever, with the assurance that any attempt to enlist her sympathies and services by the overt proffer of refreshment will be found futile as ever; her conditions of engagement being, as heretofore, that the bottle shall be placed on the mankleshelf in order that she may "help herself when so dispoged")—Mrs. S—r—h G—mp, then—the foregoing long-winded parenthesis necessitating a repetition of the mysterious designation—has come honourably forward with the numerous living celebrities anxious to encourage the Eidolograph by their countenance.

Mrs. G—mp's portrait we unhesitatingly pronounce a triumph. But Mrs. G—mp's shadow we admit to be a puzzler.

Why should the shadow of Mrs. G—mp be cast in the semblance of a plethoric umbrella?

Because Mrs. G. is usually identified by the fact of her carrying an article of that description about with her?

The shallow supposition shows a lamentable ignorance of the eidolographic principle.

The intention, and, indeed, proved faculty of the Eidolograph, if that invention be really what we have so repeatedly asserted it to be, is to indicate a person's character by the suggestive formation of such person's shadow. We refer triumphantly to precedent. Mr. Hickory Nutt's shadow was pre-eminently of the fox—foxy; Miss Hipswidge's of the slave—slavey; and the Right Honourable Lickfoot Snayle's most unquestionably of the toad—toady. But then the world acknowledges, and Mr. Nutt himself proudly admits, that our New England friend is prominently endowed with the more respectable attributes of the vulpine character. Few people will be found to dispute that Miss Juliana Hipswidge is, to all intents and purposes, a slave—an article of "personal property," disposable by the mercantile conventions, not of the American, but of the English "peculiar domestic institution." Mr. Lickfoot Snayle's resemblance to the fattened and prosperous reptile generated in a dark place, and possessed of the "priceless jewel," is equally incontestable.

And, for the matter of that, if the Earl of Allswallough be not the (still unaccountably) walking resemblance of a bottle of unwholesome physic, may we be allowed to ask who is? And, to pursue the line of inquiry, if Mr. Mowther be like anything but a pair of bellows, what, in the name of wind and leather, *is* he like?

But why is Mrs. S—r—h G—mp like a fat old umbrella?

It is not a conundrum. It is a scientific problem, and a grave one. The reputation of the Eidolograph depends upon its solution. Let us attempt this.

Mrs. G—mp is old. She does not dispute it. She is not (judging from her portrait) quite as fat as she used to be; but she is still in the enjoyment of a respectable corpulence.

But she is certainly not an umbrella. And the Eidolograph must remain at a disadvantage until the desired analogy be established.

Let us hunt for parallels.

Mrs. G—mp was, from the very commencement of our friendship, at the mercy of the first-coming unscrupulous Prig?

So is every umbrella—old or young, plump or attenuated—of our acquaintance.

WHICH IT IS.

But the parallel will not bear extension. Umbrellas are content with being left in a corner, an indignity to which Mrs. G—mp would not think of submitting.

We must try another.

We have it! Hurrah!

A glance at the protruding contents of Mrs. G—mp's pocket solves the mystery.

The umbrella is an ancient invention, calculated to resist, to the greatest conceivable extent, *the action of water!*

The resemblance between Mrs. G—mp and her distinguishing sceptre of office is at once established.

The Eidolograph is right as usual.

THE GREATEST OF EARTHLY CELEBRITIES.

HE distinguished subject of the following observations (to whom the figure in the accompanying sketch, though not intended as a portrait, presents a striking resemblance) has achieved an honourable reputation in every part of the civilised world—a renown which has never been so much as tarnished by the breath of detraction. Everybody speaks well of him; and he certainly deserves it. He is, in fact, entitled to the most unqualified admiration; having, among other achievements, discovered the philosopher's stone and the perpetual motion, and being, it is credibly reported, the author of a feasible scheme for the payment of our national debt in the course of the present century.

Need we name him?

Anybody can see whom we are pointing at, even with his eyes shut!

Let us content ourselves with a brief summary of his extraordinary exploits and qualities, by reviewing which we may be able to get at a thoroughly just estimate of his character.

He is universally allowed to be a better comic actor than either Buckstone or Robson. Mr. Ruskin admits his paintings to be superior to those of Turner, Millais, and Rosetti. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton confesses his own inferiority to him as novelist, poet, dramatist, and conservative of the British constitution!

And yet how wayward and unequal are the acts, how full of contradictions are the characters, of the great!

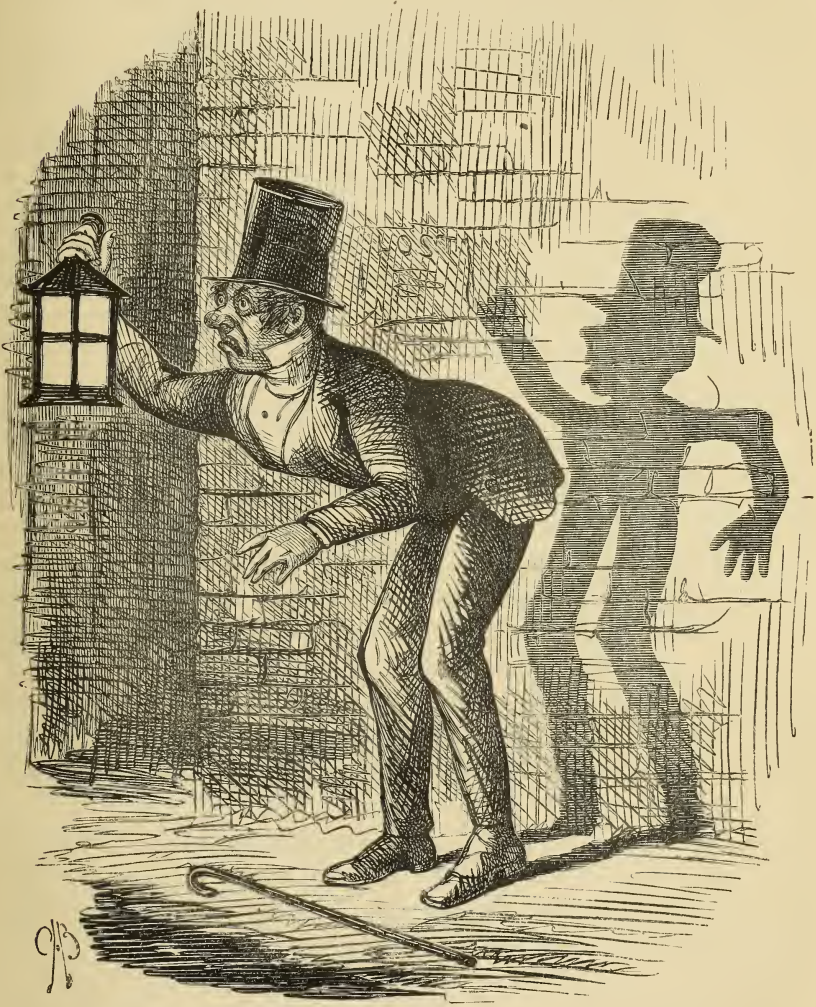
This extraordinary personage has been known to write a worse book than Sir Archibald Alison's "History of Europe," which he boasts, by the way, and with truth, that he has read throughout. His literary style is at times more intolerably fantastic and unintelligible than Mr. Carlyle's, while the thoughts it is employed to conceal are often more sublime, just, and original than those of that great northern philosopher. His political venality has been proved to be greater than that of the *Times* newspaper, the articles in which skilfully conducted journal, by the way, are usually inferior to those which our friend (yes, we feel that *he*, at all events, is our friend, without a flaw in his attachment) is in the habit of writing.

Wonderful to relate, he tamed Cruiser before Mr. Rarey had ever seen that vicious animal—a circumstance (the truth of which we can vouch for) curiously illustrative of the foundations on which modern reputations are built. He is a sincere admirer of the present French Emperor, whom he pronounces to be a potentate not merely of honest intentions, but, furthermore, of gentlemanlike aspect. He indignantly scouts the idea of Mr. Dishmaeli having clung to office for the sake of a retiring pension.

Such are the clearness of his perceptions and the faultless order of his ideas that, in the course of his experience as a railway traveller, he never in his life missed a train from an inability to comprehend the representations of Bradshaw's "Guide."

We think him a much finer tenor than Mario, and prefer him as a novelist to Dickens. As a satirical humorist he beats Thackeray out of the field, just as he did Hood as a genial one in the lifetime of the latter. And yet (will it be credited?) we have seen worse etchings from his pencil than the illustrations to the last number of "The Virginians," which is disgraceful to him, as, when he exerts his utmost skill in that direction, he can surpass George Cruikshank's most successful triumphs.

His personal habits are remarkable. He resides, from choice, close to the river Thames, and derives no inconvenience from that vicinity. He is remarkably fond of tax-gatherers, and likes to have two barrel organs grinding at once under his window while engaged in his literary avocations. He finds Holloway's pills immensely conducive to his health. During many years of matrimony he has never had a quarrel with his wife. It would be unreasonable if he did, as he has no recol-



NOBODY OF ANY IMPORTANCE.

lection of having heard that lady, on any occasion, complain of an insufficiency of wearing apparel, or express herself enviously of the superior consideration enjoyed by any of her married female acquaintance. Nor did he ever miss a shirt button, or have to ring twice for his slippers. In fact, his life is one of unmixed happiness.

And to think that an individual enjoying such an enviable position —respected, as we have shown, by all the world, in spite of his numerous inconsistencies—should have had the meanness, one night last week, to enter our private pantry, and consume the remains of a fine young roasted goose and at least three-quarters of a leg of lamb! And yet he did. The offence was certainly committed; and our cook (who came to us with a faultless character, veracity being one of her chief recommendations) was prepared to take her oath that *he* was the malefactor! How strange! But it is an inexplicable world altogether!

Some personal description of our friend (we delight in calling him so, for we love him rather better than ourselves) may be looked for by the curious reader. Well, then, he is twelve feet high. He has purple eyes, a tinfoil nose, and green whiskers. His face is situated at the back of his head. He walks habitually on his hands, which are encased in neat cloth gloves with patent leather tips, without exciting the slightest surprise from the spectators, though in the most crowded thoroughfares, elevating his wooden legs in the air. * * * * * *

We beg your pardon, reader. Why this unseemly interruption? Pray do you see anything out of the way in our description?

Mad? Nothing of the kind. We are simply describing the man as we have seen him.

Whom? Why, the bosom friend whose interests we prefer to our own, and whom *you* would willingly die to serve. Ay, and the man who, in return, would as cheerfully lay down his life for either of *us*. Surely you know him now?

No?

Then, in that case, we can only say, in the vernacular of our native metropolis, that *you don't know* NOBODY!

And now, perhaps, NOBODY is offended. Let us conclude.

H. RILEY THORNBACK, ESQ.

WE will not be so uncandid as to pretend to anything approaching feelings of gratification in presenting our subscribers with the portrait of the celebrated Mr. Thornback. On the contrary, we venture upon that step with mingled reluctance and apprehension. We are certain that Mr. Thornback will resent the proceeding as a liberty; and our only valid excuse for attempting anything of the kind is the firm conviction that Mr. Thornback would be highly offended if we didn't—and would serve us out for it angrily.

It is a difficult matter to know what to say, or to leave unsaid, about Mr. Thornback. We should like to describe him as a deservedly popular author; but that he might be disposed to resent that definition as somehow or other redundant or insufficient—at any rate inadequate. We cannot say that he is an undeservedly popular author, or not a popular author at all, because, in the first place, neither statement would be true; and, in the second, Mr. Thornback would infallibly call round and kick us if we said either. We suppose there can be no libel in stating that Mr. Thornback is tall and vigorous, and that, in the prospective event of a physical encounter with him, the betting would be decidedly against ourselves. But it is by no means unlikely that Mr. Thornback will stop us in the street some fine morning, and give us a sound thrashing for hazarding that—or, indeed, any other—opinion about him, notwithstanding.

Upon the whole, we wish we were safely out of the business. We

feel much as an "Own Correspondent" at the seat of war, lacking the martial qualities of a Russell or a Wingrove Cook, might be expected to feel, if, carried away by professional ardour beyond the prescribed limits of physical safety, he should find himself exposed to a "cross fire" from the enemy's guns and those of his compatriots. We experience a Falstaffian yearning for "bedtime and all well."

If we allude to Mr. Thornback's literary achievements, he will at least—if even that vengeance should content him—infallibly write a long letter of three or four sides foolscap, with the most exasperating epithets, underlined, to our publisher, demanding the address of the "miserable worm who, in recompense for a dirty meal composed of the dust swept from a bookseller's counter, had dared to wriggle over the spotless page of his (Thornback's) reputation, by classing him (Thornback) among the contemptible herd of public scribblers?" Now it is not pleasant to be called a miserable worm, or to be accused of dustiverous appetites, or of "wriggling." But we should unquestionably render ourselves liable to such accusation if we were to allude to Mr. Thornback's literary achievements. Our remedy may be considered simple—not to allude to them. Nothing of the kind. If we were to speak of Mr. Thornback merely as a scholar and a private gentleman, he would be down at the office at half-past eight o'clock, on the morning succeeding the day of publication, with a thick stick, demanding to be shown immediately to the sty of the particular pig who had been *beast* enough to ignore the value of the literary pearls scattered by him in the troughs of the swinish multitude in general, and who had attempted to turn and rend him (Thornback) with the tusks of detraction.

Now, for the matter of that, we are not a pig either. But Thornback would inevitably look in at the office for the satisfaction of calling us one, and would bring his thick stick with him. And he might "wop" us, which we should object to. Or, if he only threatened to do so, the consequences would be disagreeable; as we should, at least, be expected by the very shopboys to say that we should "like to see him do it." And he might be disposed to afford us that gratification; and we might be disappointed as to the anticipated pleasure derivable from the operation.

Viewed from whatever side you like, it is a trying business.

We could—if we were not so frightened—multiply a thousand-fold

THE FRETFUL PORCUPINE.

the already patent instances of "wars unnumbered," of which the inconsiderate awakening of "Thornback's wrath" has proved the direful spring to all manner of well-meaning people, and that without the invocation of any heavenly goddess whatsoever. We could speak of the obscure theatrical critic who rashly promulgated the discovery that Thornback's deservedly successful comedy of *What is What?* was mainly derived—at all events as far as concerned the trifling essentials of plot, character, and dialogue—from the popular French drama of *Qu'est-ce-que c'est que ça?* Him, Thornback summarily "shut up" by an eloquent letter to the *Times*, charging the critic in question with the duplex crime of kicking his own grandmother, and illegally pawning a chimney timepiece, the property of his unpaid landlord.

But the BOOT of Thornback looms angrily on the horizon, and we refrain from any mention of the subject.

Also we could call attention to the fact that the culminating incident of Thornback's great novel, "Never Say Die"—the scene where Tom Scoggin, having Moses Ben Bulrushez by the beard, is about to prevail upon that capitalist to renew the bill, but is suddenly thrown on his back by the intervention of Jemima, who severs the beard with a carving-knife which she has known from infancy—was proved by the disrespectful pen of Jubbins, of the *Weekly Tomahawk*, to have been imitated from the third book of the Iliad of Homer. Thornback wrote such a letter to the *Tomahawk*, threatening to divulge the outlying whereabouts of the proprietor's acceptances, and so mercilessly exposing the secret of Jubbins's father's bankruptcy and matrimonial difficulties, as to lead to the immediate dismissal of Jubbins, and the publication in the *Tomahawk's* columns of a formal apology. So that it is clearly our business to mind what we are about.

All perils considered, we have decided that our safest plan will be to see this article set up in type; correct the proofs; and emigrate immediately. We think we can manage a passport. Thornback will hardly have had time to write injurious letters about us to all the bankers and magistrates in London up to the moment of our going to press with the present sheet.

It will be argued, from the tone of nervous trepidation pervading the above lines, that we consider Mr. Thornback—albeit, as we are among the readiest to admit, otherwise highly gifted—to say the least, a "touchy" personage.

Frankly, we do.

Having made this tremendous admission, we had better lose no time in packing up our shirt and toothbrush.

If the reader should have anything to communicate to us, our next address will be "*Poste restante*, Continent."

L'ENVOI.

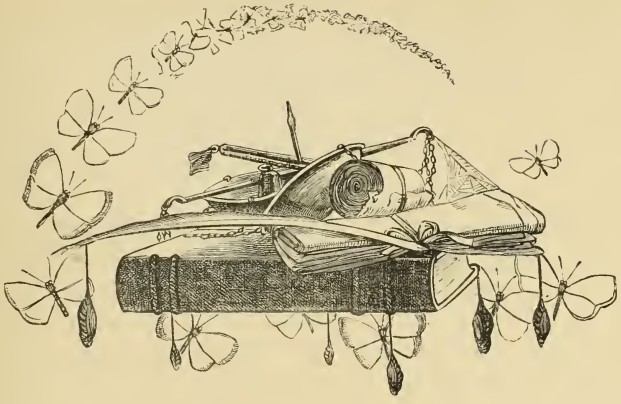
TO CHARLES H. BENNETT.

DEAR Charley, fifteen months ago
You planned a new galantee show
Of moving Shadows in a row,
With pleasant light behind,
And ask'd me, as a friend, to come
And share your modest hatful's sum,
For squeaking reed and banging drum,
If I would be so kind.

The offer I, with zest right keen,
Seized, as you know (our mimic scene,
Our booth, our candlesticks, and screen
A cheery friend supplied).
The show was started—on we went,
Showman and drummer both content,
I trust, to find themselves still pent
Each by his comrade's side.

The season's past, the play is o'er,
We may not hawk our Shadows more
From street to street, from door to door,
Their profiles quaint to show.
Good-by, old friend! All happiness
With health attend you, and success;
And, that your Shadow ne'er be less,
Still may your Substance grow.

R. B. B.



A SELECTION

OF

THE DESIGNS OF CHARLES BENNETT,

ILLUSTRATING

POETS' WIT & HUMOUR.

ASK AND HAVE.

"OH, 'tis time I should talk to your mother,
Sweet Mary," says I;
"Oh, don't talk to my mother," says Mary,
Beginning to cry:

* * * * *

"Then, suppose I would talk to your father,
Sweet Mary," says I;
"Oh, don't talk to my father," says Mary,
Beginning to cry:

* * * * *

"Then how shall I get you, my jewel?
Sweet Mary," says I;
If your father and mother's so cruel,
Most surely I'll die!"
"Oh, never say die, dear," says Mary;
"A way now to save you I see:
Since my parents are both so contrary—
You'd better ask *me!*"

SAMUEL LOVER.

THE ANNUITY.

BIDED to spend a week in Fife—
An unco week it proved to be—
For there I met a waesome wife
Lamentin' her viduity.
Her grief brak out sae fierce and fell,
I thought her heart wad burst the shell;
And,—I was sae left to mysel',—
I sell't her an annuity.

* * * *

The Bible says the age o' man
Threescore and ten perchance may be.
She's ninety-four.—Let them wha can
Explain the incongruity.
She should hae lived afore the flood—
She's come o' Patriarchal blood—
She's some auld Pagan mummified
Alive for her annuity.

GEORGE OUTRAM. (*Legal Lyrics, &c., printed privately.*)

SIR WILKINS ET SA DINAH.

DE Londres un négociant habitait la ville,
Il n'eût qu'un seul enfant, belle, douce et bonne fille.
Elle s'appelait Dinah, et n'eût que seize ans,
Et une fortune superbe en or et en argent,
Chantant tūrăl lŭl lūrăl lŭl lūrăl lăla.

Un matin se promenait cette demoiselle,
Son papa vient vers elle, et lui dit : "O ma belle,
Endimanches toi, Dinah, sois gentille aussi,
Et je t'amenerai un fort joli petit mari,
Chantant tūrăl lŭl lūrăl, &c."

(*Parlé.*) Voilà ce que répond mademoiselle avec modestie accompagnée de grace infinie :—

"O Papa," répond Dinah, "je n'ai nulle envie
De te quitter si tôt pour ce petit mari,

Et toute ma belle fortune je te donne, mon Papa,
Pour deux ou trois années de doux célibat,
Chantant tūrăl, &c."

(*Parlé.*) Remarquez le courroux du papa courroucé.

"Va t'en, fille impudique," papa fait réponse,
"Si au projet de ce mariage tu y renonce,
A ton cousin le plus proche je donnerai tous tes biens,
Et toi ma belle Dinah, tu n'en auras plus rien
Qu'à chanter tūrăl lŭl lūrăl, &c."

Chœur des parents indignés :—Tūrăl lŭl lūrăl, &c.

Sir Wilkins se promenait du jardin au fond,
Que voit-il ! ! ! Sa Dinah morte sur le gazon,
Près d'elle gît une coupe de poison tout froid,
Et une lettre qui dit qu'elle est morte pour Vilikins, je crois,
Chantant tūrăl lŭl lūrăl, &c.

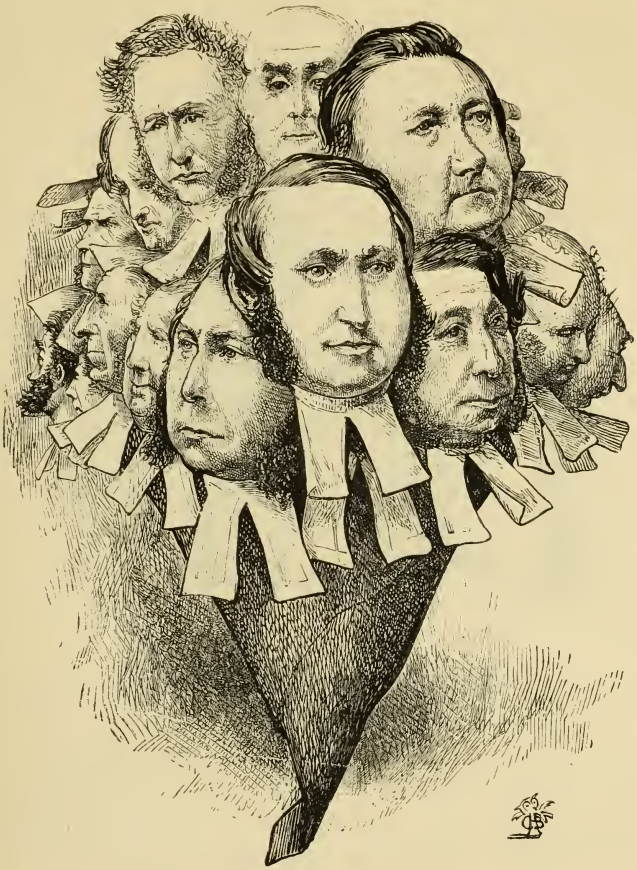
(*Parlé.*) Voilà ce que fait l'amant malheureux.

De mille baisers il couvre le cadavre chéri,
"Attends," dit-il, "Dinah, ton petit mari."
Il boit le poison, son âme part au galop,
Et Vilikins et Dinah n'occupent qu'un tombeau.

MORALE.

Mesdemoiselles soyez averties avant
Que de désobéir à papa ou à maman,
Et jeunes gens, soyez prudents de vos doux regards,
Et—et—et, ma foi ! et n'arrivez pas
Au rendezvous, comme Vilikins, trop tard.

ADAPTED FOR A FRENCH AUDIENCE BY L. W. DESANGES, ESQ.



THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN'S TRIP TO CAMBRIDGE.

MACAULAY'S Rector of Tithing-cum-Boring was happy and contented at breakfast (see the centre face), before he received a certain missive, which sent him to Cambridge; between that happy face and the sleepy faces at the right-hand side, every varying feeling is depicted. Dr. Humdrum (see the whole poem) sets him to sleep in the coach.

AT Ware he commenced his prelection,
In the dullest of clerical drones;
And when next I gained recollection
We were rumbling o'er Trumpington stones.

THE LITTLE VULGAR BOY.

MR. SIMPKINSON (*loquitur*).

I WAS in Margate last July, I walk'd upon the pier,
I saw a little vulgar Boy—I said, "What make you here?—
The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything but joy;"
Again I said, "What make you here, you little vulgar Boy?"

He frown'd, that little vulgar Boy—he deem'd I meant to scoff—
And, when the little heart is big, a little "sets it off;"
He put his finger in his mouth, his little bosom rose,—
He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose!

"Hark! don't you hear, my little man?—it's striking nine," I said,
"An hour when all good little boys and girls should be in bed.
Run home and get your supper, else your Ma' will scold—oh! fie!—
It's very wrong indeed for little boys to stand and cry!"

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,
His bosom throbb'd with agony—he cried like anything!

I stoop'd, and thus amidst his sobs I heard him murmur—"Ah!
I haven't got no supper! and I haven't got no Ma'!—

"My father, he is on the seas,—my mother's dead and gone!
And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the world alone;
I have not had, this live-long day, one drop to cheer my heart,
Nor 'brown' to buy a bit of bread with,—let alone a tart.

"If there's a soul will give me food, or find me in employ,
By day or night, then blow me tight!" (he was a vulgar Boy;)
"And now I'm here, from this here pier it is my fix'd intent
To jump, as Mr. Levi did, from off the Monu-ment!"

"Cheer up! cheer up! my little man—cheer up!" I kindly said,
"You are a naughty boy to take such things into your head:
If you should jump from off the pier, you'd surely break your legs,
Perhaps your neck—then Bogey'd have you, sure as eggs are eggs!

"Come home with me, my little man, come home with me and sup;
My landlady is Mrs. Jones—we must not keep her up—
There's roast potatoes on the fire,—enough for me and you—
Come home,—you little vulgar Boy—I lodge at Number 2."

I took him home to Number 2, the house beside "The Foy,"
I bade him wipe his dirty shoes,—that little vulgar Boy,—
And then I said to Mistress Jones, the kindest of her sex,
"Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X!"

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little noise,
She said she "did not like to wait on little vulgar Boys."
She with her apron wiped the plates, and, as she rubb'd the delf,
Said I might "go to Jericho, and fetch my beer myself!"

I did not go to Jericho—I went to Mr. Cobb—
I changed a shilling—(which in town the people call "a Bob")—
It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar child—
And I said, "A pint of double X, and please to draw it mild!"

When I came back I gazed about—I gazed on stool and chair—
I could not see my little friend—because he was not there!
I peep'd beneath the table-cloth—beneath the sofa, too,—
I said, "You little vulgar Boy! why, what's become of you?"

I could not see my table-spoons—I look'd, but could not see
The little fiddle-pattern ones I use when I'm at tea;
—I could not see my sugar-tongs—my silver watch—oh, dear!
I know 'twas on the mantel-piece when I went out for beer.

I could not see my Mackintosh!—it was not to be seen!
Nor yet my best white beaver hat, broad-brimm'd and lined with green;
My carpet-bag, my cruet-stand, that holds my sauce and soy,—
My roast potatoes!—all are gone!—and so's that vulgar Boy!

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down below,
"—Oh, Mrs. Jones! what *do* you think?—aint this a pretty go?
—That horrid little vulgar Boy, whom I brought here to-night,
—He's stolen my things and run away!"—Says she, "And sarve you right!"

* * * * * * *

Next morning I was up betimes—I sent the Crier round,
All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say I'd give a pound
To find that little vulgar Boy, who'd gone and used me so;
But when the Crier cried, "O yes!" the people cried, "O no!"

I went to "Jarvis' Landing-place," the glory of the town,
There was a common sailor-man a-walking up and down;
I told my tale—he seem'd to think I'd not been treated well,
And call'd me "Poor old Buffer!" what that means I cannot tell.

That sailor-man, he said he'd seen that morning on the shore,
A son of—something—'twas a name I'd never heard before,
A little "gallows-looking chap"—dear me! what could he mean?
With a "carpet-swab" and "muckingtogs," and a hat turn'd up with green.

He spoke about his "precious eyes," and said he'd seen him "sheer,"
—It's very odd that sailor-men should talk so very queer—
And then he hitch'd his trowsers up, as is, I'm told, their use,
—It's very odd that sailor-men should wear those things so loose.

I did not understand him well, but think he meant to say
He'd seen that little vulgar Boy, that morning swim away
In Captain Large's Royal George about an hour before,
And they were now, as he supposed, "some*wheres*" about the Nore.

A landsman said, "I *twig* the chap—he's been upon the Mill—
And 'cause he *gammons* so the *flats*, ve calls him Veeping Bill!"
He said "he'd done me wery brown," and "nicely *stow'd* the *swag*."
—That's French, I fancy, for a hat—or else a carpet-bag.

I went and told the constable my property to track;
He ask'd me if "I did not wish that I might get it back?"
I answer'd, "To be sure I do!—it's what I come about."
He smiled and said, "Sir, does your mother know that you are out?"

Not knowing what to do, I thought I'd hasten back to town,
And beg our own Lord Mayor to catch the boy who'd "done me brown."
His Lordship very kindly said he'd try and find him out,
But he "rather thought that there were several vulgar boys about."

He sent for Mr. Whithair then, and I described "the swag,"
My Mackintosh, my sugar-tongs, my spoons, and carpet-bag;
He promised that the New Police should all their powers employ;
But never to this hour have I beheld that vulgar Boy!

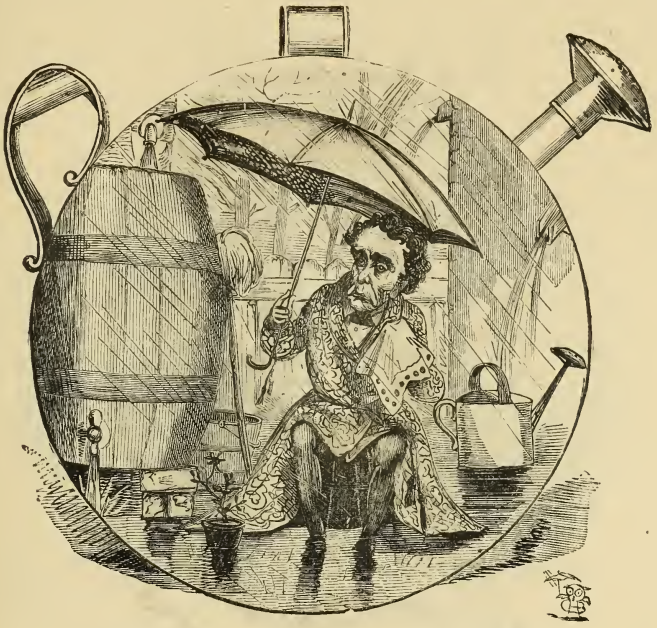
MORAL—OMITTED.

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

THE RED FISHERMAN.

PRAED in his vivid poem of "The Red Fisherman" whom he describes as :—

ALL alone, by the side of a pool,
A tall man sat on a three-legg'd stool,
Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,
And putting in order his reel and rod ;
Red were the rags his shoulders wore,
And a high red cap on his head he bore ;
His arms and his legs were long and bare ;
And two or three locks of long red hair
Were tossing about his scraggy neck,
Like a tatter'd flag o'er a splitting wreck.



SPRING. A NEW VERSION.

"COME, *gentle* Spring! ethereal *mildness*, come!"
Oh! Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,
How could'st thou thus poor human nature hum?
There's no such season.

* * * *

Smitten by breezes from the land of plague,
To me all vernal luxuries are fables,
Oh! where's the *Spring* in a rheumatic leg,
Stiff as a table's?

I limp in agony—I wheeze and cough;
And quake with Ague, that great agitator;
Nor dream, before July, of leaving off
My respirator.

* * * * *

In short, whatever panegyrics lie
In fulsome odes too many to be cited,
The tenderness of Spring is all my eye,
And that is blighted!

THOMAS HOOD.

THE DEMON-SHIP.

THE mariner in Hood's Demon-Ship is wrecked in a frightful storm off the Wabash, and is picked up unconscious by a passing vessel. On coming to himself he is struck with horror at finding that he is on board a ship commanded by a Sable Mariner :—

LOUD laugh'd that SABLE MARINER, and loudly in return
His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from stem to stern—
A dozen pair of grimy cheeks were crumpled on the nonce—
As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at once :
A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoy'd the merry fit,
With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like Demons of the Pit.
They crow'd their fill, and then the Chief made answer for the whole :—
"Our skins," said he, "are black ye see, because we carry coal ;
You'll find your mother sure enough, and see your native fields—
For this here ship has pick'd you up—the Mary Ann of Shields!"

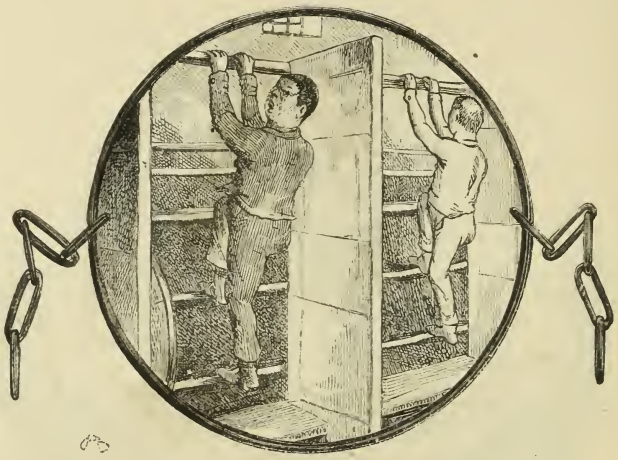
THOMAS HOOD.

THE PLAYHOUSE IN FLAMES.

AS Chaos, which, by heavenly doom,
Had slept in everlasting gloom,
Started with terror and surprise,
When light first flash'd upon her eyes,
So London's sons in nightcap woke,
In bedgown woke her dames,
For shouts were heard 'mid fire and smoke,
And twice ten hundred voices spoke,
"The Playhouse is in flames!"
And lo! where Catherine Street extends,
A fiery tail its lustre lends
To every window pane:
Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
And Covent Garden kennels, sport
A bright ensanguined drain.

* * * *

HORACE SMITH.



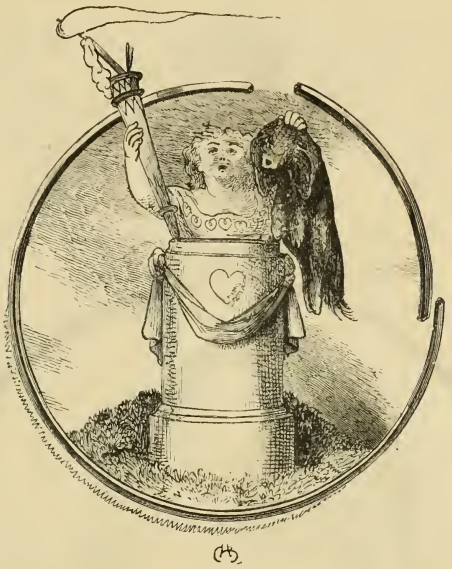
THE TREADMILL.

INSPIRE my spirit, Spirit of De Foe,
That sang the Pillory,
In loftier strains to show
A more sublime Machine
Than that, where thou wert seen
With neck out-stretcht and shoulders ill awry,
Courting coarse plaudits from vile crowds below—
A most unseemly show!

* * * * *

Incompetent my song to raise
To its just height thy praise,
Great Mill!
That by thy motion proper
(No thanks to wind, or sail, or working rill,)
Grinding that stubborn corn, the Human will,
Turn'st out men's consciences,
That were begrim'd before, as clean and sweet
As flour from purest wheat,
Into thy hopper.
All reformation short of thee but nonsense is,
Or human or divine.

CHARLES LAMB.



THE LOVER AND LAP-DOG.

WITH boldness then, which seldom fails to move,
He pleads the cause of marriage and of love ;
The course of hymeneal joys he rounds,
The fair one's eyes dance pleasure at the sounds.
Naught now remain'd but "Noes"—how little meant—
And the sweet coyness that endears consent.
The youth upon his knees enraptured fell :—
The strange misfortune, oh ! what words can tell ?
Tell ! ye neglected sylphs ! who lap-dogs guard,
Why snatch'd ye not away your precious ward ?
Why suffer'd ye the lover's weight to fall
On the ill-fated neck of much-loved Ball ?
The favourite on his mistress casts his eyes,
Gives a melancholy howl, and—dies !

Sacred his ashes lie, and long his rest !
Anger and grief divide poor Julia's breast.
Her eyes she fix'd on guilty Florio first,
On him the storm of angry grief must burst.
That storm he fled :—he woos a kinder fair,
Whose fond affections no dear puppies share.

THE DEVIL'S WALK.

FROM his brimstone bed, at break of day,
A-walking the Devil is gone,
To visit his snug little farm of the earth,
And see how his stock goes on.
And over the hill, and over the dale,
He walk'd, and over the plain;
And backwards and forwards he switch'd his long tail,
As a gentleman switches his cane.

* * * * *

RICHARD PORSON.

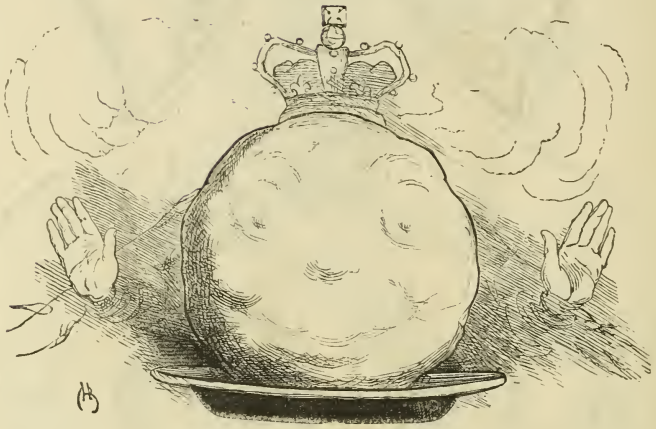
THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

In Peter Pindar's poem of "The Pilgrims and the Peas," two sinners are doomed to walk to the shrine of Loretto with peas in their shoes. One of them all but breaks down under the pain of his penance, while the other is fresh as a lark.

"But, brother sinner, do explain
How 'tis that you are not in pain?
What power hath work'd a wonder for your toes?

* * * * *

"How is't that *you* can like a greyhound go,
Merry, as if nought had happen'd, burn ye?"
"Why," cried the other, grinning, "you must know,
That, just before I ventured on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil *my* peas."



THE APPLE DUMPLINGS AND A KING.

In Peter Pindar's "Apple Dumplings and a King," the latter after a day's hunting entered a poor woman's cot, and seeing an Apple Dumpling exclaimed :—

"WHAT'S this ? what's this ? what ? what ?
Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand—
And oft did Majesty the dumpling grapple :
"'Tis monstrous, monstrous hard indeed ! " he cried :
"What makes it, pray, so hard ?"—The dame replied,
Low curtsying, "Please your Majesty, the apple."

"Very astonishing indeed !—strange thing ! "
Turning the dumpling round, rejoin'd the King.
"'Tis most extraordinary then, all this is—
It beats Pinetti's conjuring all to pieces—
Strange I should never of a dumpling dream—
But, Goody, tell me where, where, where's the seam ?"
"Sir, there's no seam," quoth she ; "I never knew
That folks did apple dumplings sew."—
"No ?" cried the staring monarch with a grin,
"How, how the devil got the apple in ?"

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

THE above is a capital head piece to Coleman's humorous poem of "The Newcastle Apothecary." The latter gave directions for the medicine he prescribed to a patient:—

When taken
To be well shaken.

"INDEED!—hum! ha!—that's very odd!
He took the draught?" John gave a nod.
"Well,—how?—what then?—speak out, you dunce!"
"Why then," says John, "we *shook* him once."
"Shook him! How?"—Bolus stammer'd out.
"We jolted him about."
"Zounds! Shake a patient, man!—a shake won't do."
"No, Sir,—and so we gave him *two*."
"Two shakes! od's curse!
'Twould make the patient worse."
"It did so, Sir!—and so a third we tried."
"Well, and what then?"—"Then, Sir, my master died."

THE CINDER-KING.

In Mat. Lewis' Cinder King, Betty the Cook who has seen the false tailor lead her rival to the altar, vows to woo :—

* * * For his riches, the dark Cinder-King.

At the dead hour of night he comes at her bidding :—

WHO is it that sits in the kitchen, and weeps,
While tick goes the clock, and the tabby cat sleeps ;
That watches the grate, without ceasing, to spy
Whether purses or coffins will out of it fly ?

'Tis Betty ; who saw the false tailor, Bob Scott,
Lead a bride to the altar ; which bride she was not :
'Tis Betty ; determined, love from her to fling,
And woo, for his riches, the dark Cinder-King.

* * * * *

MONSIEUR TONSON.

MONSIEUR TONSON is so well known to young and old, that we only need quote the verse which the artist has so clearly illustrated :—

WITHOUT one thought of the relentless foe,
Who, fiend-like, haunted him so long ago,
Just in his former trim he now appears ;
The waistcoat and the nightcap seem'd the same,
With rushlight, as before, he creeping came,
And King's detested voice astonish'd hears.

PROLOGUE TO BARBAROSSA.

THE above sketch was executed by Mr. Bennett as a head-piece to Garrick's Prologue to Barbarossa, which commences as follows :—

MEASTER ! measter !
Is not my measter here among you, pray ?
Nay speak—my measter wrote this fine new play—
The actor-folks are making such a clatter !
They want the pro-log—I know nought o' the matter :
He must be there among you—look about—
A wezen pale-faced mon—do find him out.
Pray, measter, come, or all will fall to sheame ;
Call Mister—hold—I must not tell his neame.

La ! what a crowd is here ! what noise and pother !
Fine lads and lasses ! one atop o' t'other.
I could for ever here with wonder gaze !
I ne'er saw church so full in all my days !
Your servants, Sirs—what do you laugh for, eh ?
You dinna take me, sure, for one o' the play ?

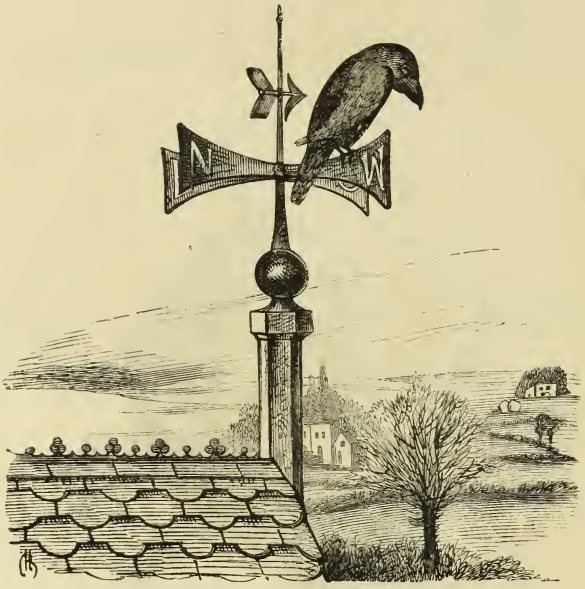
* * * * *

THE GASCON.

THERE are Gascons, I'm told, not a few,
Whose tongues are so glib,
That they fib
Every day ;
But, Parblieu,
You may always believe what *I* say.

I'm a noble of France by descent,
Through an old and illustrious line,
But the title unhappily went
To my uncle, the Duke of Gascoine,
And his fortune is properly mine.
To law I should go, 'twas agreed,
Attorneys and counsel employ'd ;
But in seeking an old title-deed,
I found it by rats quite destroy'd.

M. P. J. CHARRIN.



THE JACKDAW.

THERE is a bird, who by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be suppos'd a crow ;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where bishop-like he finds a perch,
And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather ;
Look up—your brains begin to swim,
'Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the raree-show,
That occupy mankind below,
Secure and at his ease.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE CHAMELEON.

In Merrick's poetical version of "The Chameleon," one gentleman, after enlarging on its shape, asserts that it is blue.

"HOLD there," the other quick replies,
"'Tis green, I saw it with these eyes."
"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue;
At leisure I the beast surveyed
Extended in the cooling shade."

The Chameleon rebukes all of the quarrelers, thus:—

"You all are right, and all are wrong:
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you:
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eye-sight to his own."

THE PEPPER-BOX AND SALT-CELLAR.

In Shenstone's poem, "The Pepper-Box and the Salt-Cellar," these table utensils have a violent quarrel as to their respective merits.

THE salt refreshed by shaking up,
At night did with his master sup:
The pepper Tom assign'd his lot
With vinegar, and mustard-pot:
A fop with bites and sharpers join'd,
And, to the side-board well confin'd!

MORAL.

Thus real genius is respected!
Conceit and folly thus neglected!
And, O my Shenstone! let the vain,
With misbecoming pride, explain
Their splendour, influence, wealth, or birth;—
'Tis men of sense are men of worth.

William Shenstone.

THE THIEF AND CORDELIER.

In Matthew Prior's Poem of "The Thief and the Cordelier," the squire of the road appears reluctant to meet his fate. The Priest tries to comfort him.

"TELL your beads," quoth the priest, "and be fairly truss'd up,
For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup."

"Alas!" quoth the Squire, "howe'er sumptuous the treat,
Parbleu, I shall have little stomach to eat;
I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace,
Would you be so kind as to go in my place."

"That I would," quoth the Father, "and thank you to boot,
But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit:
The feast I proposed to you I cannot taste,
For this night, by our Order, is mark'd for a fast."

Then turning about to the hangman, he said,
"Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome blade;
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie,
And we live by the gold for which other men die."

MATTHEW PRIOR.

THE TINKER AND GLAZIER.

THEY are so happy in each other's society, that each determines to assist the other in his business. The glazier empties the kettle on the fire at the ale-house, which sacrifices its bottom to the benefit of the tinker, who gets the repairing it; the tinker is not to be outdone:

"DICK! I may give you joy, you're a made man;
I've done your business most complete, my friend:
I'm off!—the devil may catch me, if he can.
Each window of the church you've got to mend;
Ingratitude's worst curse my head befall,
If, for your sake, I have not broke them all!"

"You have, indeed, my business done!
And I, as well as you, must run:
For let me act the best I can,
Tom! Tom! I am a ruin'd man.
Zounds! zounds! this piece of friendship costs me dear,
I always mend church windows—*by the year!*"

WILLIAM HARRISON.

THE WATER-CURE.

In Harrison's poem of "The Water Cure," Sir John loves his boon companions and his glass too well. Old uncle Wisewood recommends water from a certain spring as a sure elixir. He says :—

"'THIS water call'd, but worth its weight in wine.
If in his sullen airs Sir John should come,
Three spoonfuls take, hold in your mouth—then mum ;
Smile, and look pleas'd, when he shall rage and scold ;
Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold !

As she cannot scold when the water is in her mouth, her husband becomes a devoted and kind husband. Uncle Wisewood now says :—

"Why niece," says he, "I pr'ythee apprehend,
The water's water—be thyself the friend.
Such beauty would the coldest husband warm ;
But your provoking tongue undoes the charm :
Be silent, and complying ; you'll soon find,
Sir John without a med'cine will be kind."

William Harrison.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

HAPPY the man who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leather purse retains
A Splendid Shilling! he nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie, or Town-Hall repairs;
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe, or Phillis; he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint:

* * * * *

JOHN PHILIPS.

BAD AUTHORS.

THE declaiming poet with bellows'-head in full blow worthily illustrates Pope's lines on Bad Authors. The author's trials in consequence of the catching character of his example as a successful poet, are humorously put in the following extract.

IS there a parson, much bemus'd in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

ALEXANDER POPE.

ST. ANTHONY'S SERMON TO THE FISHES.

ULRICH MEGEILE'S humorous ballad was translated into the "Knickerbocker Magazine," from which we quote the following lines, as an appropriate pendant to Mr. Bennett's clever illustration:—

SAINT ANTHONY at church
Was left in the lurch,
So he went to the ditches
And preached to the fishes.
They wriggled their tails,
In the sun glanced their scales.

After the sermon the pikes departed to follow their usual courses, notwithstanding the lessons they had received.

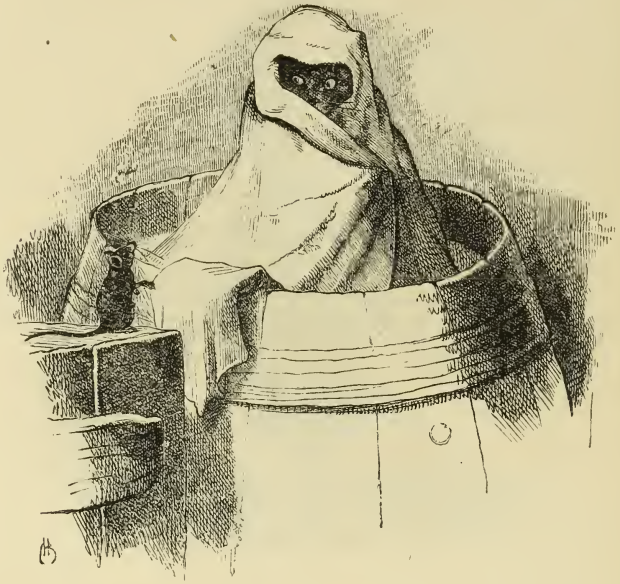
The crabs are backsliders,
The stock-fish thick-siders,
The carps are sharp-set.
All the sermon forget.
Much delighted were they,
But preferred the old way.

SANCTA CLARA.

GOOD WINE A GENTLEMAN.

BOYS, this Tuscan land divine
Hath such a natural talent for wine,
We'll fall, we'll fall
On the barrels and all ;
We'll fall on the must, we'll fall on the presses,
We'll make the boards groan with our grievous caresses ;
No measure, I say ; no order, but riot ;
No waiting nor cheating ; we'll drink like a Sciot :
Drink, drink, and drink when you've done ;
Pledge it and frisk it, every one ;
Chirp it and challenge it, swallow it down :
He that's afraid is a thief and a clown.
Good wine's a gentleman ;
He speedeth digestion all he can ;
No headache hath he, no headache, I say,
For those who talked with him yesterday.

FRANCESCO REDI. TRANSLATED BY LEIGH HUNT.



MR. MILD AND SLY.

THE Cat in La Fontaine's fable with evil intentions towards the rats ensconces himself in a meal cask, and

PUTTING on a mealy robe,
He squatted in an open tub,
And held his purring and his breath ;—
Out came the vermin to their death.

On this occasion, one old stager,
A rat as gray as any badger,
Who had in battle lost his tail,
Abstained from smelling at the meal ;
And cried, far off, "Ah! General Cat,
I much suspect a heap like that.
Your meal is not the thing, perhaps,
For one who knows somewhat of traps ;
Should you a sack of meal become,
I'd let you be, and stay at home."

A FRAGMENT OF SCIENCE.

THE above forms a very appropriate illustration to Samuel Butler's humorous lines, against certain meetings of eminent *savans* held at the house of Sir Kenelm Digby. We have only space for a few of the problems they set themselves to solve.

TO find the north-west passage out
Although the farthest way about;
If chemists from a rose's ashes,
Can raise a rose itself, in gases?
Whether the line of incidence
Rise from the object, or the sense?
To stew the elixir in a bath
Of Hope, Credulity, and Faith;
To explicate by subtle hints
The grain of diamonds and flints;
And, in the braying of an ass
Find out the treble and the bass;
If mares neigh alto, and a cow
A double diapason low.

A LOVER'S CHRONICLE.

AFTER giving an account of the many sweethearts he had courted, the swain proceeds:—

IF I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts;
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries
(Numberless, nameless, mysteries!)

And all the little lime-twigs laid,
By Machiavel the waiting maid;
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befell)
Than Holinshed or Stow.

* * * * *

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

AN HOLY SISTER.

SHE that can sit three sermons in a day,
And of those three scarce bear three words away;
She that can rob her husband, to repair
A budget-priest, that noses a long prayer;
She that with lamp-black purifies her shoes,
And with half-eyes and Bible softly goes;
She that her pockets with lay-gospel stuffs,
And edifies her looks with little ruffs;
She that loves sermons as she does the rest,
Still standing stiff that longest are the best;
* * * * *
This is an holy sister, verily.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

OLD HOBSON.

(OF HOBSON'S CHOICE.)

HERE lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had, any time this ten years full,
Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and *The Bull.*
And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlain
Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light:
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
"Hobson has supp'd, and's newly gone to bed."

JOHN MILTON.

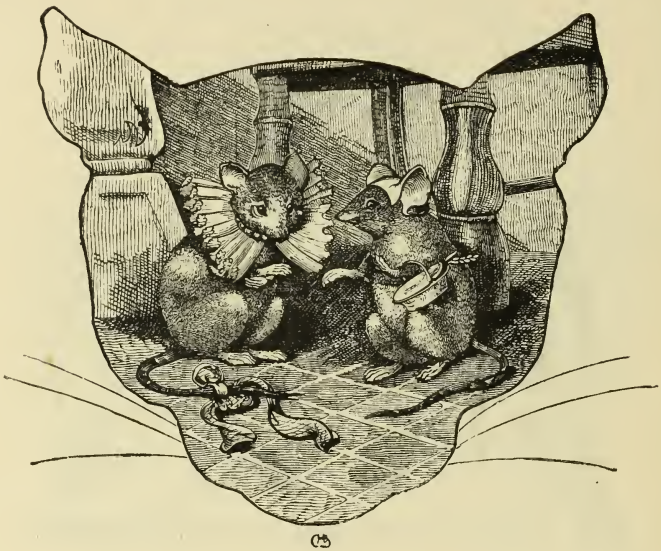
A WEDDING.

THE above is Mr. Bennett's head-piece to Sir John Suckling's exquisite lyric, entitled a Wedding. The narrator tells how he saw a wedding party, and warms rapturous over the beauty of the bride.

* * * *

HER finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring ;
It was too wide a peck :
And, to say truth, (for out it must)
It look'd like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light :
But oh ! she dances such a way ;
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.



POOR AND SURE.

THE fable of the Town and Country Mouse is familiar to all. In Sir Thomas Wyatt's rendering, the latter

THOUGHT herself endurde to grievous pain,
The stormy blasts her home so sore did souse ;
That when the furrows swimmed with the rain,
She must lie cold and wet in sorry plight ;

Thinking of her hardships she envies her sister of the town, who

* * * lyeth warm and dry
In bed of down ; the dirt doth not defile
Her tender foot, she labours not as I.
Richly she feeds, and at the rich man's cost,
And for her meat she needs not crave nor cry ;

She pays her Town sister a visit and received a warm welcome, eating and drinking of the best. But, per contrà, Pussy appears :—

The traitor cat hath caught her by the hip,
And made her there against her will remain.

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